The Baptist Hymn and Praise Book

The Baptist

Hymn and Praise Book

Lansing Burrows
Editor

Sunday School Board
Southern Baptist Convention
Nashville Tennessee

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PRICE LIST

The Baptist Hymn and Praise Book

Single copy, --	85 cents, postpaid.
Per Dozen copies, -- -- --	$ 8.00
50 copies, -- -- -- --	30.00
100 copies, -- -- -- --	55.00

Transportation Extra.

"Pulpit Edition," full Morocco, Divinity Circuit, Gold Edges, $1.50, postpaid.

Baptist Sunday School Board
Nashville Tennessee

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THE PUBLISHERS.

Publisher's Announcement.

No expense or labor has been spared in the effort to make this book what it should be—an ideal Hymnal for use in all church services. It contains an unusually large number of copyright pieces—the very cream of the new and the old, the selection having been made with the greatest care.

Dr. Lansing Burrows, who has had large experience as a pastor in different sections of the country, has done the editorial work with great ability, and besides has had the assistance, first of the Book Committee of the Board, and then of an able Hymn Book Commission who came to Nashville and served with great faithfulness, namely, W. W. Landrum, John F. Purser, A. C. Davidson, S. M. Brown and E. C. Dargan. The editor and his distinguished associates have given throughout their services as a labor of love, desiring only to make for the denomination a book of exceptional and rare merit.

The plates were made by The Biglow & Main Company, New York, so well known as music publishers, with the personal care of Mr. Hubert P. Main, their music editor, and under the special supervision of their President, Mr. I. Allan Sankey, whose father, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, has so often moved the mighty multitudes by the power of his song.

This brought to our help the ablest assistants and guaranteed workmanship of high order in every respect. The results of our care are herewith presented to the denomination in particular, and also to the Christian world at large. We shall count ourselves happy if this book shall contribute to the song of God's people and in any measure swell the volume of praise that ascends to the throne as incense from the altar.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD,

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

October, 1904.

Editor's Preface.

The basal idea in this compilation has been to construct a book of praise to Almighty God and not to gather in convenient form a number of pleasing songs. The element of praise consists in the language expressed and not in the melody which is the vehicle of the words. If words and music agree in harmonious relationship there is a near approach to ideal worship. When, in the service of song, more consideration is given to the music, there is a perilous approach to lip service. Yet it is to be admitted that the present age has been marvellously enriched by the compositions of the makers of music.

While, therefore, the prevailing thought has been to make the selections direct address to God or else the expression of thought and feeling consonant with devout meditation, care has been taken that words shall be wedded to melodies that may aid rather than supplant the exercise of grateful and pious appreciation of the goodness and mercy with which God has visited his people.

Regard has been had to the restoration of many hymns coupled to the airs which were dear to our fathers. Some of these have fallen into disuse because unfamiliar in the sections of our common land where, previous to this attempt, our collections of hymns set to music were put forth. They are engraved into the life of the churches for whom especially this collection has been made. At the same time, a generation has arisen which has appreciated the more modern types of religious thought, together with the melodies which frame their expression, and large drafts have been made from this source, with careful heed to the truthful interpretation of our doctrinal belief.

The work represents not only the conscientious study of more than four years in the attractive field of Hymnology, but the careful selection of those poetic compositions which experience has shown to be most employed by our people in their service of praise. Many admirable compositions, especially of music, have been laid aside because the great majority of our people have never utilized them. This is equally true of many hymns.

The editor has had the appreciated assistance of a large number of pastors and others interested in the service of song throughout our section of the country. These were asked to express their opinion of the selections, both words and music. The results of this scrutiny were laid before a committee of skilled brethren and their decision was accepted. The editor acknowledges his grateful appreciation of the aid thus furnished which affords, it is to be hoped, a collection sufficiently large and varied to meet the needs and reflect the peculiar tastes of our churches. If this hope should be fulfilled and the blessing of God upon this attempt to provide for His deserved praise rest upon the work, the richest recompense would be afforded to the editor.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
August, 1904.

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I

HYMNS OF GENERAL WORSHIP

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. . . . Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name."

PSALM C: 2, 4.

HYMNS 1–56

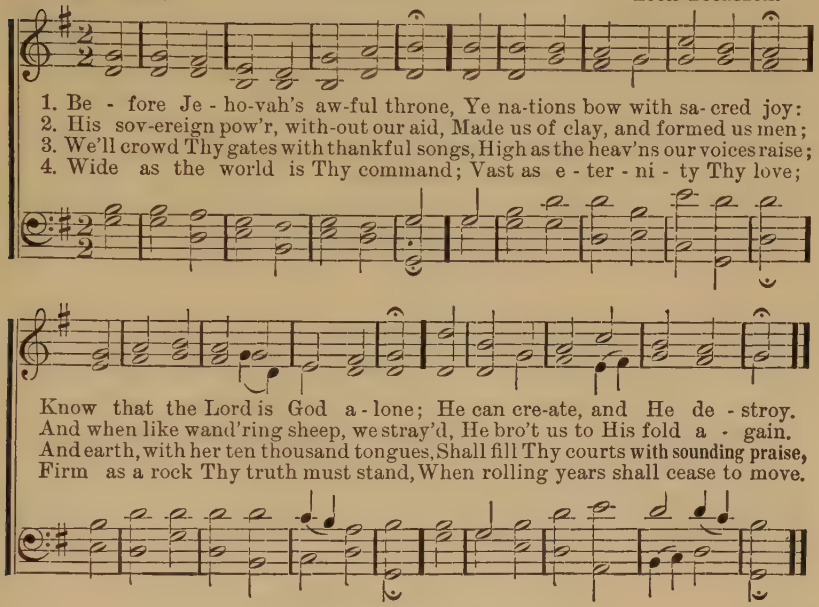
1 Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

—THOS. KEN.

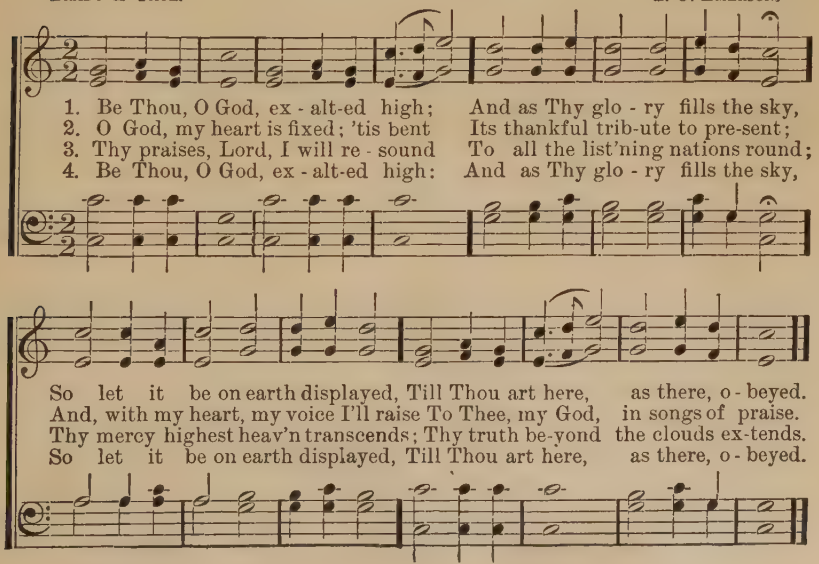
Old Hundred. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.


1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa-cred joy:
2. His sov-ereign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
4. Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre-ate, and He de - stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He bro't us to His fold a - gain.
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise,
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

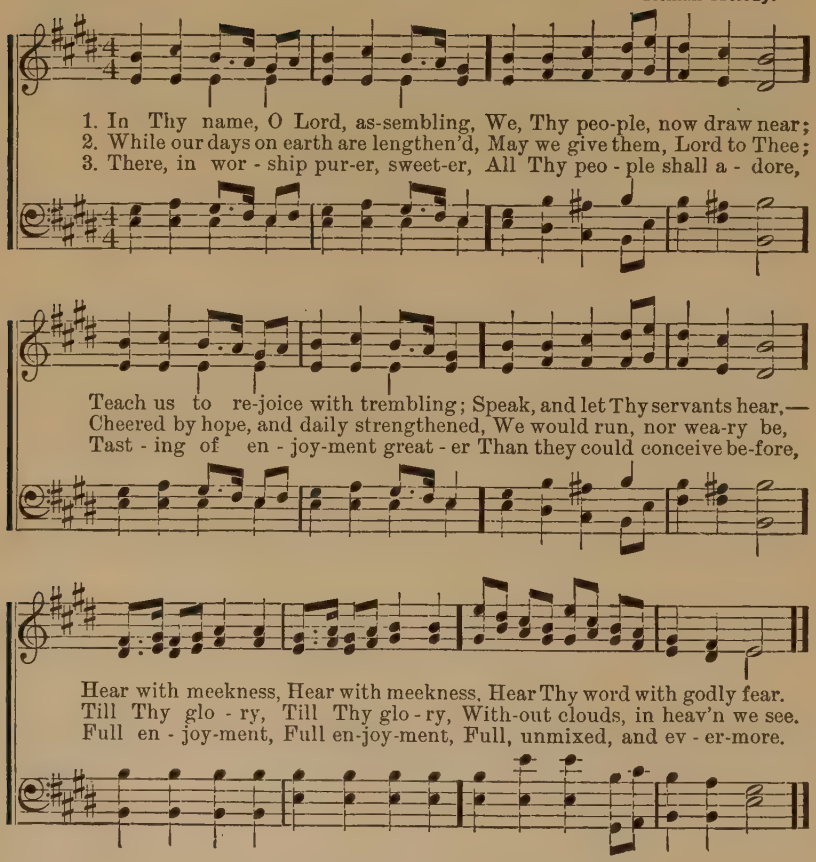
Sessions. L. M. 3

BRADY & TATE. L. O. EMERSON.


1. Be Thou, O God, ex - alt-ed high; And as Thy glo - ry fills the sky,
2. O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent Its thankful trib-ute to pre-sent;
3. Thy praises, Lord, I will re - sound To all the list'ning nations round;
4. Be Thou, O God, ex - alt-ed high: And as Thy glo - ry fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed, Till Thou art here, as there, o - beyed.
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends; Thy truth be-yond the clouds ex-tends.
So let it be on earth displayed, Till Thou art here, as there, o - beyed.

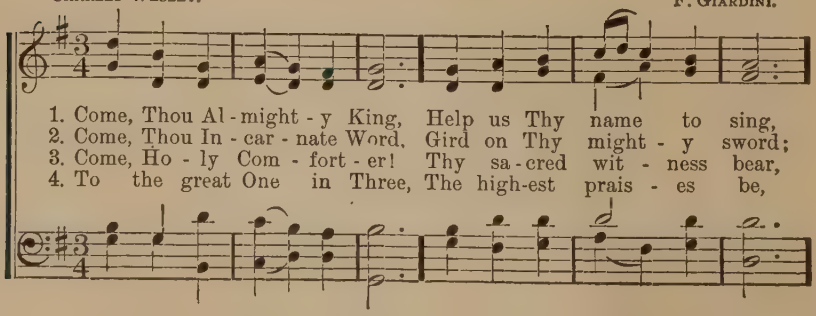
Sicily. 8s, 7s, 4.

THOMAS KELLY. Sicilian Melody.

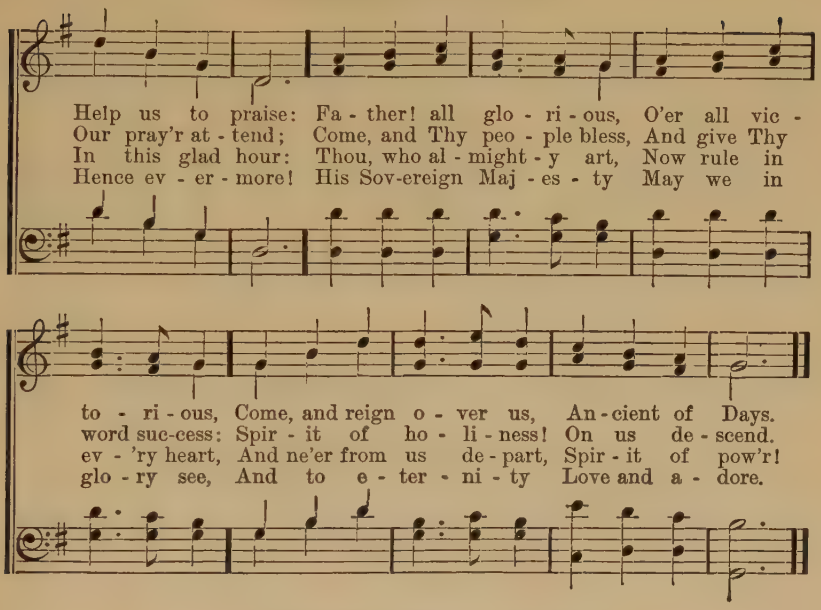

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as-sembling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near;
2. While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord to Thee;
3. There, in wor - ship pur-er, sweet-er, All Thy peo - ple shall a - dore,
Teach us to re-joice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy servants hear,—
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened, We would run, nor wea-ry be,
Tast - ing of en - joy-ment great - er Than they could conceive be-fore,
Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with godly fear.
Till Thy glo - ry, Till Thy glo - ry, With-out clouds, in heav'n we see.
Full en - joy-ment, Full en-joy-ment, Full, unmixed, and ev - er-more.

5 Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.

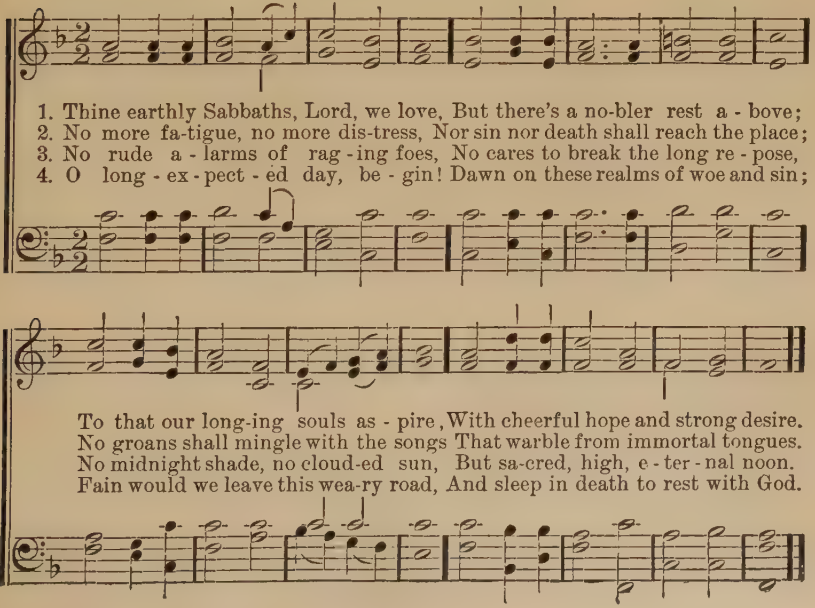

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be,

Italian Hymn.—*Concluded.*


Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! His Sov-ereign Maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

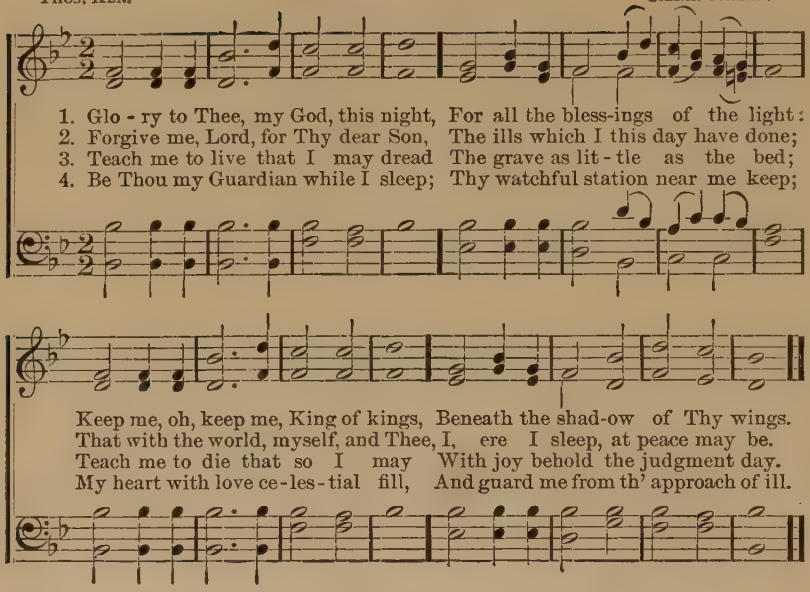
Federal Street. L. M. 6

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no-bler rest a - bove;
2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
3. No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes, No cares to break the long re - pose,
4. O long - ex - pect - ed day, be - gin! Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
To that our long-ing souls as - pire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.
No groans shall mingle with the songs That warble from immortal tongues.
No midnight shade, no cloud-ed sun, But sa-cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
Fain would we leave this wea-ry road, And sleep in death to rest with God.

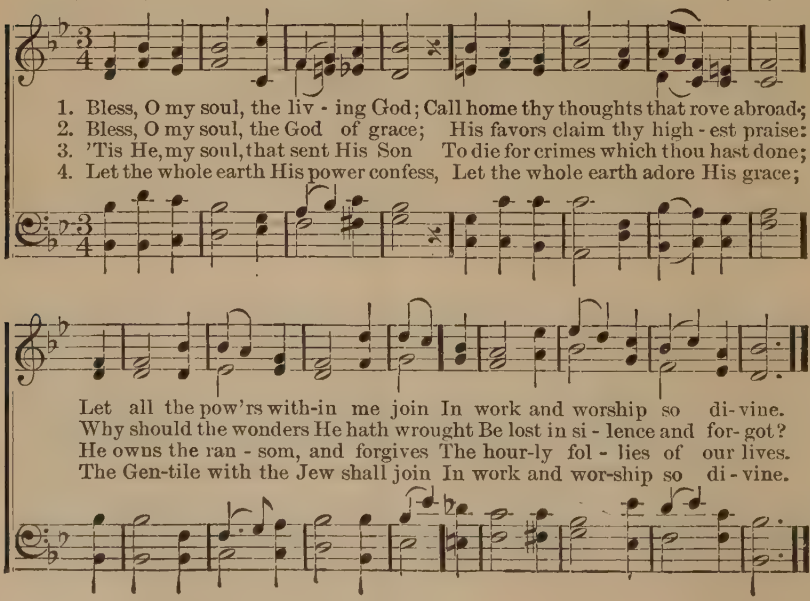
Welton. L. M.

THOS. KEN. CÆSAR MALAN.


1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills which I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as the bed;
4. Be Thou my Guardian while I sleep; Thy watchful station near me keep;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath the shad-ow of Thy wings.
That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die that so I may With joy behold the judgment day.
My heart with love ce-les-tial fill, And guard me from th' approach of ill.

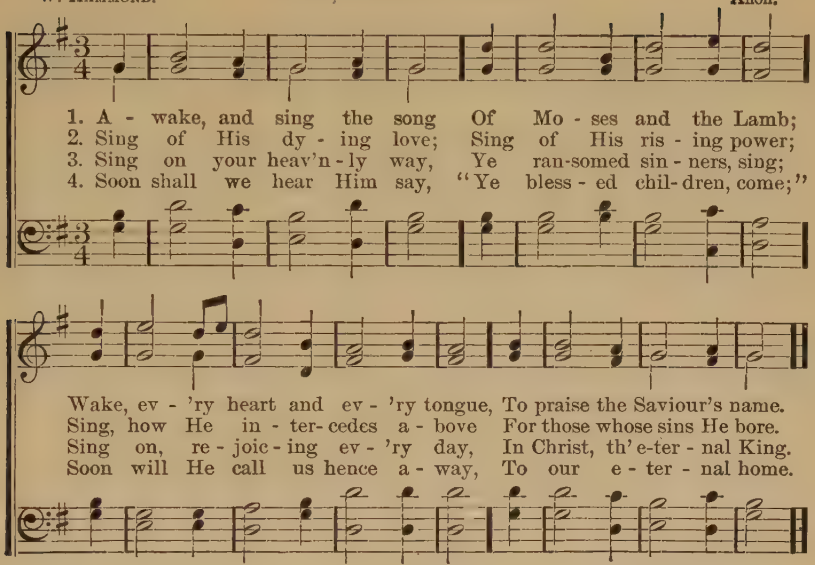
8 Germany. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.


1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim thy high - est praise:
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done;
4. Let the whole earth His power confess, Let the whole earth adore His grace;
Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and worship so di-vine.
Why should the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for-got?
He owns the ran - som, and forgives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.
The Gen-tile with the Jew shall join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.

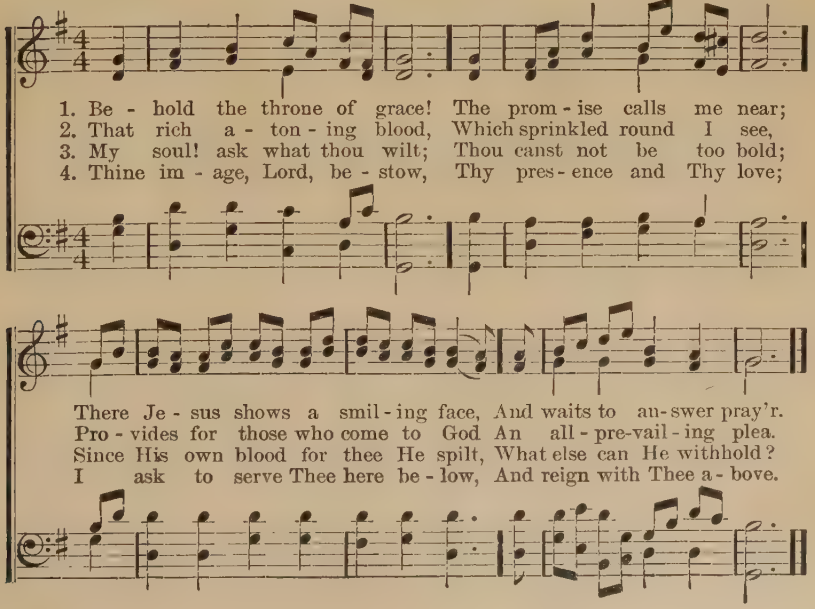
Missouri. S. M.

W. HAMMOND. Anon.


1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power;
3. Sing on your heav'n - ly way, Ye ran-somed sin - ners, sing;
4. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;"
Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing, how He in - ter-cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, In Christ, th' e-ter - nal King.
Soon will He call us hence a - way, To our e - ter - nal home.

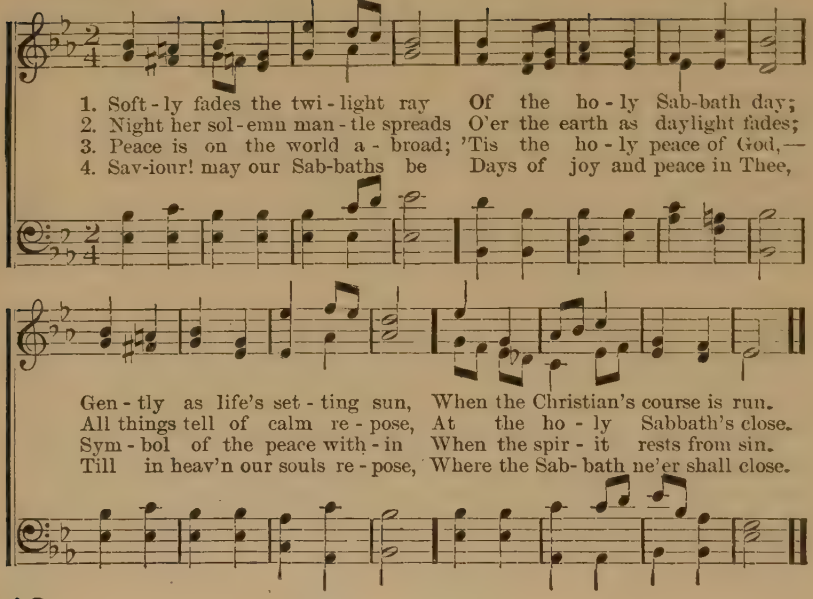
Shirland. S. M. 10

JOHN NEWTON. S. STANLEY.


1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;
2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprinkled round I see,
3. My soul! ask what thou wilt; Thou canst not be too bold;
4. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pres - ence and Thy love;
There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an-swer pray'r.
Pro - vides for those who come to God An all - pre-vail - ing plea.
Since His own blood for thee He spilt, What else can He withhold?
I ask to serve Thee here be - low, And reign with Thee a - bove.

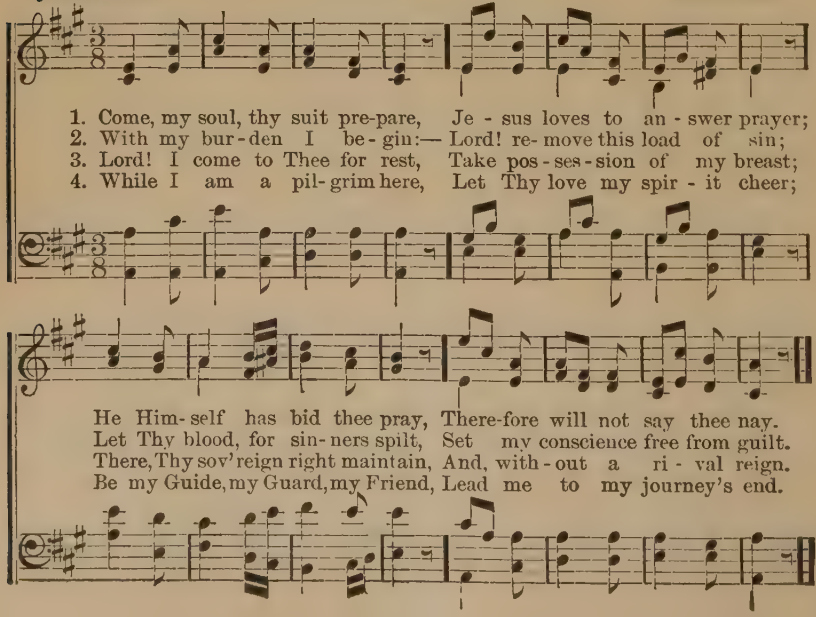
11 Solitude. 7s.

S. F. Smith. L. T. Downes.


1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day;
2. Night her sol-emn man-tle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
3. Peace is on the world a-broad; 'Tis the ho-ly peace of God,—
4. Sav-iour! may our Sab-baths be Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Gen-tly as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
All things tell of calm re-pose, At the ho-ly Sabbath's close.
Sym-bol of the peace with-in When the spir-it rests from sin.
Till in heav'n our souls re-pose, Where the Sab-bath ne'er shall close.

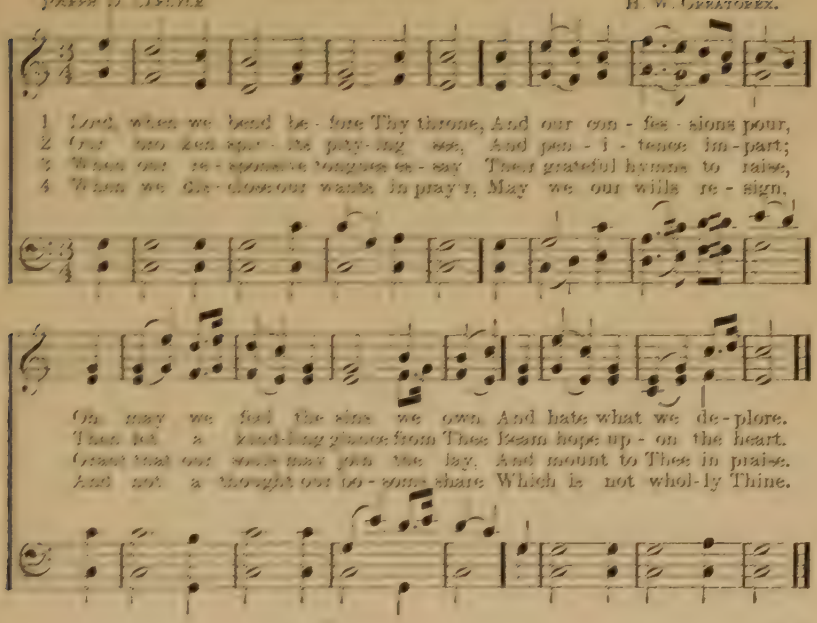
12 Horton. 7s.

John Newton. X. Schnyder.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer;
2. With my bur-den I be-gin:— Lord! re-move this load of sin;
3. Lord! I come to Thee for rest, Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;
4. While I am a pil-grim here, Let Thy love my spir-it cheer;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.
Let Thy blood, for sin-ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
There, Thy sov'reign right maintain, And, with-out a ri-val reign.
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

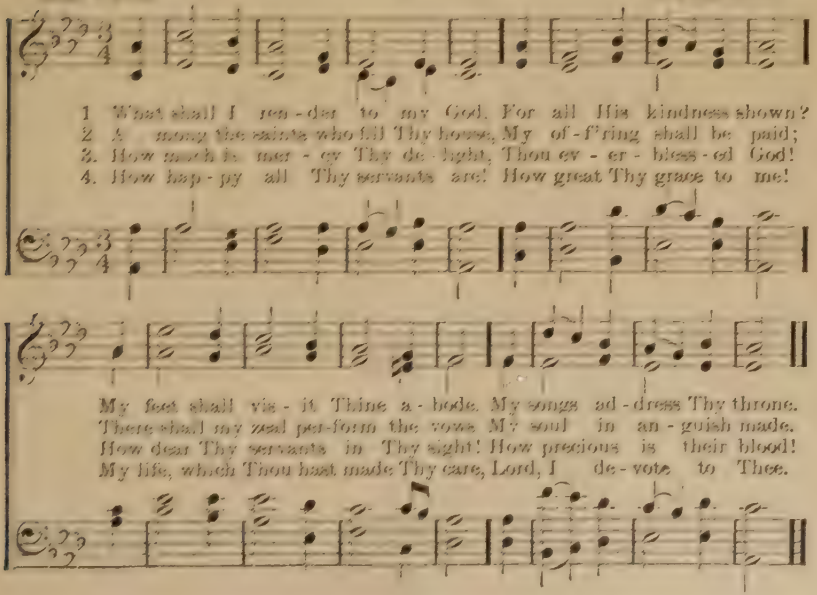
Bemerton. C. M.

JOSEPH D. CARRIER. H. W. GREATOREX.


1 Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
2 Our sins and sor - rows pity - ing see, And par - don - ing - part;
3 When our re - sponsive tongues ex - say Their grateful hymns to raise,
4 When we dis - close our wants in pray'r, May we our wills re - sign,
On may we feel the sins we own And hate what we de - plore.
Then let a kind - ling glance from Thee Beam hope up - on the heart.
Grant that our souls may join the lay, And mount to Thee in praise.
And not a thought our bo - soms share Which is not whol - ly Thine.

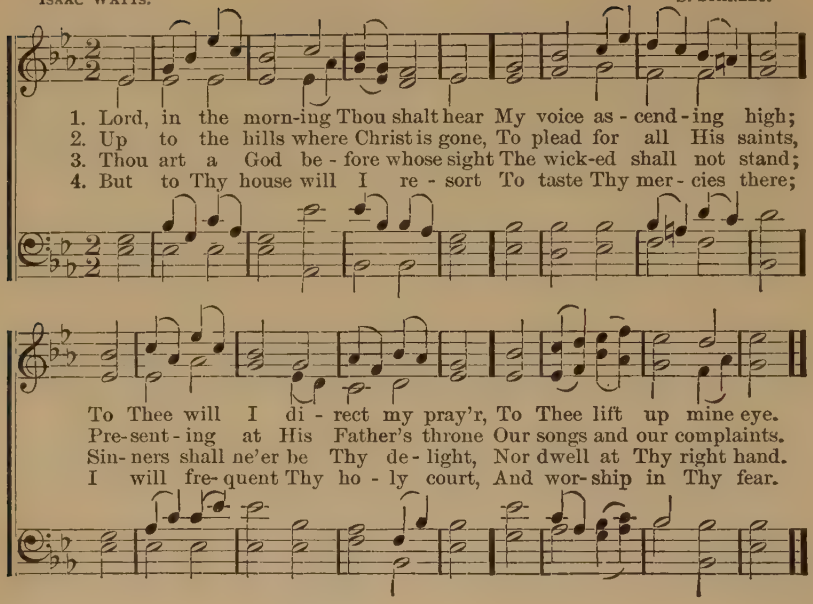
Romberg. C. M. 14

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. HASTINGS.


1 What shall I ren - der to my God, For all His kindness shown?
2 A - mong the saints who fill Thy house, My of - f'ring shall be paid;
3. How much is mer - cy Thy de - light, Thou ev - er - bless - ed God!
4. How hap - py all Thy servants are! How great Thy grace to me!
My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne.
There shall my zeal per-form the vows My soul in an - guish made.
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight! How precious is their blood!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I de - vote to Thee.

Warwick. C. M.

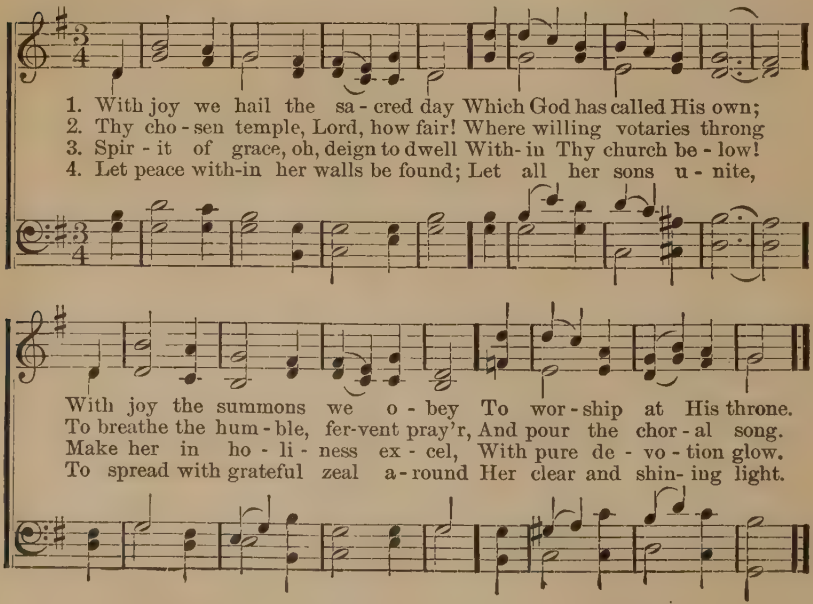
ISAAC WATTS. S. STANLEY.


1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand;
4. But to Thy house will I re - sort To taste Thy mer - cies there;
To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye.
Pre-sent - ing at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
Sin-ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
I will fre-quent Thy ho - ly court, And wor-ship in Thy fear.

16

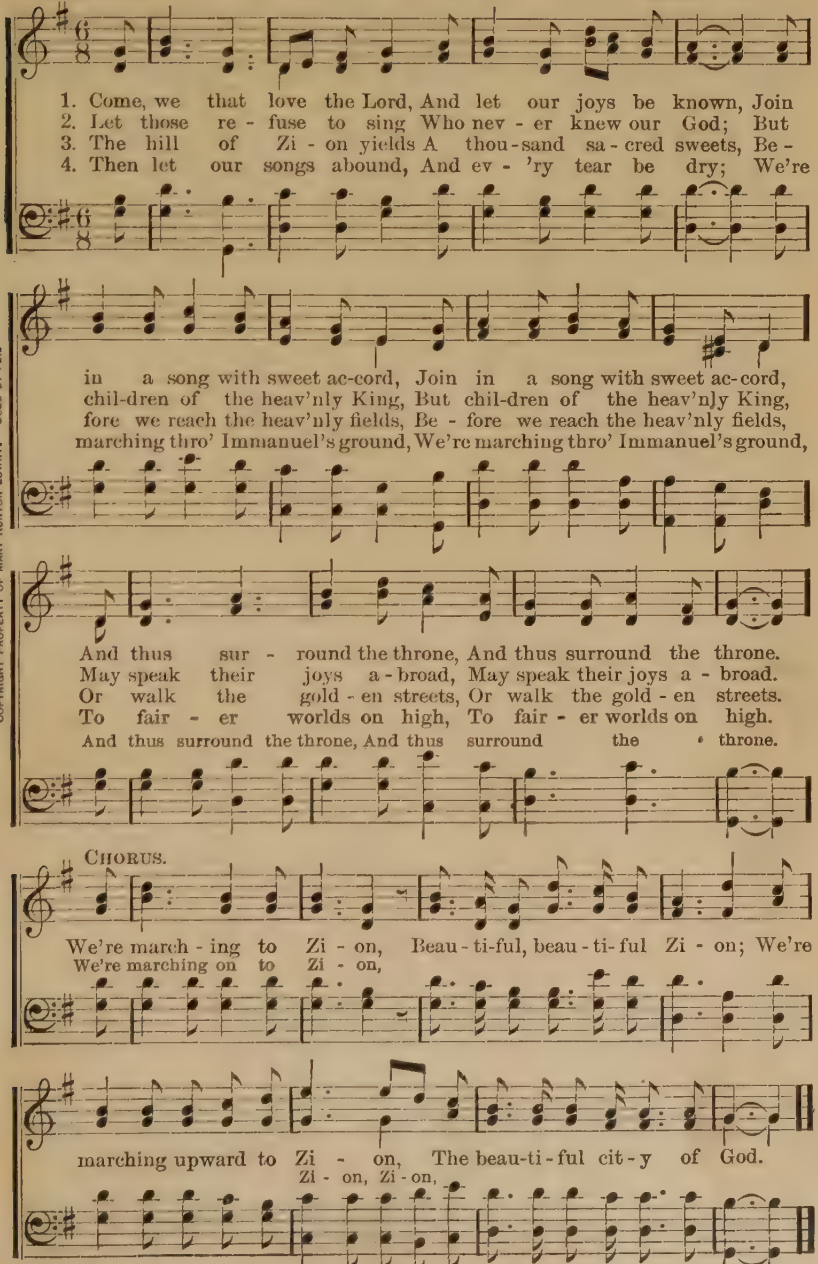
Vigils. C. M.

H. AUBER. WM. GARDINER.


1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called His own;
2. Thy cho - sen temple, Lord, how fair! Where willing votaries throng
3. Spir - it of grace, oh, deign to dwell With-in Thy church be - low!
4. Let peace with-in her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite,
With joy the summons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.
To breathe the hum - ble, fer-vent pray'r, And pour the chor - al song.
Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.
To spread with grateful zeal a - round Her clear and shin- ing light.

We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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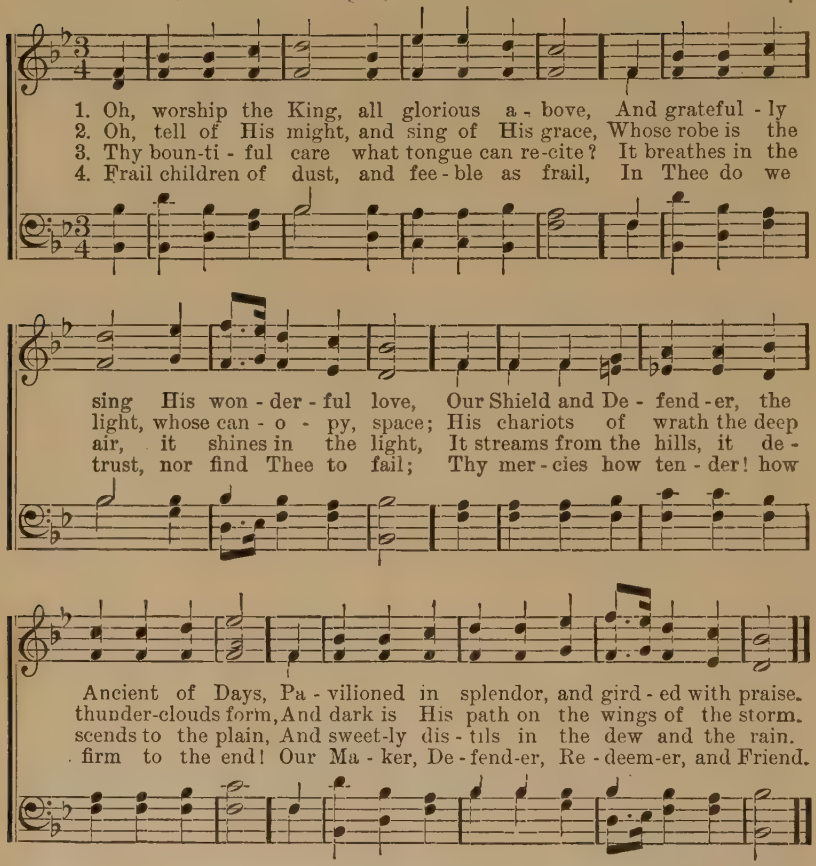
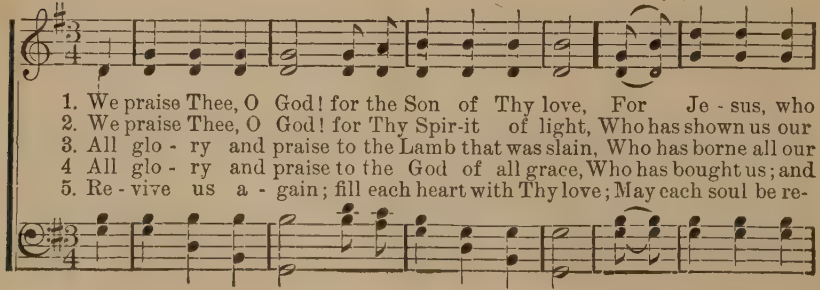
Lyons. 10s, 11s.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.


1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And grateful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won - der - ful love, Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py, space; His chariots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how
Ancient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend-er, Re - deem-er, and Friend.

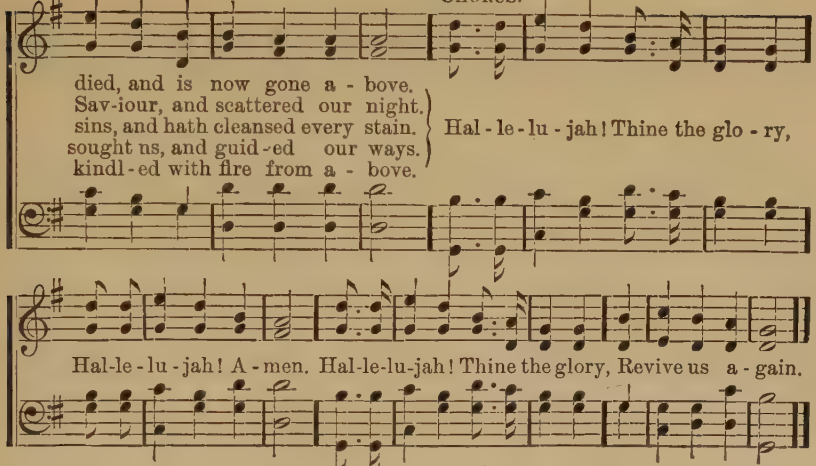
19 Revive Us Again. P. M.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus, who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4 All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us; and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

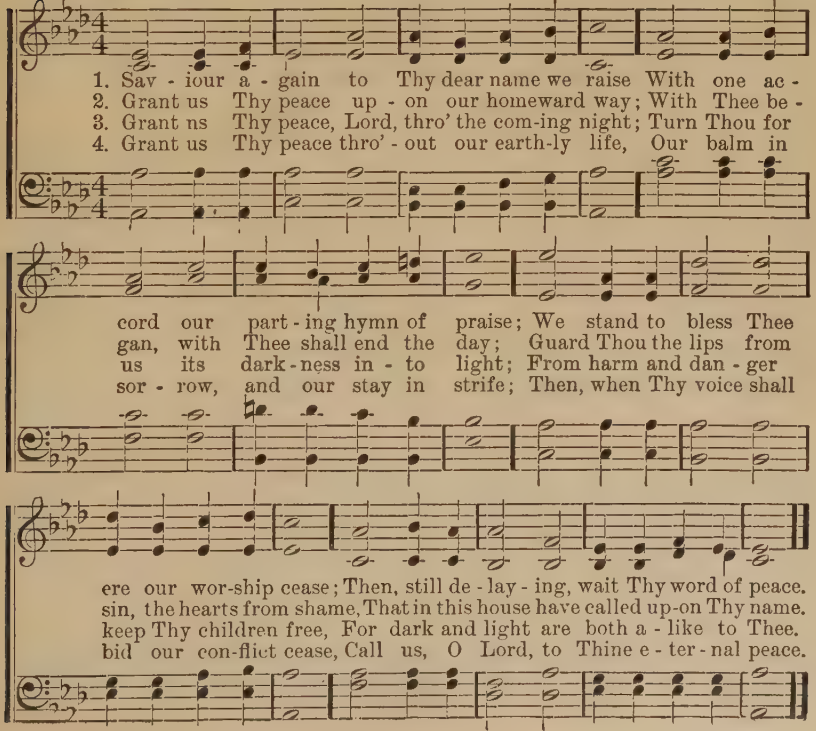
Revive Us Again.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav-iour, and scattered our night.
sins, and hath cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kindl-ed with fire from a - bove.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry,
Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Revive us a - gain.

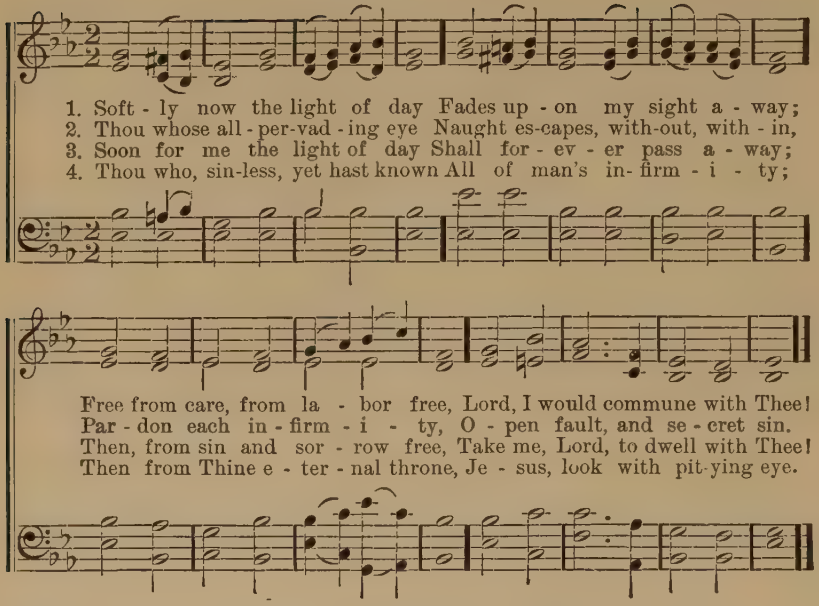
Irené. 10s. 20

JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Sav - iour a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall
ere our wor-ship cease; Then, still de - lay - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

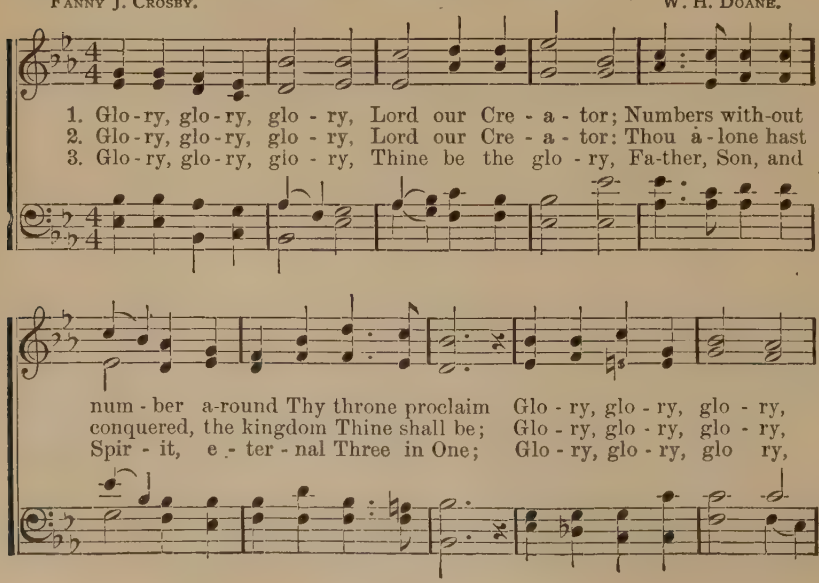
Holley. 7s.

G. W. Doane. Geo. Hews.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per-vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in- firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee!
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!
Then from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit-ying eye.

22 Glory, Glory. P. M.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Lord our Cre - a - tor; Numbers with-out
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Lord our Cre - a - tor: Thou a - lone hast
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Thine be the glo - ry, Fa-ther, Son, and
num - ber a-round Thy throne proclaim Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
conquered, the kingdom Thine shall be; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Spir - it, e - ter - nal Three in One; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo ry,

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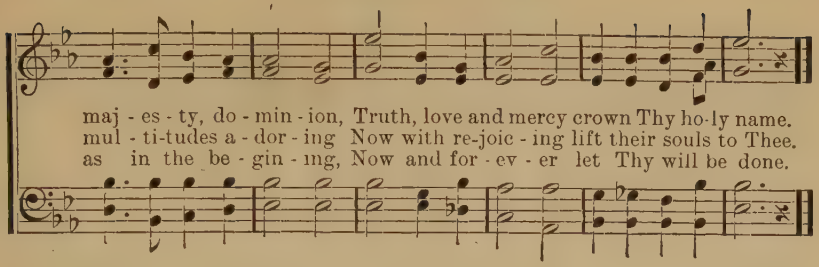
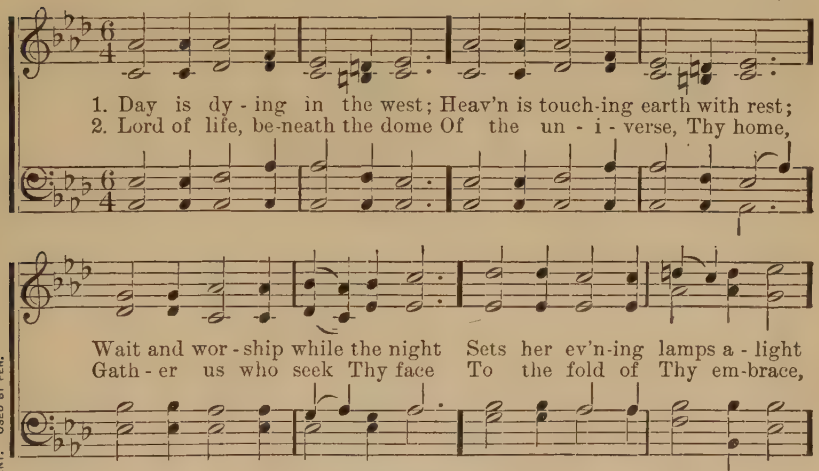
Glory, Glory.—*Concluded.*


maj - es - ty, do - min - ion, Truth, love and mercy crown Thy ho-ly name.
mul - ti-tudes a - dor - ing Now with re-joic - ing lift their souls to Thee.
as in the be - gin - ning, Now and for - ev - er let Thy will be done.

Chautauqua. P. M. 23

MARY A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the un - i - verse, Thy home,
Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her ev'n-ing lamps a - light
Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace,

REFRAIN.

Thro' all the sky.
For Thou art nigh.
Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high.

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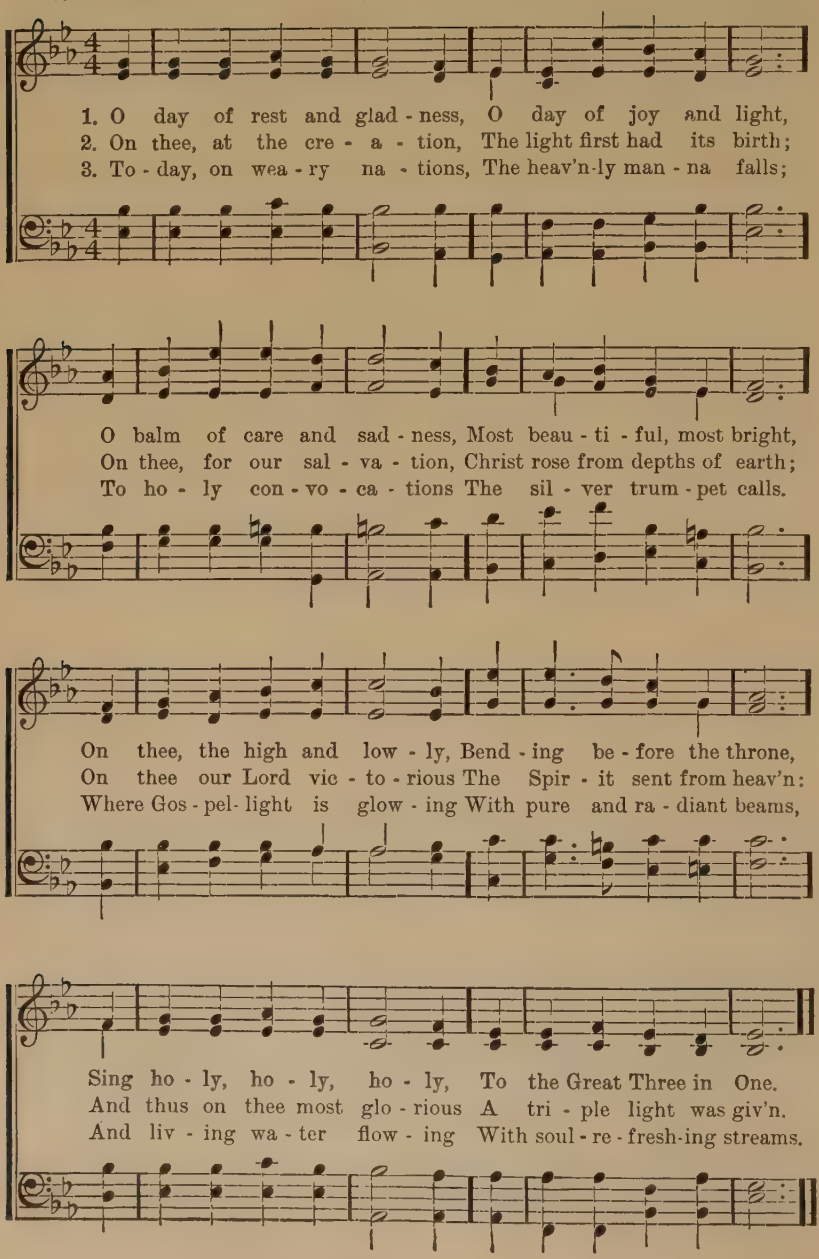
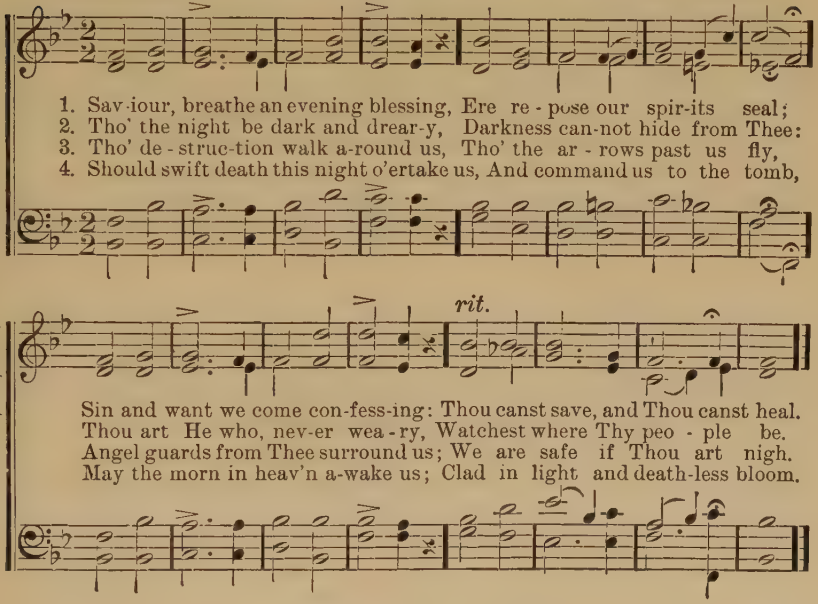
Aurelia. 7s. 6s. D.

C. WORDSWORTH. S. S. WESLEY.


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day, on wea - ry na - tions, The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright,
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls.
On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from heav'n:
Where Gos - pel- light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the Great Three in One.
And thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was giv'n.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.

Evening Prayer. 8s. 7s.

JAMES EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Sav-iour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal;
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can-not hide from Thee:
3. Tho' de - struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And command us to the tomb,
rit.
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.
Angel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us; Clad in light and death-less bloom.

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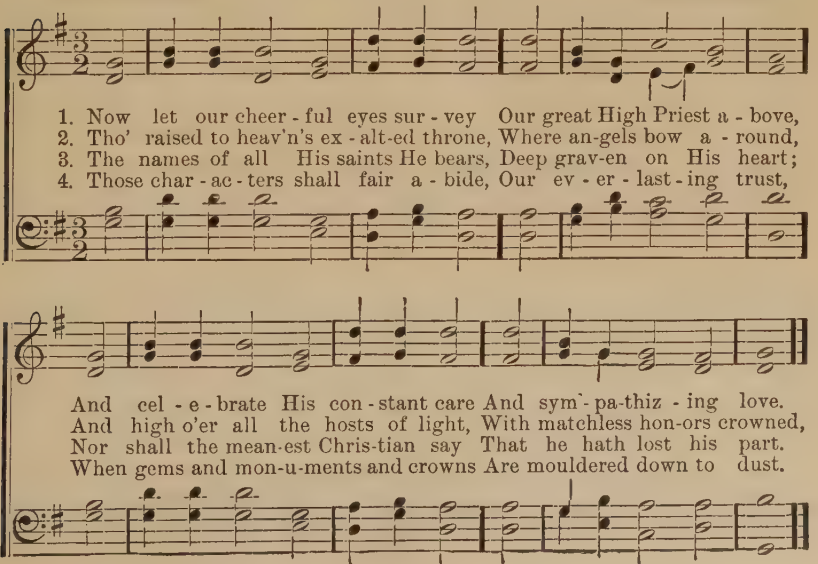
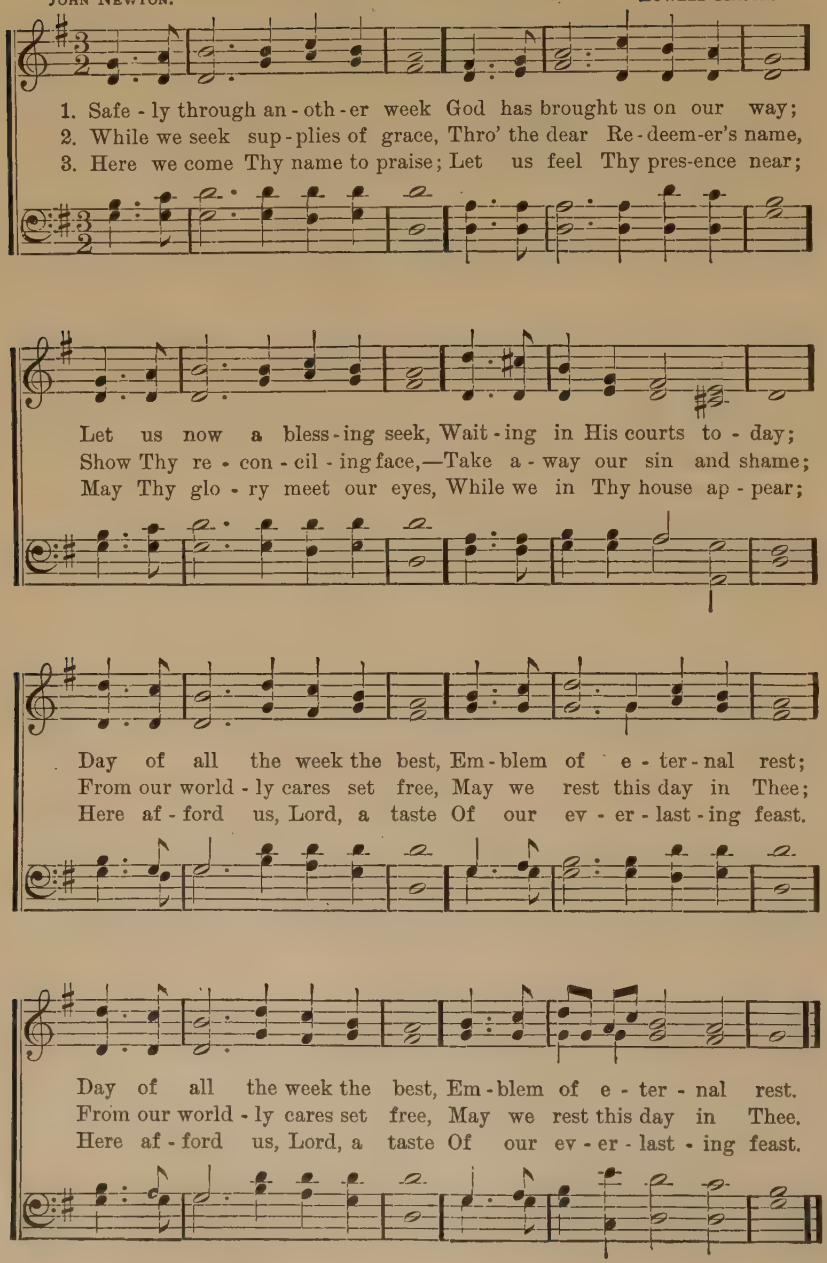
Marlow. C. M. 26

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. JOHN CHETHAM.


1. Now let our cheer - ful eyes sur - vey Our great High Priest a - bove,
2. Tho' raised to heav'n's ex - alt-ed throne, Where an-gels bow a - round,
3. The names of all His saints He bears, Deep grav-en on His heart;
4. Those char - ac - ters shall fair a - bide, Our ev - er - last - ing trust,
And cel - e - brate His con - stant care And sym - pa-thiz - ing love.
And high o'er all the hosts of light, With matchless hon-ors crowned,
Nor shall the mean-est Chris-tian say That he hath lost his part.
When gems and mon-u-ments and crowns Are mouldered down to dust.

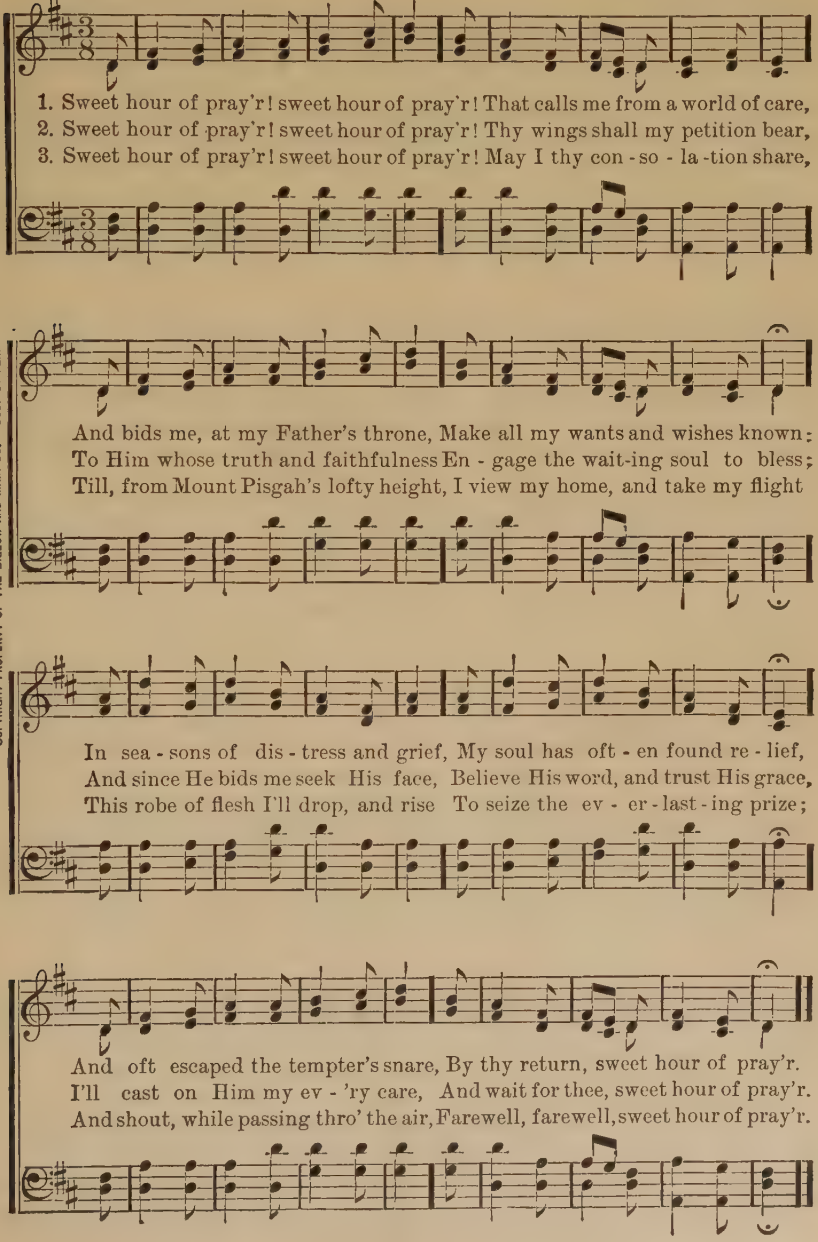
Sabbath. 7s.

JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy re - con - cil - ing face,—Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

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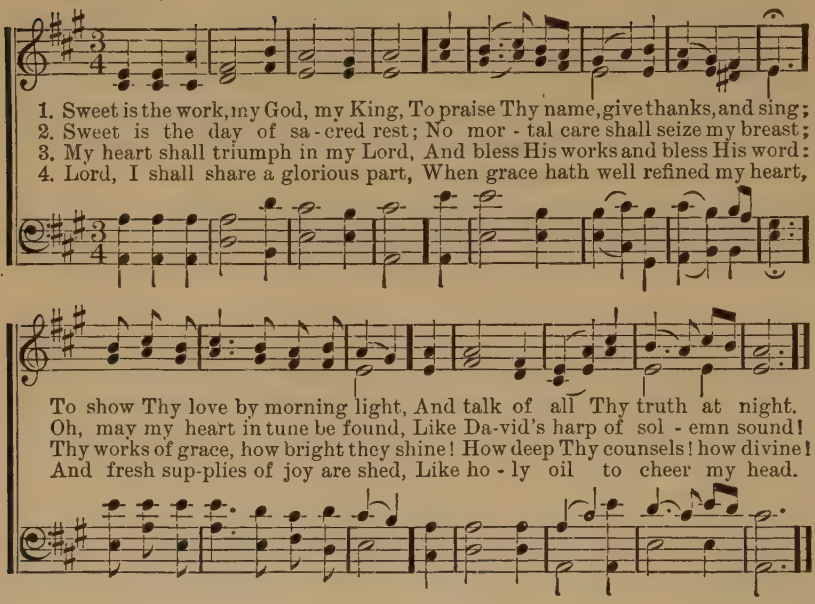
Migdol. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mor-tal care shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His word:
4. Lord, I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart,
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound!
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho-ly oil to cheer my head.

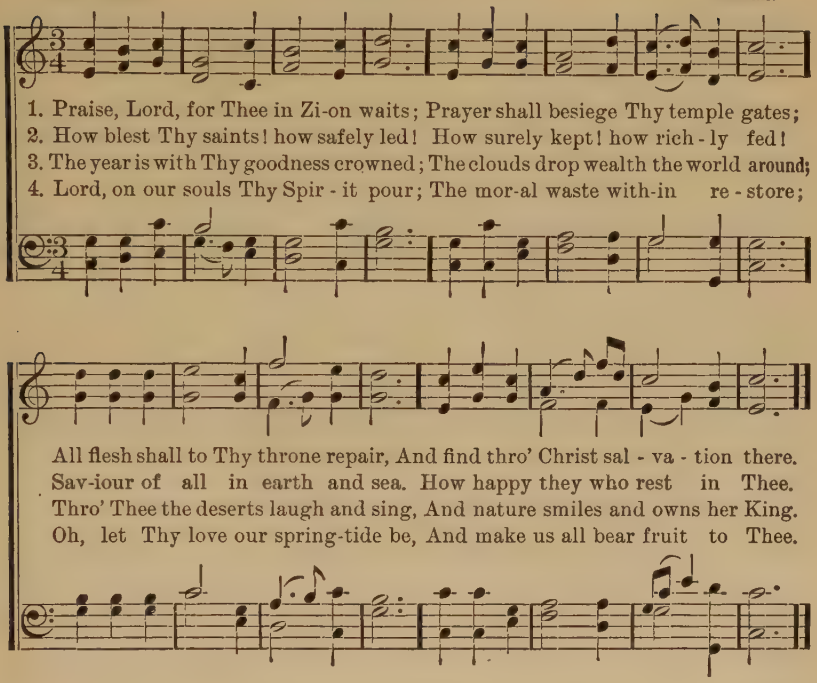
30 Arcadia. C. M.

SIMON BROWNE. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Fre-quent the day of God re-turns To shed its quick'ning beams; And yet, how
2. In-crease, O Lord, our faith and hope, And fit us to as-cend, Where the as-
3. Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air; With heav'n-ly lus-tre shine; Be-fore the
4. There shall we join, and nev-er tire, To sing im-mor-tal lays; And, with the
slow de-vo-tion burns; How languid are its flames! How languid are its flames!
sembly ne'er breaks up, And Sabbaths never end; And Sabbaths nev-er end.
throne of God ap-pear, And feast on love di-vine; And feast on love di-vine.
bright seraphic choir, Sound forth Immanuel's praise; Sound forth Imman-uel's praise.

Mendon. L. M.

H. F. Lyte. German.


1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi-on waits; Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
2. How blest Thy saints! how safely led! How surely kept! how rich-ly fed!
3. The year is with Thy goodness crowned; The clouds drop wealth the world around;
4. Lord, on our souls Thy Spir-it pour; The mor-al waste with-in re-store;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair, And find thro' Christ sal-va-tion there.
Sav-iour of all in earth and sea. How happy they who rest in Thee.
Thro' Thee the deserts laugh and sing, And nature smiles and owns her King.
Oh, let Thy love our spring-tide be, And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

L. M. 32

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun,—He makes our day;
God is our shield,—He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Isaac Watts.

L. M. 33

1 Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

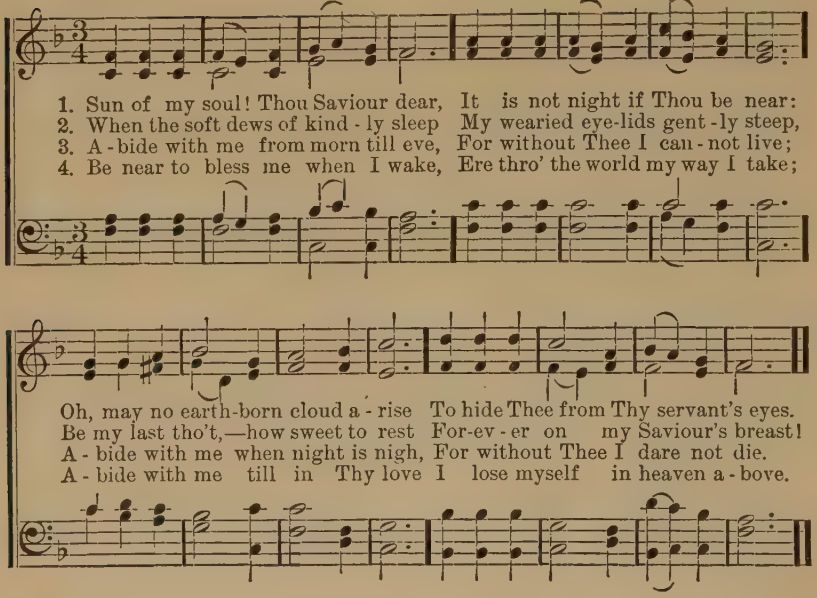
3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

T. Raffles.

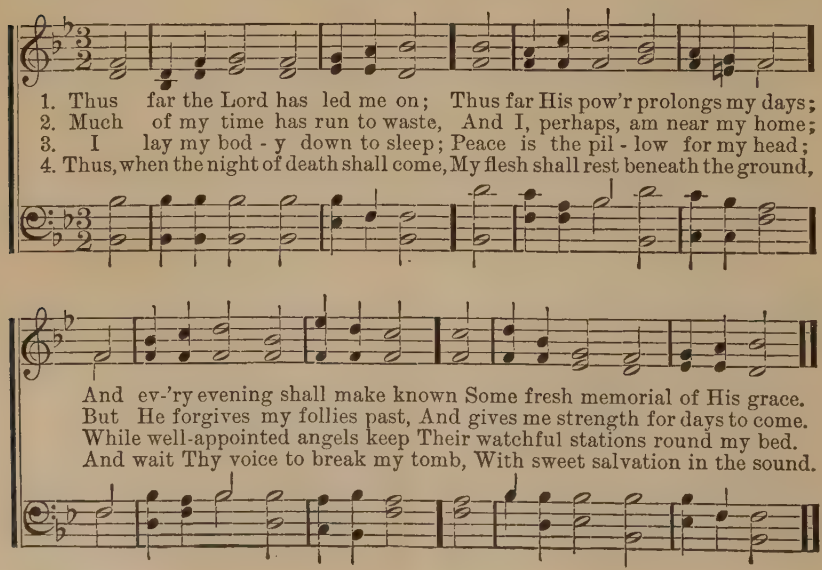
Hursley. L. M.

J. Keble. Arr. W. H. Monk.


1. Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't,—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose myself in heaven a - bove.

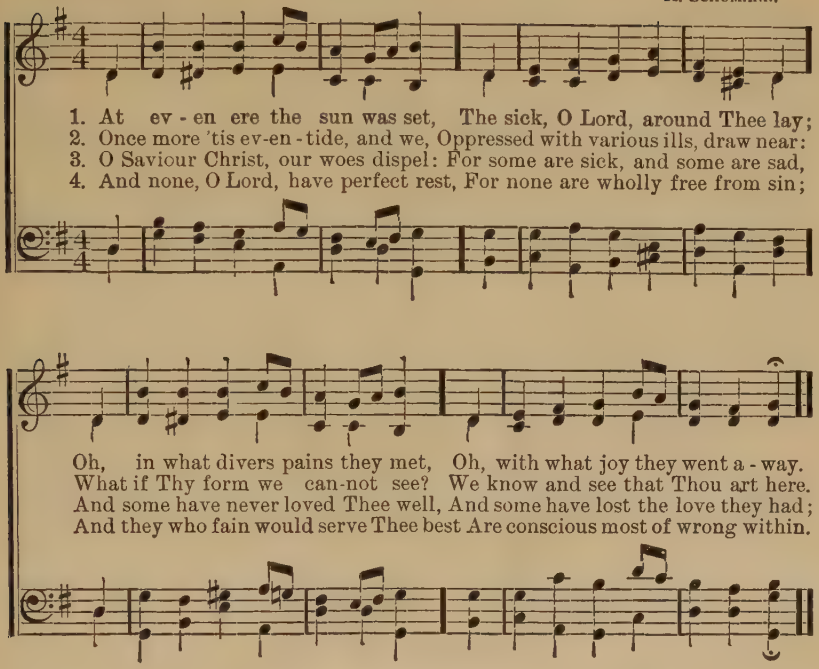
35 Hebron. L. M.

Isaac Watts. Lowell Mason.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.
But He forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

Canonbury. L. M.

HENRY TWELLS. R. SCHUMANN.


1. At ev - en ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis ev-en - tide, and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel: For some are sick, and some are sad,
4. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin;
Oh, in what divers pains they met, Oh, with what joy they went a - way.
What if Thy form we can-not see? We know and see that Thou art here.
And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had;
And they who fain would serve Thee best Are conscious most of wrong within.

L. M. 37

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Jos. Stennett.

L. M. 38

1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread His sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and guilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

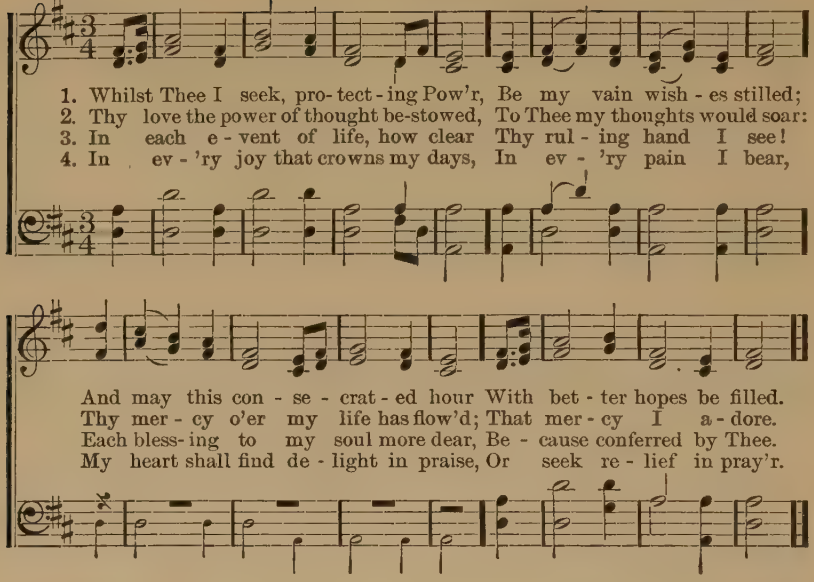
3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 Oh, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel Thy love, to own Thy power,
And raise each raptured tho't to Thee.

Anna L. Barbauld.

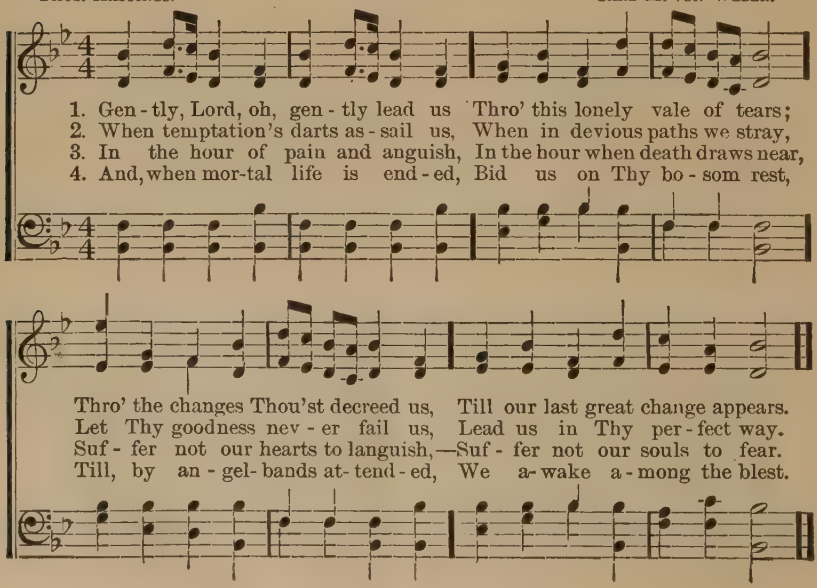
Siloam. C. M.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Whilst Thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es stilled;
2. Thy love the power of thought be-stowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar:
3. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ing hand I see!
4. In ev-'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev-'ry pain I bear,
And may this con-se-crat-ed hour With bet-ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer-cy I a-dore.
Each bless-ing to my soul more dear, Be-cause conferred by Thee.
My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re-lief in pray'r.

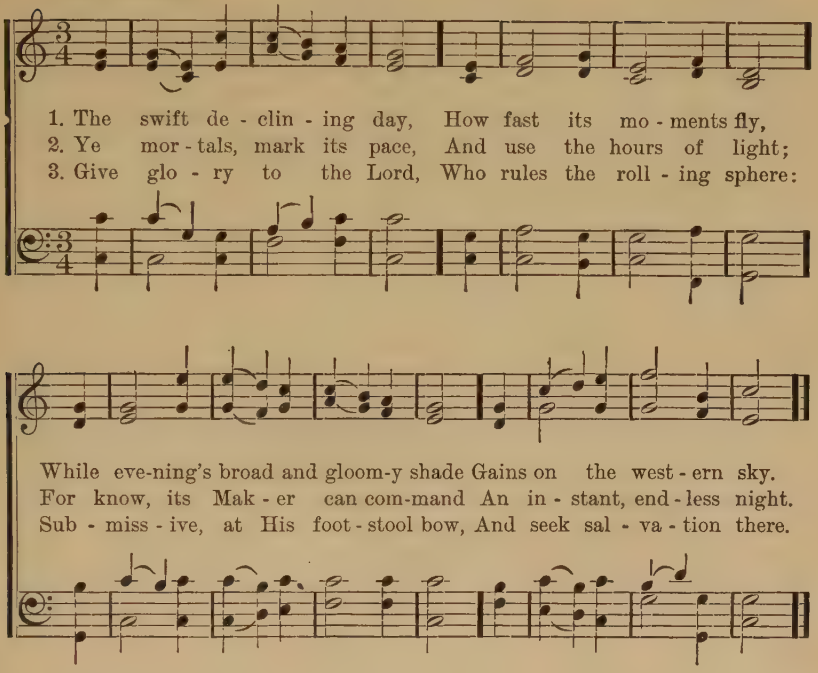
40 Wilmot. 8s. 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS. CARL M. VON WEBER.


1. Gen-tly, Lord, oh, gen-tly lead us Thro' this lonely vale of tears;
2. When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,
3. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,
4. And, when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us on Thy bo-som rest,
Thro' the changes Thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
Let Thy goodness nev-er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
Suf-fer not our hearts to languish,—Suf-fer not our souls to fear.
Till, by an-gel-bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.

Ferguson. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. The swift de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo - ments fly,
2. Ye mor - tals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light;
3. Give glo - ry to the Lord, Who rules the roll - ing sphere:
While eve-ning's broad and gloom-y shade Gains on the west - ern sky.
For know, its Mak - er can com-mand An in - stant, end - less night.
Sub - miss - ive, at His foot - stool bow, And seek sal - va - tion there.

S. M. 42

1 Still, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee my God in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With Thee my heart would find.

4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

Tune:—No. 39, opposite page. 43

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

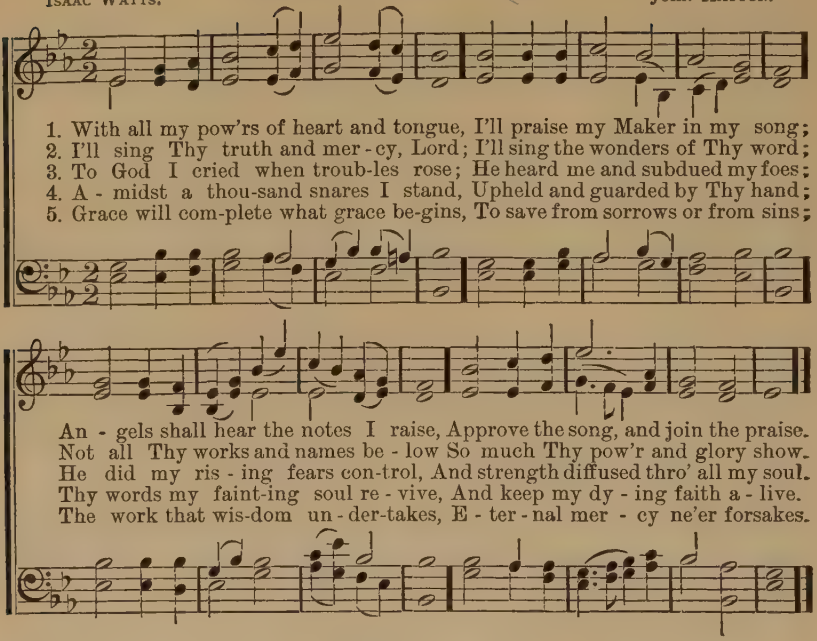
3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, Source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
The Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more.

James Edmeston.

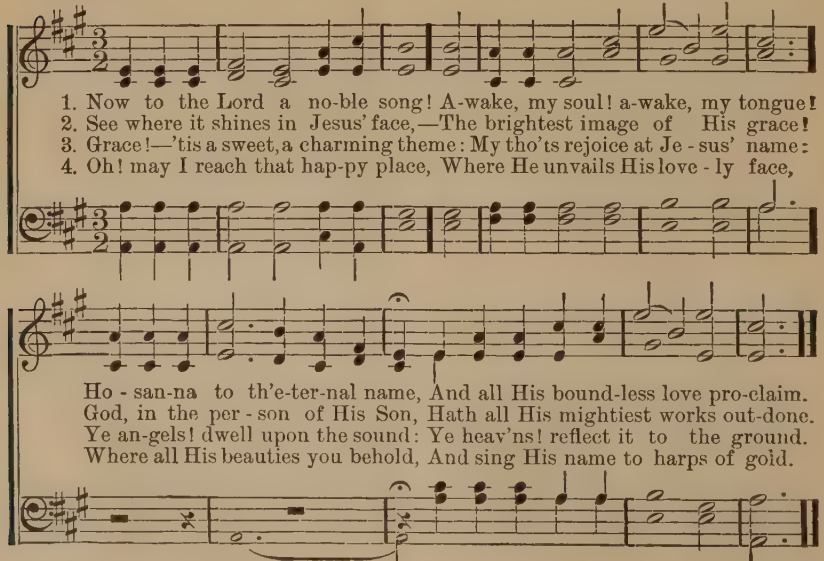
Duke Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.


1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song;
2. I'll sing Thy truth and mer - cy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
3. To God I cried when troub-les rose; He heard me and subdued my foes;
4. A - midst a thou-sand snares I stand, Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
5. Grace will com-plete what grace be-gins, To save from sorrows or from sins;
An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.
Not all Thy works and names be - low So much Thy pow'r and glory show.
He did my ris - ing fears con-trol, And strength diffused thro' all my soul.
Thy words my faint-ing soul re - vive, And keep my dy - ing faith a - live.
The work that wis-dom un - der-takes, E - ter - nal mer - cy ne'er forsakes.

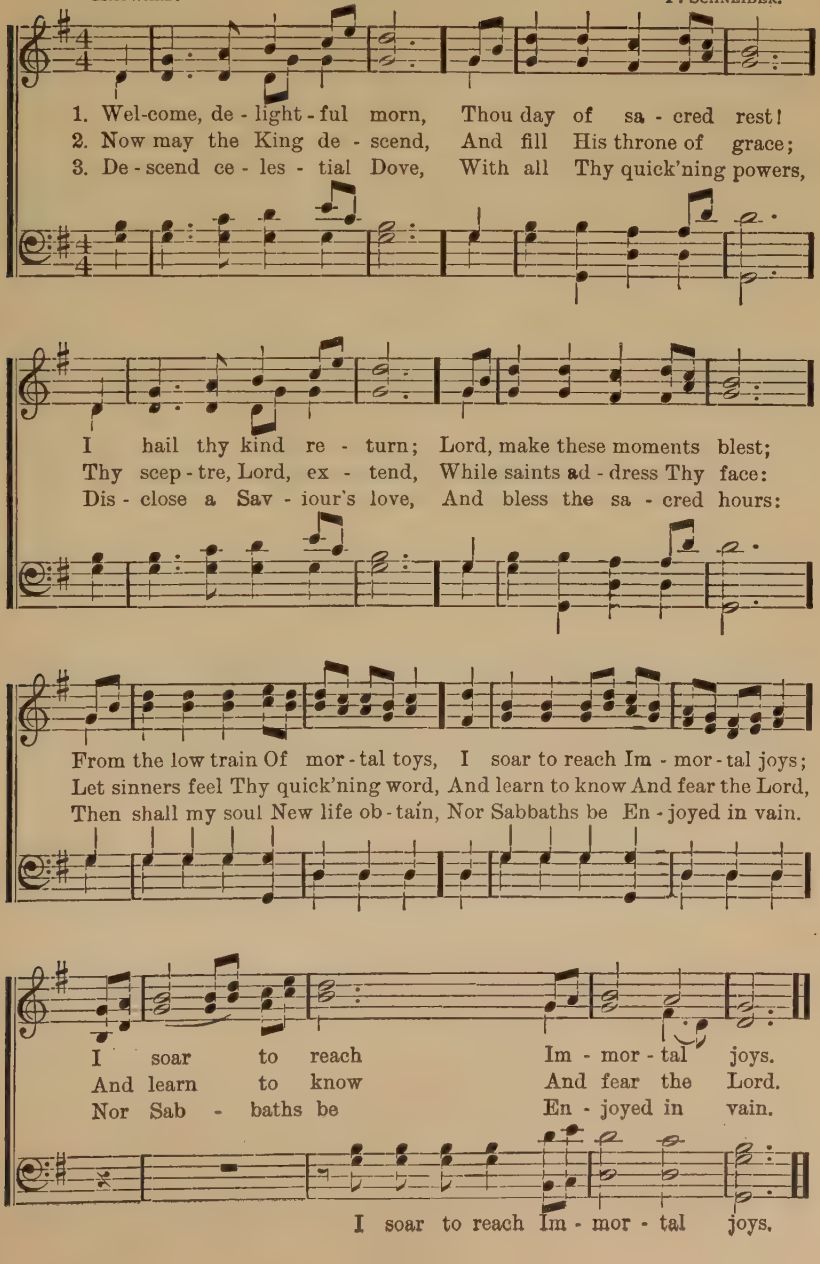
45 Ware. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul! a-wake, my tongue!
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,—The brightest image of His grace!
3. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme: My tho'ts rejoice at Je - sus' name:
4. Oh! may I reach that hap-py place, Where He unvails His love - ly face,
Ho - san-na to th'e-ter-nal name, And all His bound-less love pro-claim.
God, in the per - son of His Son, Hath all His mightiest works out-done.
Ye an-gels! dwell upon the sound: Ye heav'ns! reflect it to the ground.
Where all His beauties you behold, And sing His name to harps of gold.

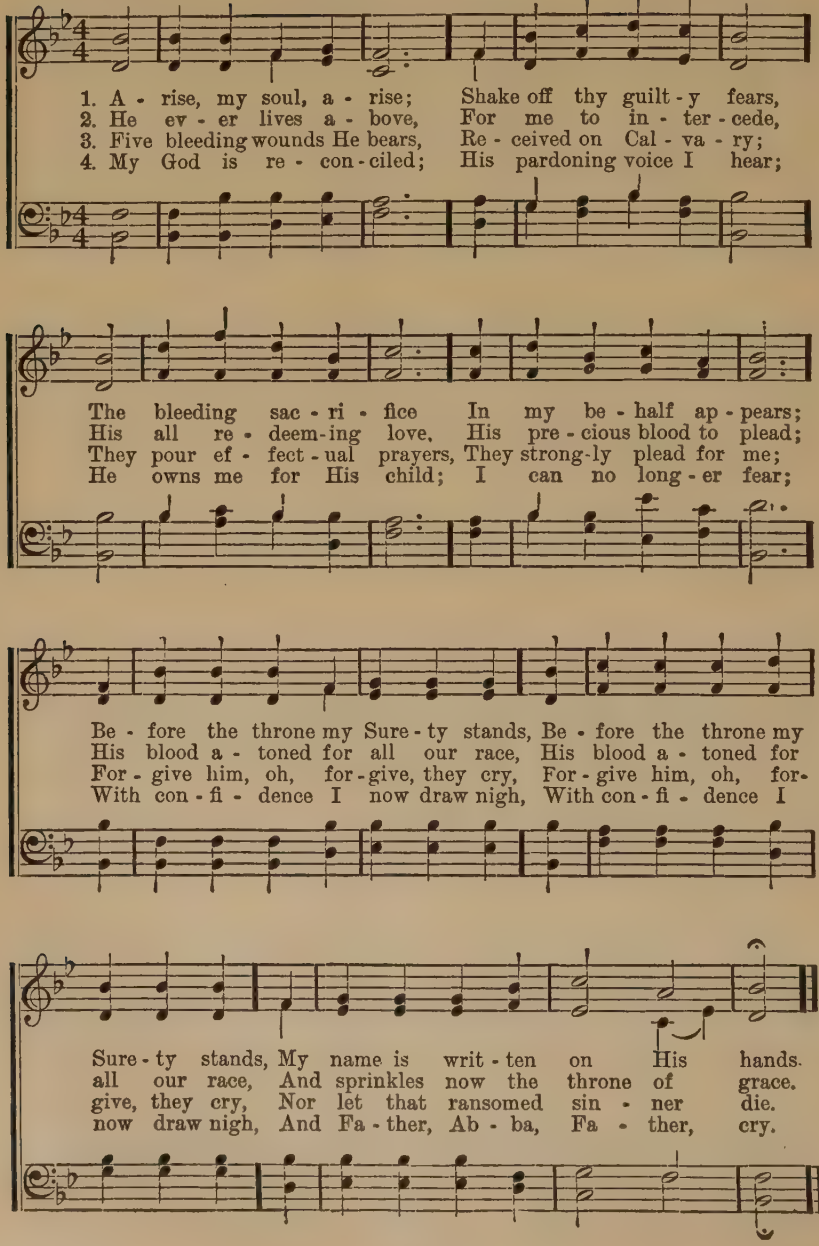
Lischer. H. M.

— Hayward. F. Schneider.


1. Wel-come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace;
3. De - scend ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers,
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest;
Thy scep - tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face:
Dis - close a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours:
From the low train Of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys;
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know And fear the Lord,
Then shall my soul New life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be En - joyed in vain.
I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys.
And learn to know And fear the Lord.
Nor Sab - baths be En - joyed in vain.
I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys.

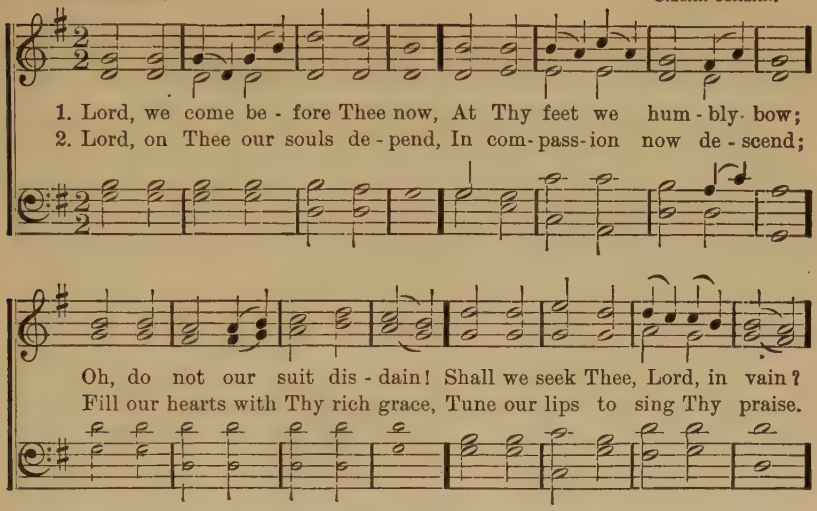
Lenox. H. M.

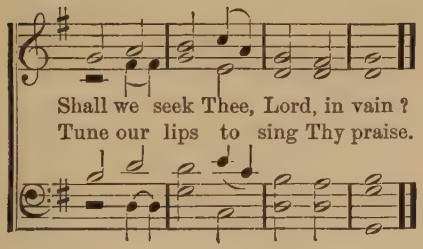
CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears,
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. My God is re - con - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear;
The bleeding sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears;
His all re - deem-ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong-ly plead for me;
He owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear;
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry, For - give him, oh, for-
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.
now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

Hendon. 7s.

W. HAMMOND. CÆSAR MALAN.


1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend, In com - pass - ion now de - scend;
Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.



3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

7s. 49

1 To Thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

James Montgomery.

7s. 50

1 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

2 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

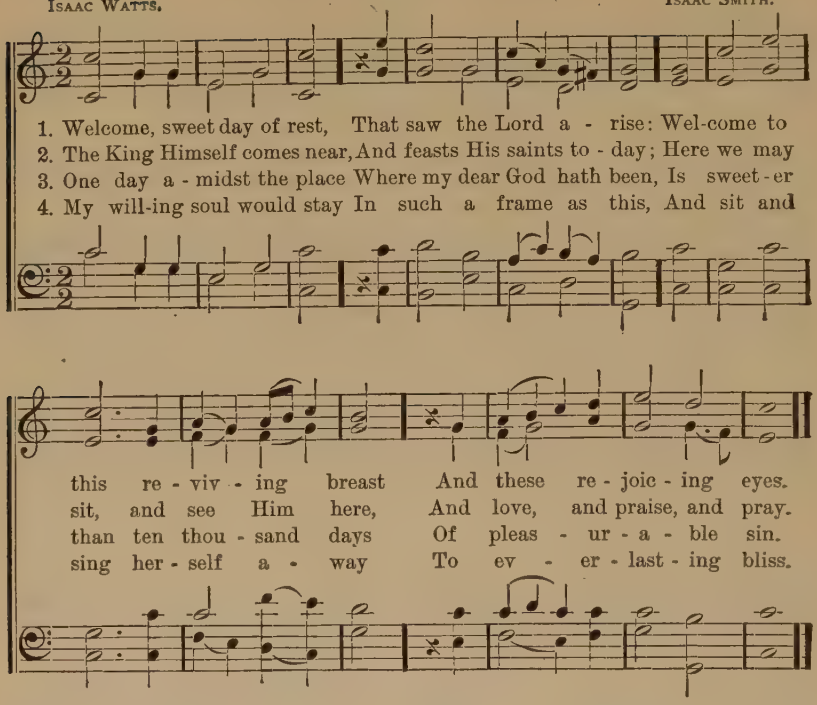
3 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, Thyself, bestow;
Make me burn Thy love to know.

4 God, the blessed THREE IN ONE,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee.

H. W. Baker.

Silver Street. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. ISAAC SMITH.


1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise: Wel-come to
2. The King Himself comes near, And feasts His saints to - day; Here we may
3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet - er
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and
this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.
sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.
sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

52 S. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. Auber.

53 S. M.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

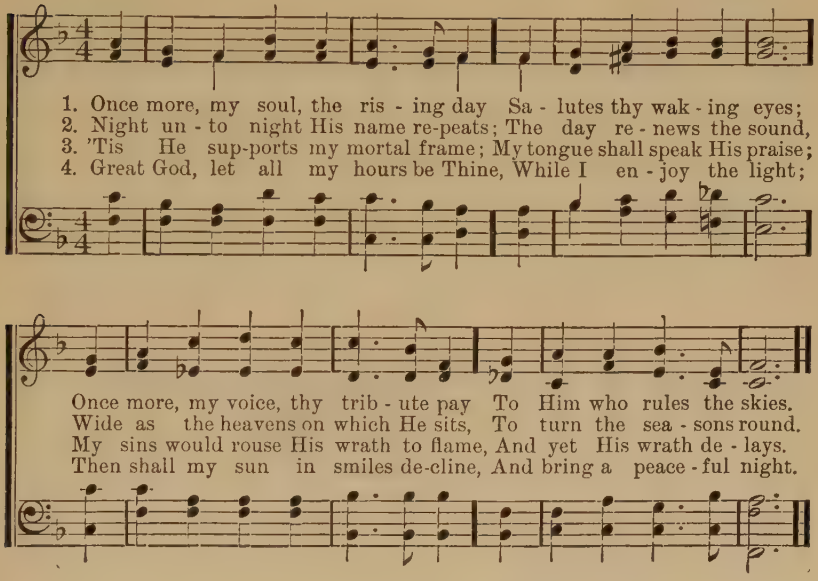
3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

James Montgomery.

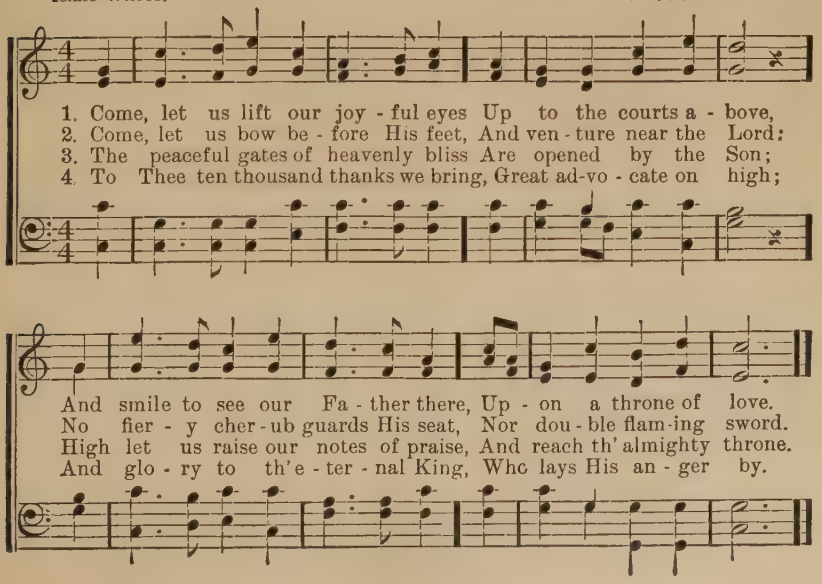
Dalehurst. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. ARTHUR COTTMAN.


1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
2. Night un - to night His name re-peats; The day re - news the sound,
3. 'Tis He sup-ports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak His praise;
4. Great God, let all my hours be Thine, While I en - joy the light;
Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him who rules the skies.
Wide as the heavens on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath de - lays.
Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a peace - ful night.

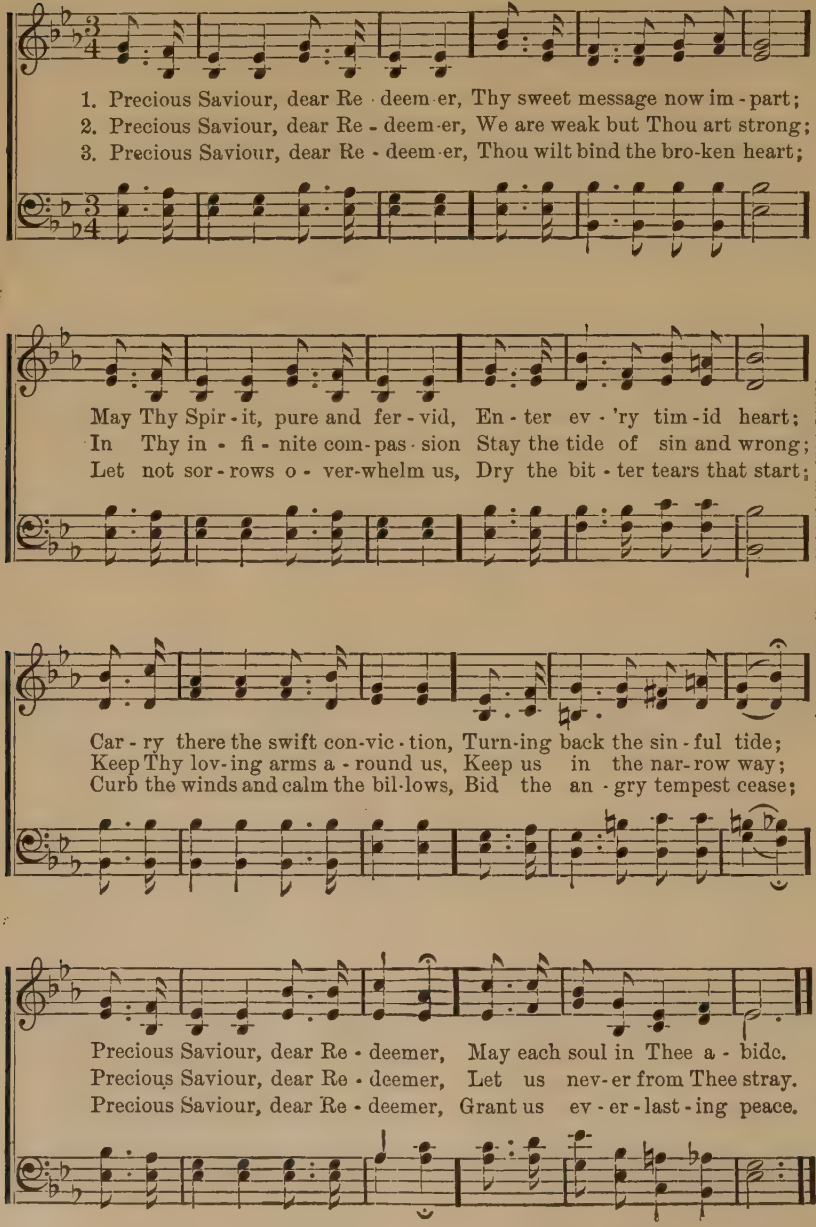
Brown. C. M. 55

ISAAC WATTS. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,
2. Come, let us bow be - fore His feet, And ven - ture near the Lord:
3. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss Are opened by the Son;
4. To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring, Great ad-vo - cate on high;
And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.
No fier - y cher - ub guards His seat, Nor dou - ble flam - ing sword.
High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' almighty throne.
And glo - ry to th'e - ter - nal King, Who lays His an - ger by.

Precious Saviour, Dear Redeemer.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Precious Saviour, dear Re - deem - er, Thy sweet message now im - part;
2. Precious Saviour, dear Re - deem - er, We are weak but Thou art strong;
3. Precious Saviour, dear Re - deem - er, Thou wilt bind the bro-ken heart;
May Thy Spir - it, pure and fer - vid, En - ter ev - 'ry tim - id heart;
In Thy in - fi - nite com - pas - sion Stay the tide of sin and wrong;
Let not sor - rows o - ver-whelm us, Dry the bit - ter tears that start;
Car - ry there the swift con-vic - tion, Turn-ing back the sin - ful tide;
Keep Thy lov - ing arms a - round us, Keep us in the nar-row way;
Curb the winds and calm the bil-lows, Bid the an - gry tempest cease;
Precious Saviour, dear Re - deemer, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
Precious Saviour, dear Re - deemer, Let us nev-er from Thee stray.
Precious Saviour, dear Re - deemer, Grant us ev - er - last - ing peace.

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II

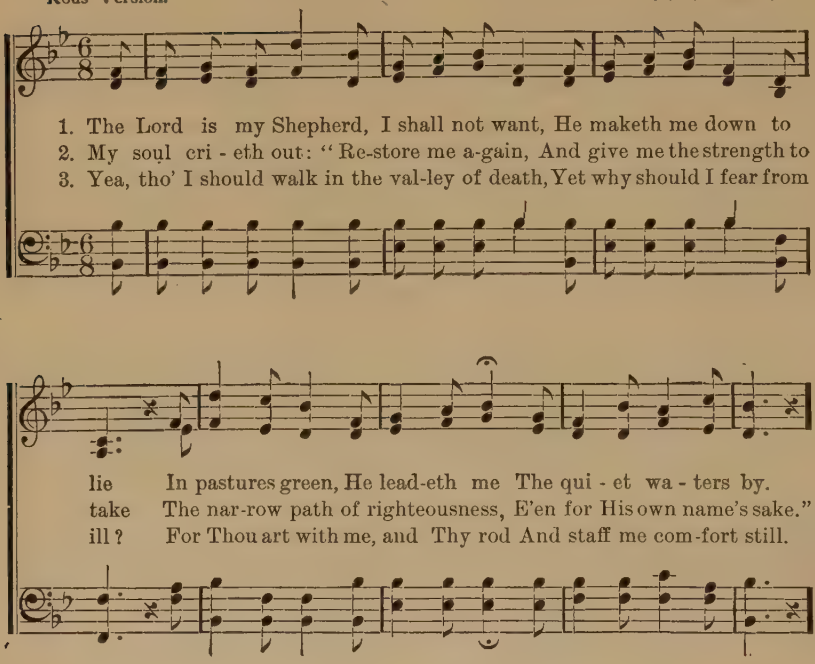
THE PRAISE OF GOD, IN HIS CHARACTER AND WORKS

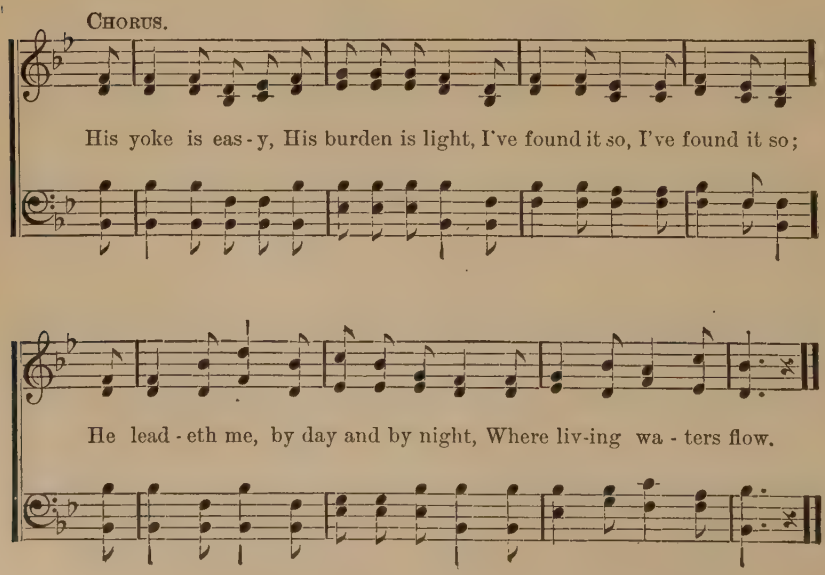
"Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him. . . . Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." PSALM LXVIII: 4, 19.

HYMNS 57–83

His Yoke is Easy.

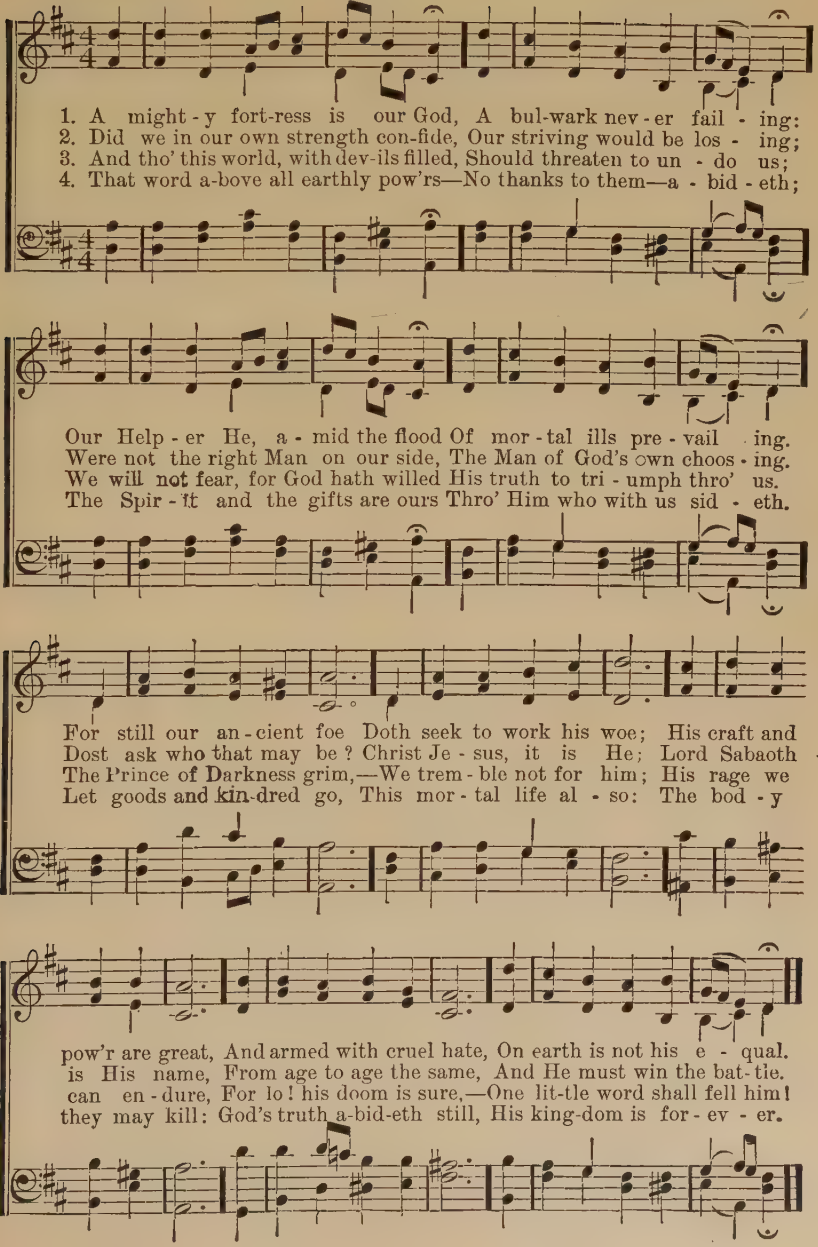
Rous' Version. R. E. HUDSON.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri - eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from
lie In pastures green, He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
take The nar-row path of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
BY PER. MRS. MARY HUDSON.


CHORUS.
His yoke is eas - y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead - eth me, by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa - ters flow.

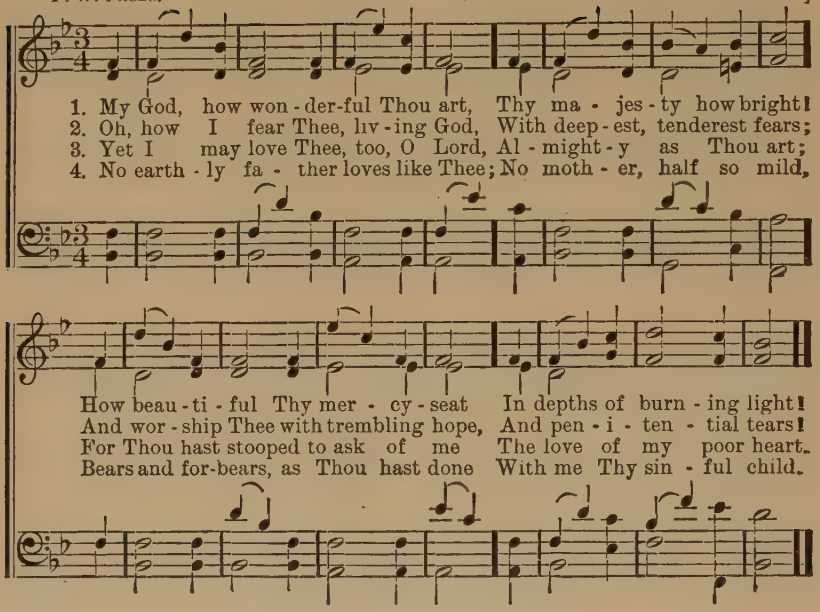
Fortress. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER. MARTIN LUTHER.


1. A might - y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing:
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striving would be los - ing;
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us;
4. That word a-bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
Our Help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth
The Prince of Darkness grim,—We trem - ble not for him; His rage we
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal life al - so: The bod - y
pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure,—One lit-tle word shall fell him!
they may kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for - ev - er.

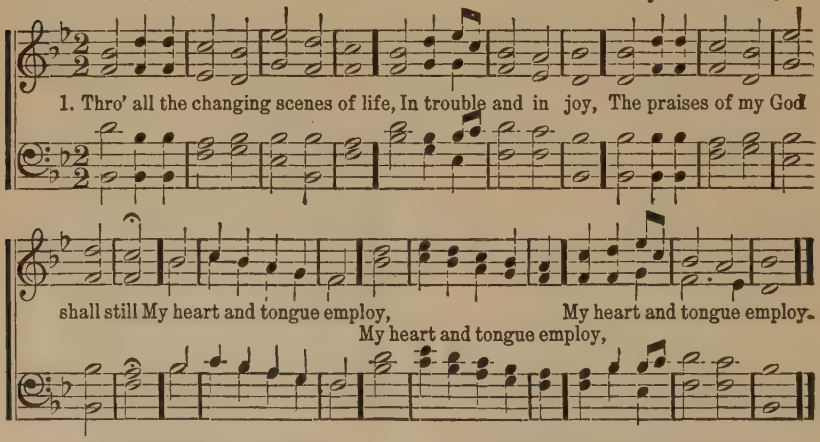
Geer. C. M.

F. W. Faber. H. W. Greatorex.


1. My God, how won - der-ful Thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright!
2. Oh, how I fear Thee, liv - ing God, With deep - est, tenderest fears;
3. Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord, Al - might - y as Thou art;
4. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee; No moth - er, half so mild,
How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat In depths of burn - ing light!
And wor - ship Thee with trembling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears!
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
Bears and for-bears, as Thou hast done With me Thy sin - ful child.

60 Cambridge. C. M.

Brady and Tate. John Randall.


1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God
shall still My heart and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.
My heart and tongue employ,

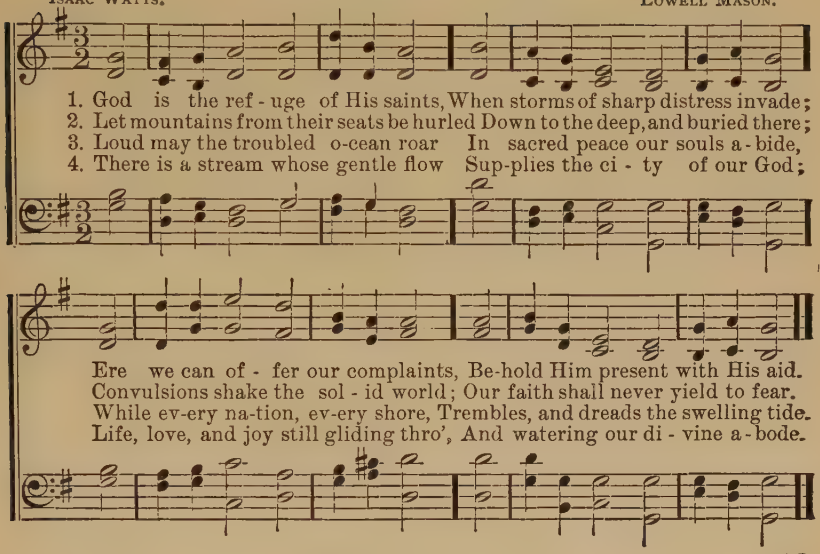
2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name!
When in distress to Him I called.
He to my rescue came.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love:
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Rockingham. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress invade;
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and buried there;
3. Loud may the troubled o-cean roar In sacred peace our souls a-bide,
4. There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold Him present with His aid.
Convulsions shake the sol - id world; Our faith shall never yield to fear.
While ev-ery na-tion, ev-ery shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro', And watering our di - vine a-bode.

Geneva. C. M. 62

JOS. ADDISON. JOHN COLE.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
When all Thy mercies, O my God,
When all Thy mercies, O my God,
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Transported with, &c.

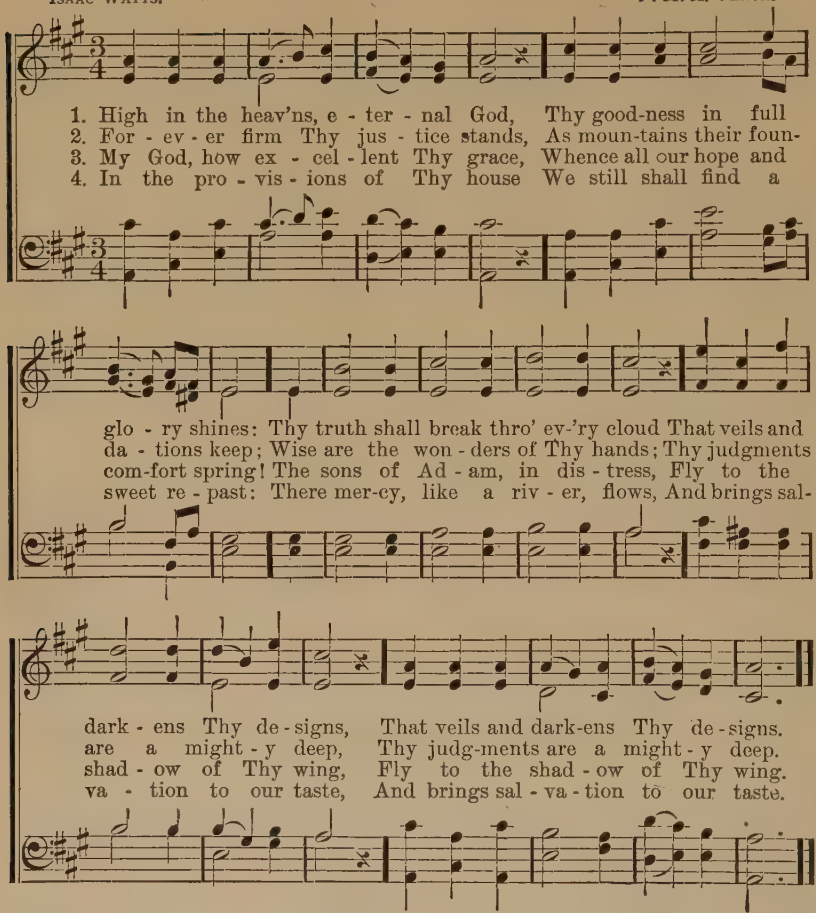
2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

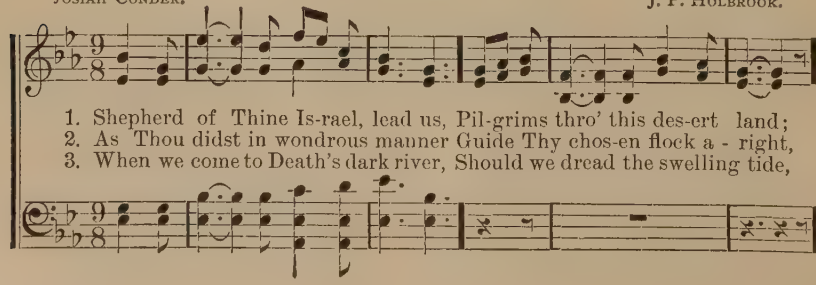
Park Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. F. M. A. VENUA.

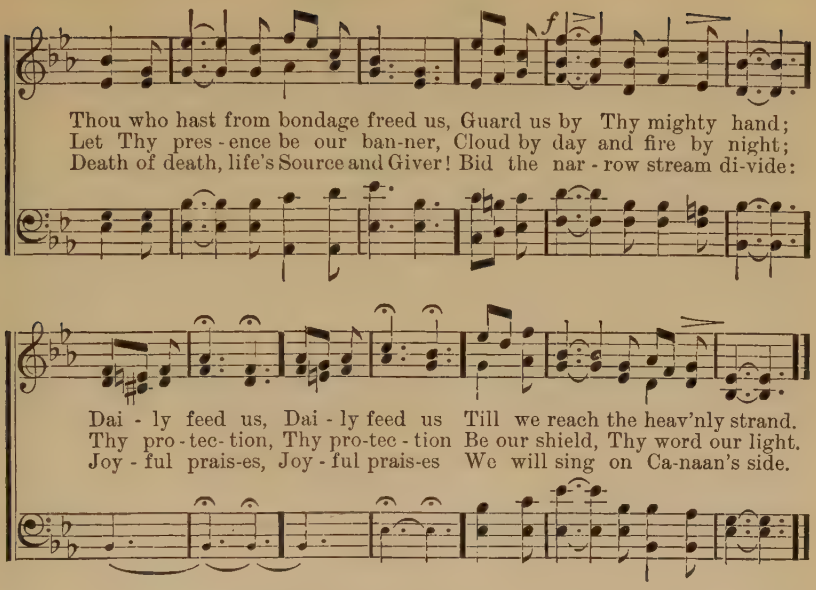

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full
2. For - ev - er firm Thy jus - tice stands, As moun-tains their foun-
3. My God, how ex - cel - lent Thy grace, Whence all our hope and
4. In the pro - vis - ions of Thy house We still shall find a
glo - ry shines: Thy truth shall break thro' ev-'ry cloud That veils and
da - tions keep; Wise are the won - ders of Thy hands; Thy judgments
com-fort spring! The sons of Ad - am, in dis - tress, Fly to the
sweet re - past: There mer-cy, like a riv - er, flows, And brings sal-
dark - ens Thy de - signs, That veils and dark-ens Thy de - signs.
are a might - y deep, Thy judg-ments are a might - y deep.
shad - ow of Thy wing, Fly to the shad - ow of Thy wing.
va - tion to our taste, And brings sal - va - tion to our taste.

64 Segur. 8s, 7s, 4.

JOSIAH CONDER. J. P. HOLBROOK.

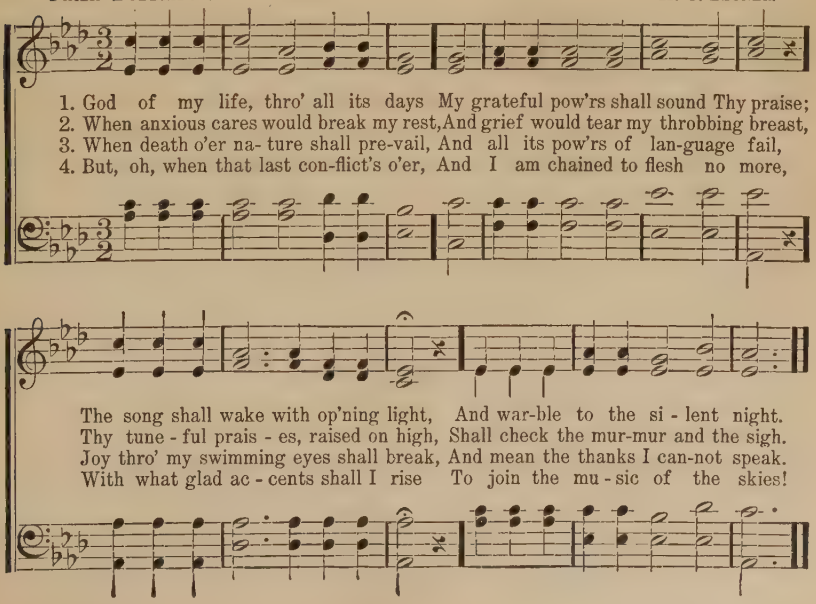

1. Shepherd of Thine Is-rael, lead us, Pil-grims thro' this des-ert land;
2. As Thou didst in wondrous manner Guide Thy chos-en flock a - right,
3. When we come to Death's dark river, Should we dread the swelling tide,

Segur.—*Concluded.*


Thou who hast from bondage freed us, Guard us by Thy mighty hand;
Let Thy pres-ence be our ban-ner, Cloud by day and fire by night;
Death of death, life's Source and Giver! Bid the nar-row stream di-vide:
Dai-ly feed us, Dai-ly feed us Till we reach the heav'nly strand.
Thy pro-tec-tion, Thy pro-tec-tion Be our shield, Thy word our light.
Joy-ful prais-es, Joy-ful prais-es We will sing on Ca-naan's side.

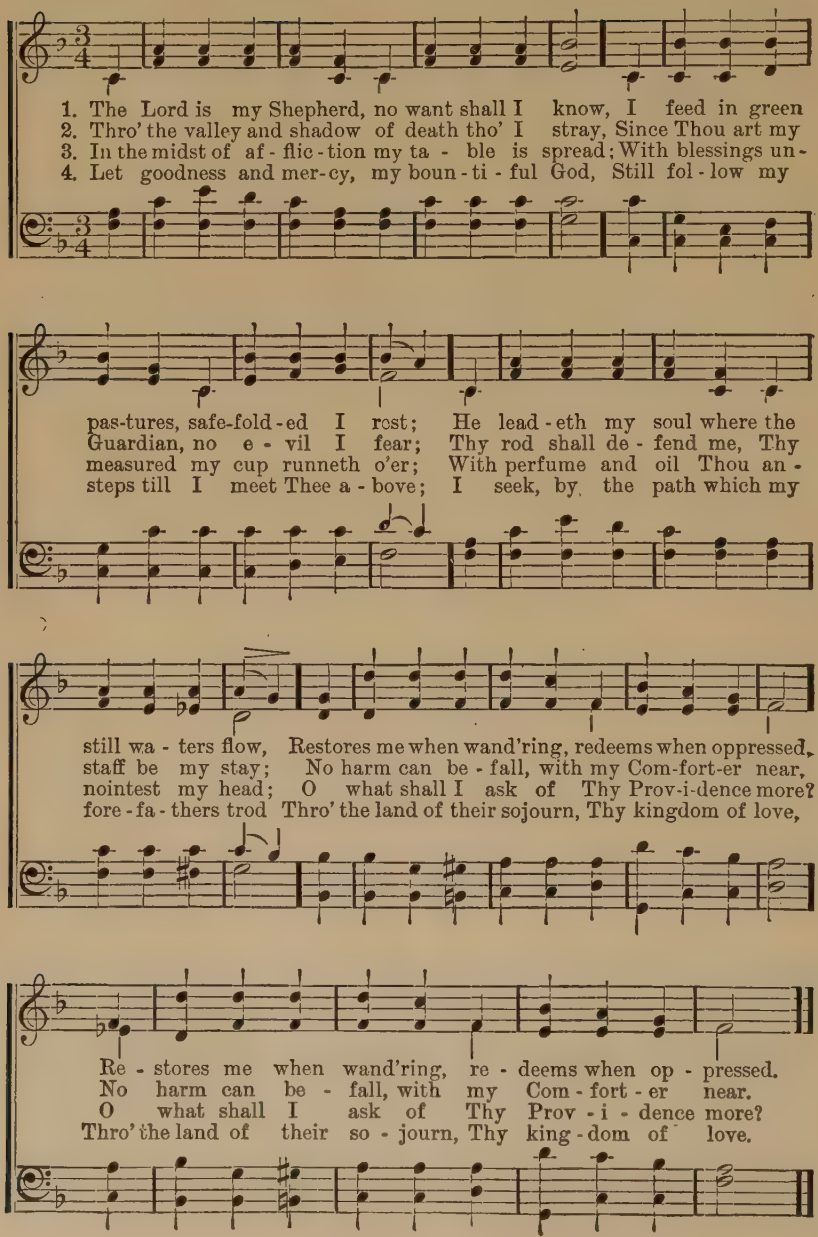
Missionary Chant. L. M. 65

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. H. C. ZEUNER.


1. God of my life, thro' all its days My grateful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise;
2. When anxious cares would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
3. When death o'er na-ture shall pre-vail, And all its pow'rs of lan-guage fail,
4. But, oh, when that last con-flict's o'er, And I am chained to flesh no more,
The song shall wake with op'ning light, And war-ble to the si-lent night.
Thy tune-ful prais-es, raised on high, Shall check the mur-mur and the sigh.
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I can-not speak.
With what glad ac-cents shall I rise To join the mu-sic of the skies!

Koschat. 11s.

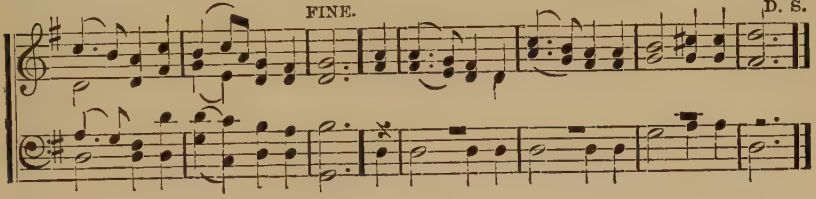
JAMES MONTGOMERY. THOS. KOSCHAT.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green
pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
Guardian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near,
No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-
measured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou an-
nointest my head; O what shall I ask of Thy Prov-i-dence more?
O what shall I ask of Thy Prov-i-dence more?
4. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek, by the path which my
fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love,
Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

Goshen. 11s.

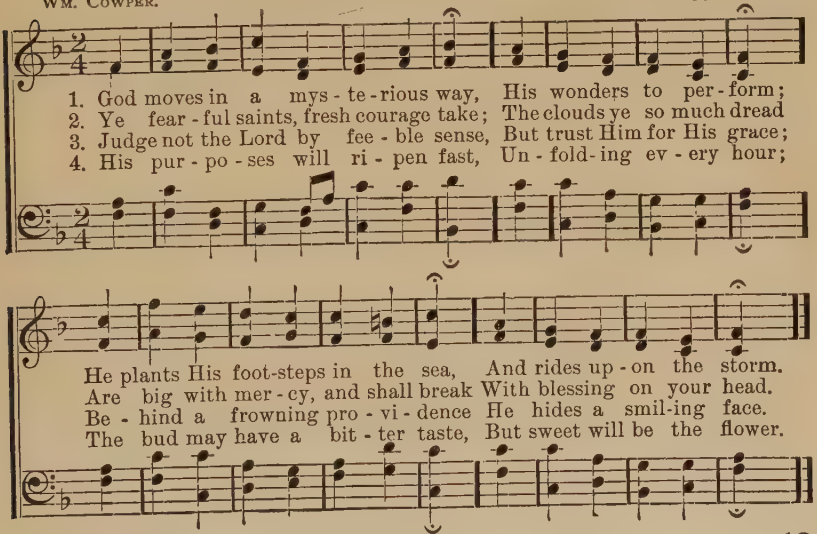
SECOND TUNE. German.

FINE. D. S.



Dundee. C. M. 67

WM. COWPER. G. FRANC.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His wonders to per - form;
2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
4. His pur - po - ses will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev - ery hour;
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break With blessing on your head.
Be - hind a frowning pro - vi - dence He hides a smil-ing face.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

C. M. 68

1 Keep silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

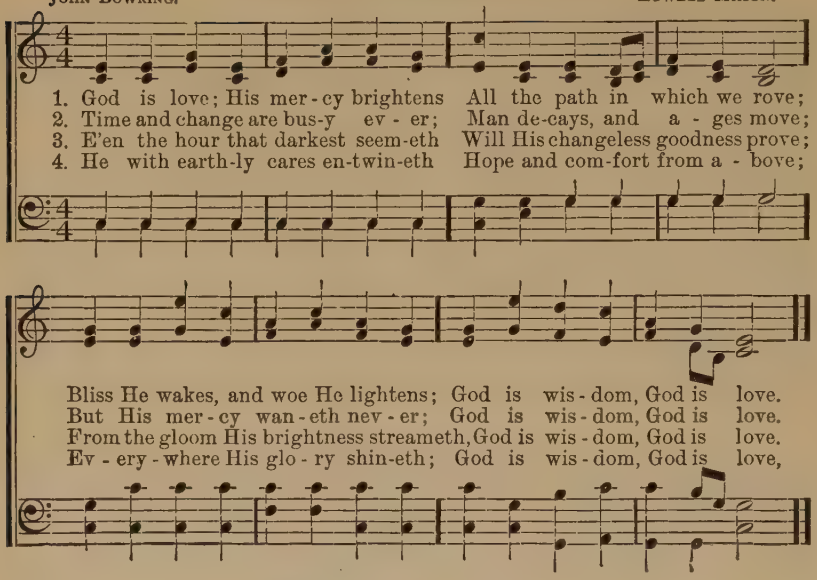
3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

Isaac Watts.

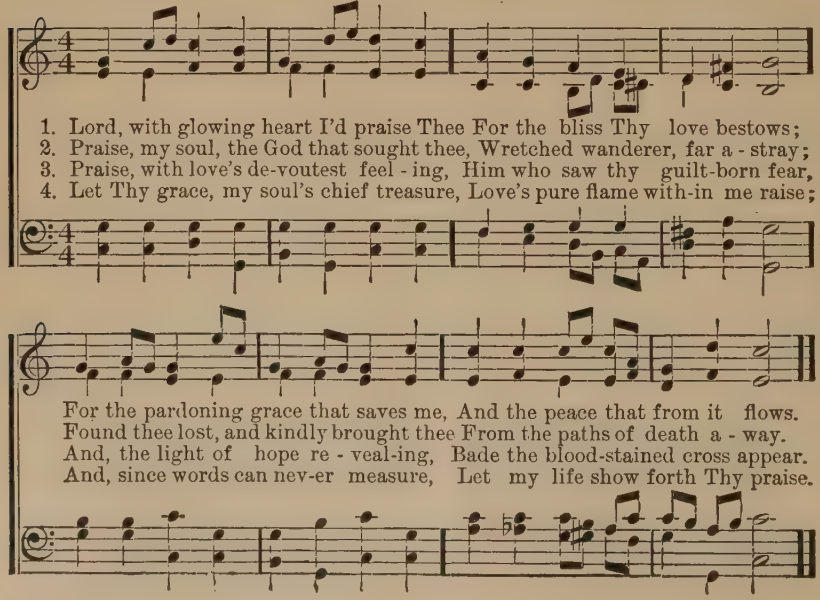
Mount Vernon. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. LOWELL MASON.


1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - ery - where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis - dom, God is love,

70 Wellesley. 8s, 7s.

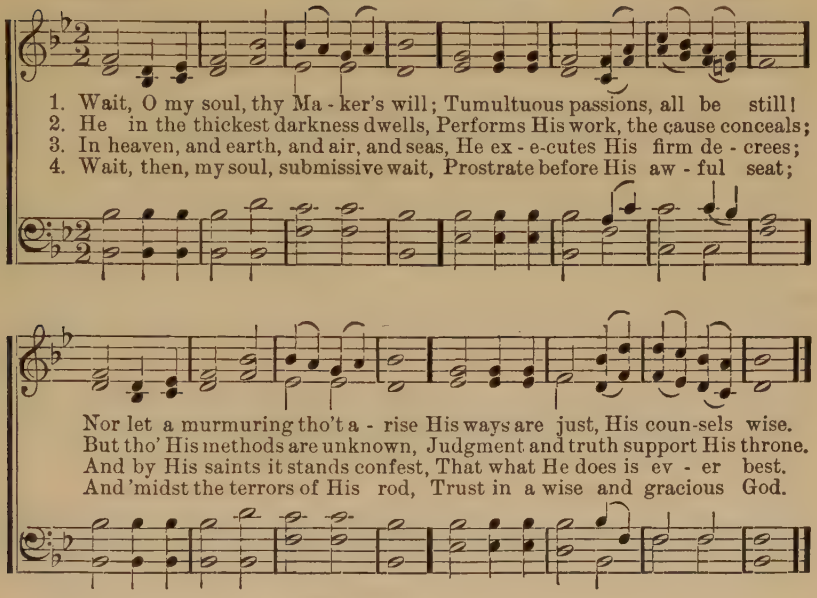
FRANCIS S. KEY. LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.


1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows;
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far a - stray;
3. Praise, with love's de-voutest feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
4. Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame with-in me raise;
For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death a - way.
And, the light of hope re - veal-ing, Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
And, since words can nev-er measure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

USED BY PERMISSION.

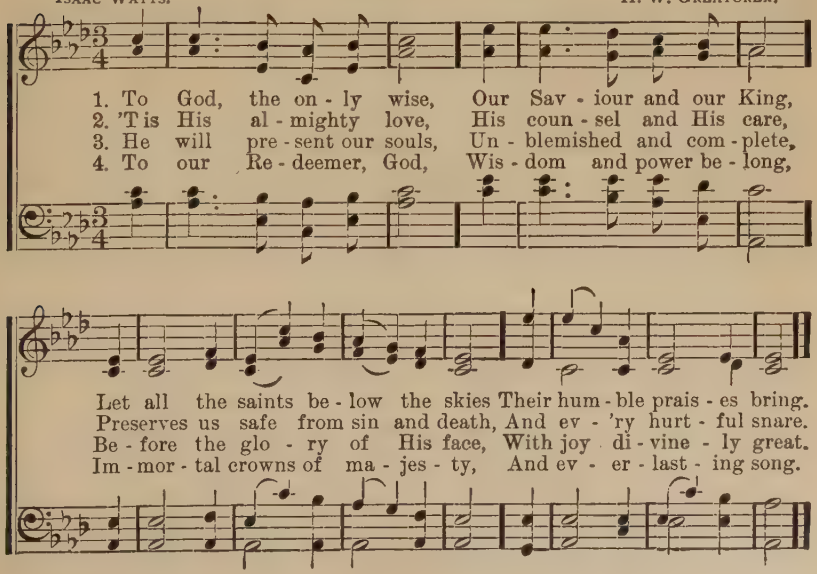
Ernan. L. M.

B. Beddome. Lowell Mason.


1. Wait, O my soul, thy Ma - ker's will; Tumultuous passions, all be still!
2. He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs His work, the cause conceals;
3. In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas, He ex - e-cutes His firm de - crees;
4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait, Prostrate before His aw - ful seat;
Nor let a murmuring tho't a - rise His ways are just, His coun-sels wise.
But tho' His methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support His throne.
And by His saints it stands confest, That what He does is ev - er best.
And 'midst the terrors of His rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

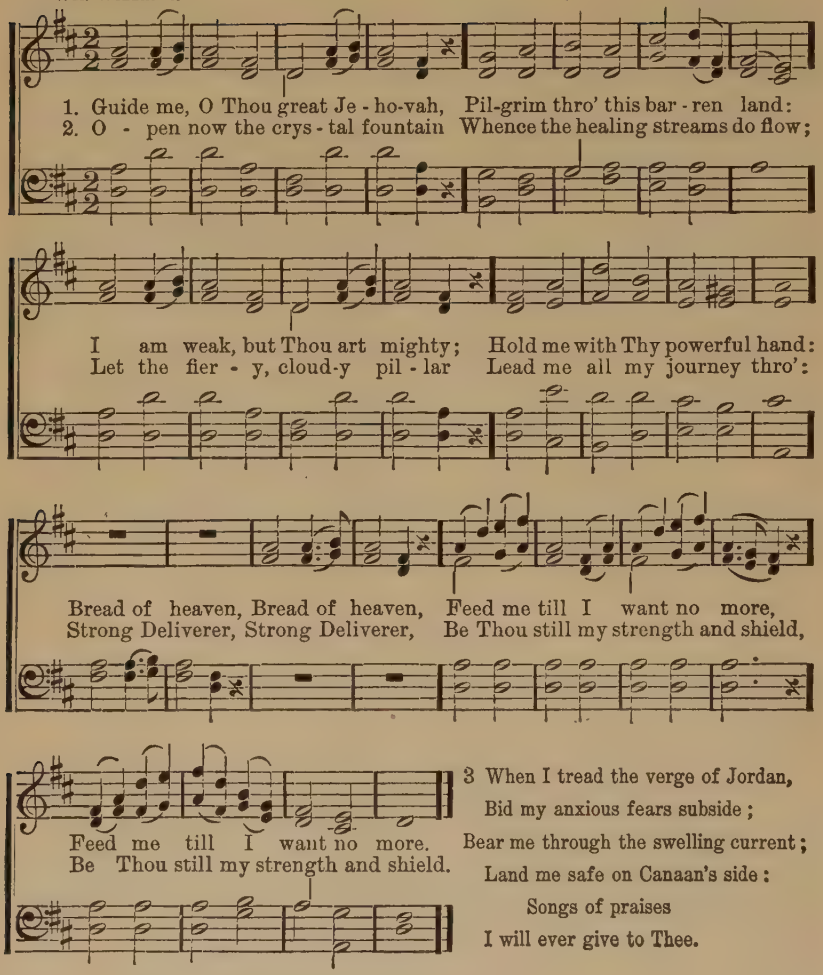
Ahira. S. M. 72

Isaac Watts. H. W. Greatorex.


1. To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King,
2. 'T is His al - mighty love, His coun - sel and His care,
3. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blemished and com - plete,
4. To our Re - deemer, God, Wis - dom and power be - long,
Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.
Preserves us safe from sin and death, And ev - 'ry hurt - ful snare.
Be - fore the glo - ry of His face, With joy di - vine - ly great.
Im - mor - tal crowns of ma - jes - ty, And ev - er - last - ing song.

Oliphant. 8s, 7s, 4.

Wm. Williams. P. M. Baillot.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land:
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain Whence the healing streams do flow;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro':
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

74 8s, 7s, 4.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

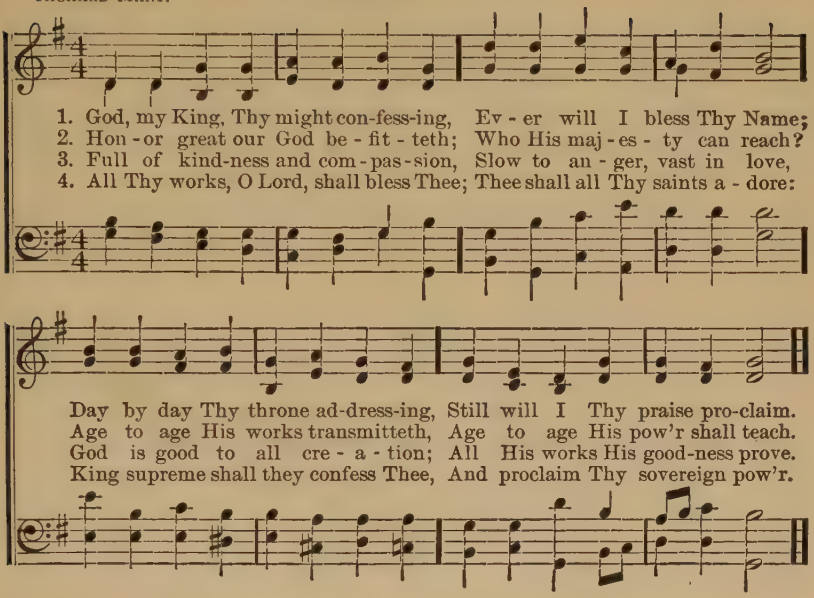
2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

H. F. Lyte.

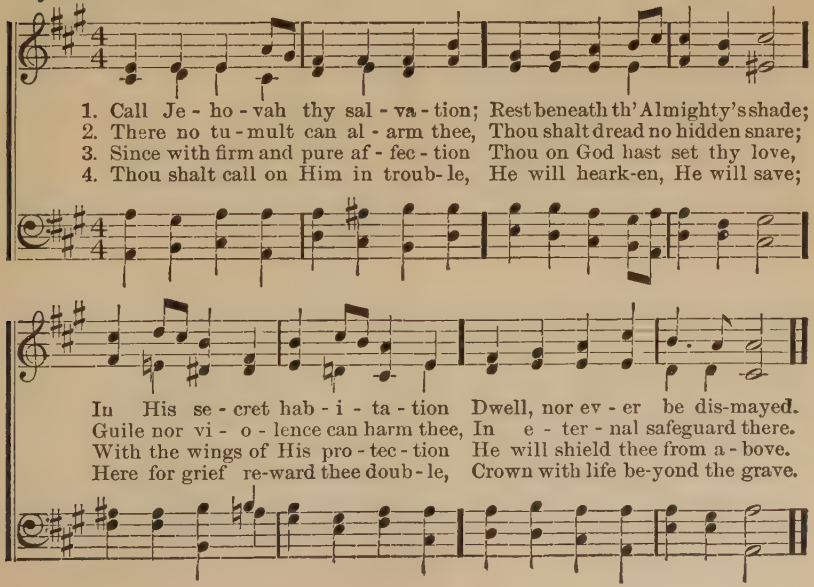
Stuttgart. 8s. 7s. 75

RICHARD MANT.


1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;
2. Hon - or great our God be - fit - teth; Who His maj - es - ty can reach?
3. Full of kind-ness and com - pas - sion, Slow to an - ger, vast in love,
4. All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee; Thee shall all Thy saints a - dore:
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.
Age to age His works transmitteth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.
God is good to all cre - a - tion; All His works His good-ness prove.
King supreme shall they confess Thee, And proclaim Thy sovereign pow'r.

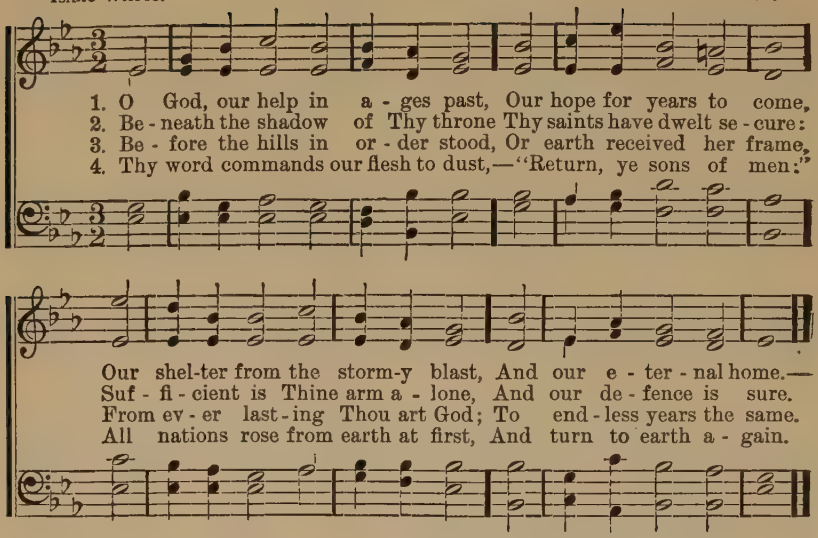
Ascham. 8s. 7s. 76

JAMES MONTGOMERY. E. S. CARTER.


1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion; Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
2. There no tu - mult can al - arm thee, Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
3. Since with firm and pure af - fec - tion Thou on God hast set thy love,
4. Thou shalt call on Him in troub - le, He will heark-en, He will save;
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dis-mayed.
Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.
With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove.
Here for grief re-ward thee doub - le, Crown with life be-yond the grave.

Downs. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Be - neath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure:
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth received her frame,
4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—"Return, ye sons of men:"
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.—
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er last - ing Thou art God; To end - less years the same.
All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.

78 C. M.

1 Lord, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been:
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through His Son.

4 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts.

79 C. M.

1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys;
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways!

2 I cannot doubt His bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind;
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives,—supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

James Hervey.

80 S. M.

Tune on opposite page.

1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

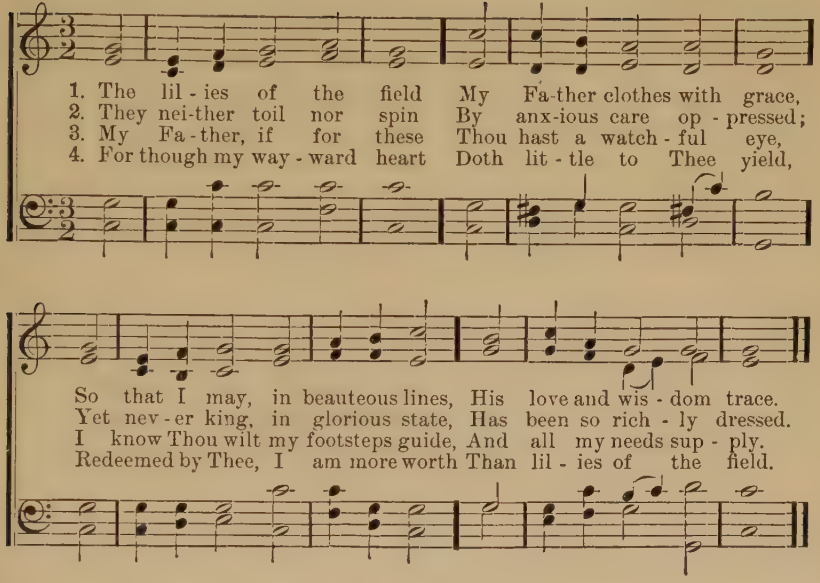
3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

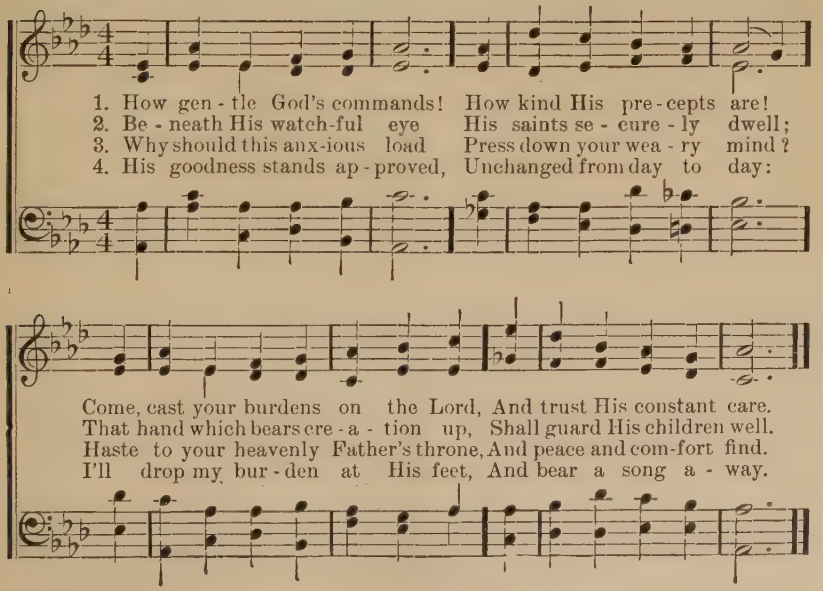
Boylston. S. M.

LANSING BURROWS. LOWELL MASON.


1. The lil - ies of the field My Fa-ther clothes with grace,
2. They nei-ther toil nor spin By anx-ious care op - pressed;
3. My Fa - ther, if for these Thou hast a watch - ful eye,
4. For though my way - ward heart Doth lit - tle to Thee yield,
So that I may, in beauteous lines, His love and wis - dom trace.
Yet nev - er king, in glorious state, Has been so rich - ly dressed.
I know Thou wilt my footsteps guide, And all my needs sup - ply.
Redeemed by Thee, I am more worth Than lil - ies of the field.

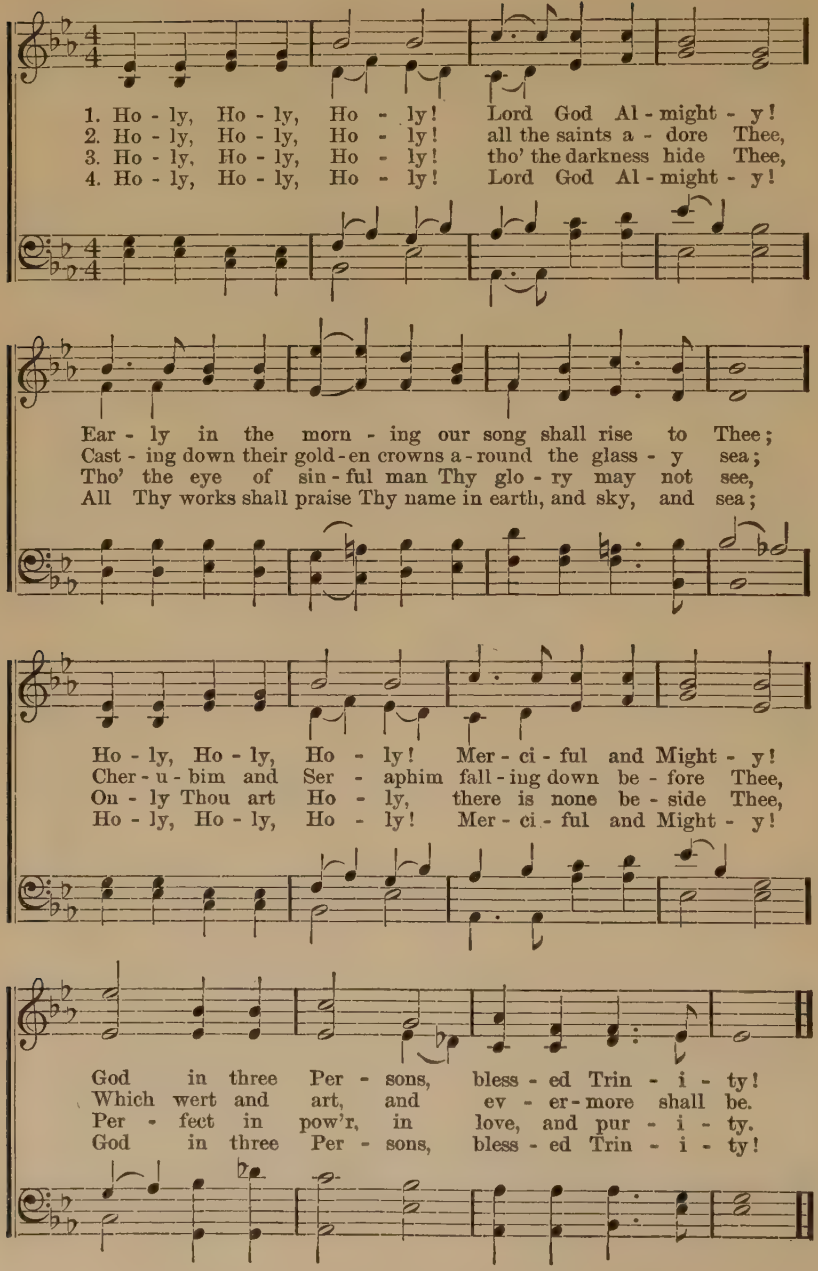
Hesperus. S. M. 82

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. R. SCHUMANN.


1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch-ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His goodness stands ap - proved, Unchanged from day to day:
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care.
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His children well.
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and com-fort find.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

Nicaea. 11s.

R. Heber — John B. Dykes.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

III

THE PRAISE OF JESUS CHRIST

HIS NATURE, ADVENT, LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, ASCENSION AND REIGN

"I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel. My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed." PSALM LXXI: 22, 23.

HYMNS 84–146

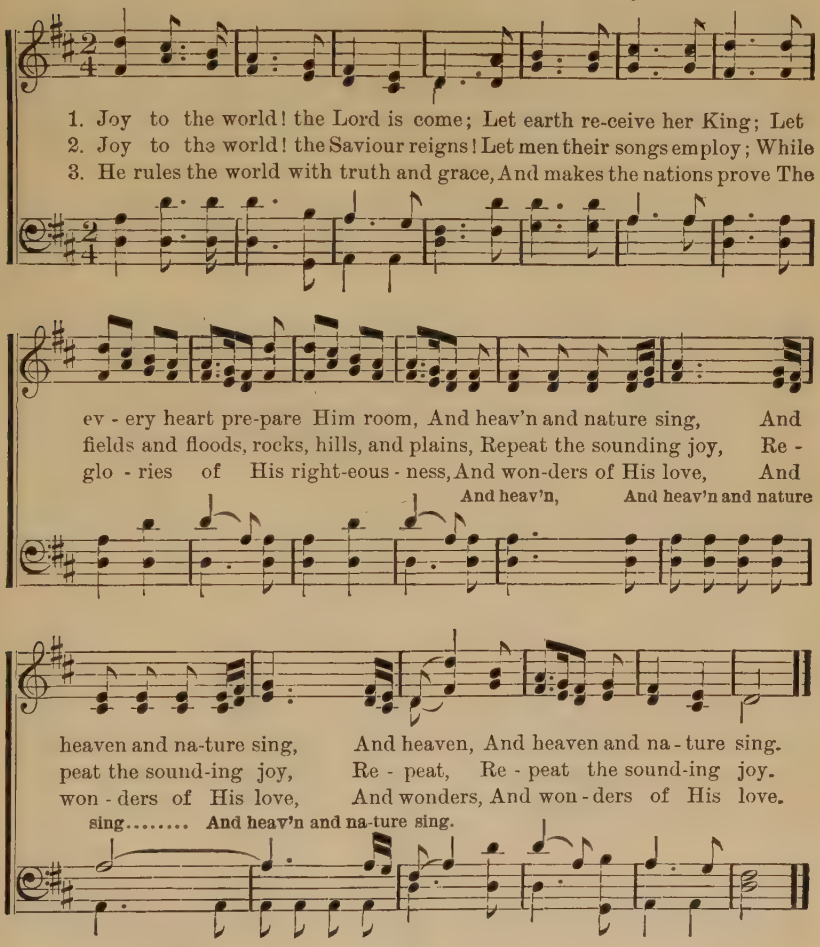
Fountain. C. M.

Wm. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a Fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That Fount-ain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds supply,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

Antioch. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The
ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature
heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love.
sing..... And heav'n and na-ture sing.

C. M. 86

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In sinful bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

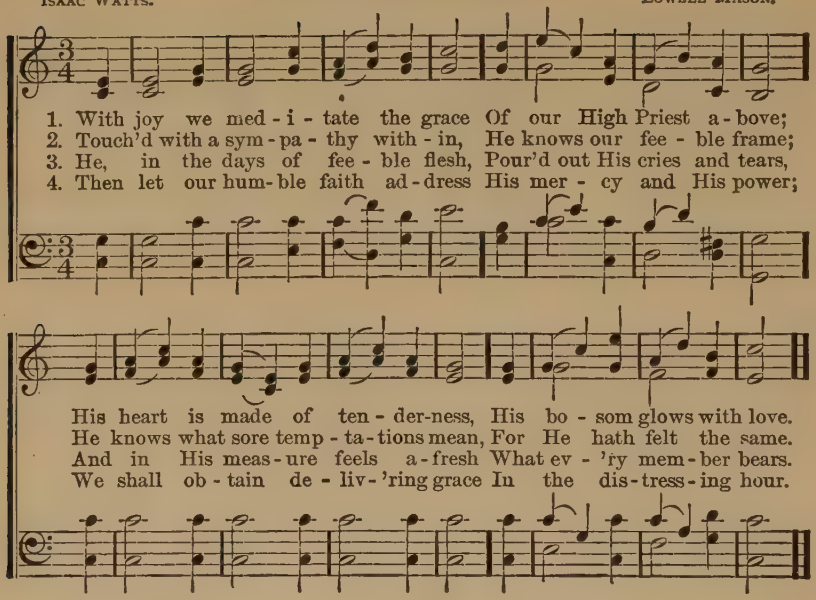
4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

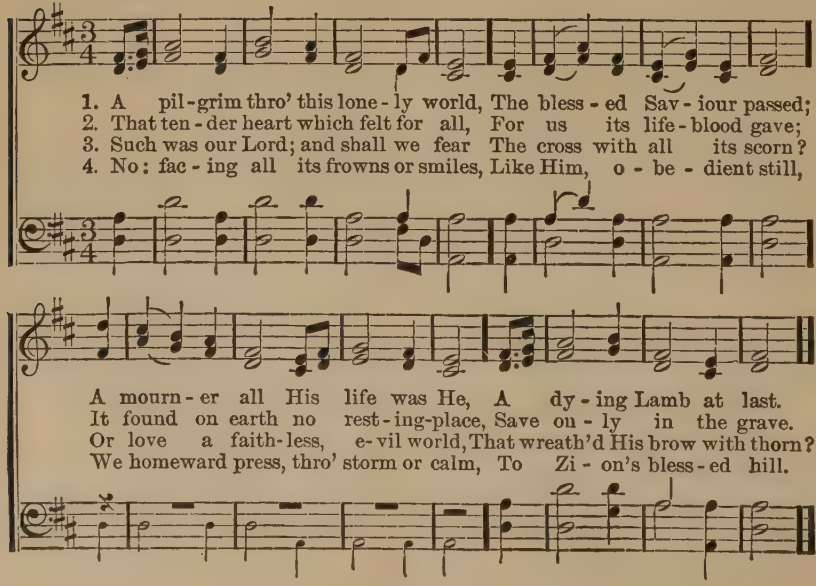
87 Chimes. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
2. Touch'd with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame;
3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Pour'd out His cries and tears,
4. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy and His power;
His heart is made of ten - der-ness, His bo - som glows with love.
He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For He hath felt the same.
And in His meas - ure feels a - fresh What ev - 'ry mem - ber bears.
We shall ob - tain de - liv - 'ring grace In the dis - tress - ing hour.

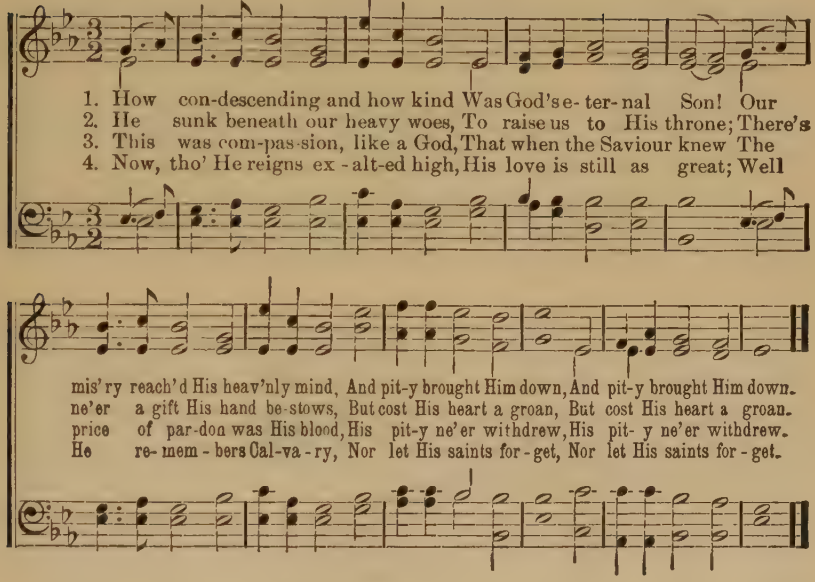
88 Siloam. C. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. A pil - grim thro' this lone - ly world, The bless - ed Sav - iour passed;
2. That ten - der heart which felt for all, For us its life - blood gave;
3. Such was our Lord; and shall we fear The cross with all its scorn?
4. No: fac - ing all its frowns or smiles, Like Him, o - be - dient still,
A mourn - er all His life was He, A dy - ing Lamb at last.
It found on earth no rest - ing-place, Save ou - ly in the grave.
Or love a faith - less, e - vil world, That wreath'd His brow with thorn?
We homeward press, thro' storm or calm, To Zi - on's bless - ed hill.

Cowper. C. M.

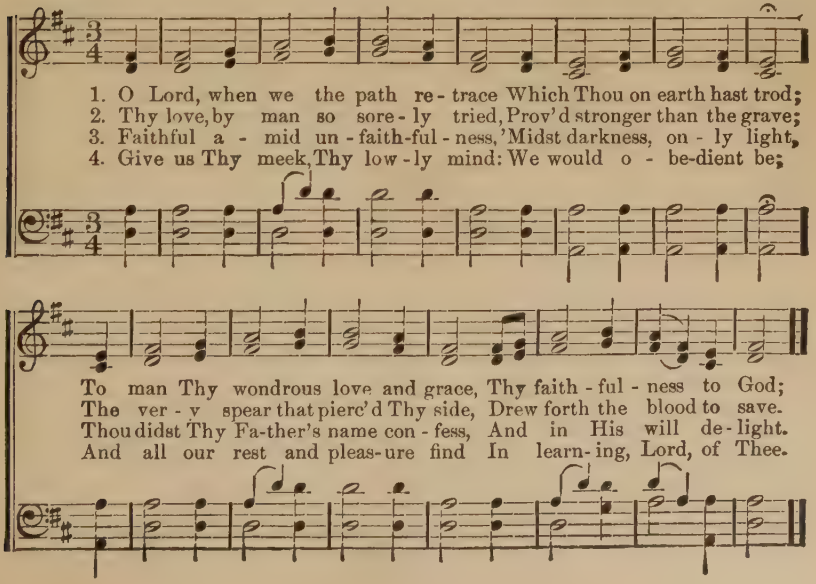
ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. How con-descending and how kind Was God's e- ter- nal Son! Our
2. He sunk beneath our heavy woes, To raise us to His throne; There's
3. This was com-pas-sion, like a God, That when the Saviour knew The
4. Now, tho' He reigns ex - alt-ed high, His love is still as great; Well
mis'ry reach'd His heav'nly mind, And pit-y brought Him down, And pit-y brought Him down.
ne'er a gift His hand be-stows, But cost His heart a groan, But cost His heart a groan.
price of par-don was His blood, His pit-y ne'er withdrew, His pit- y ne'er withdrew.
He re- mem - bers Cal-va - ry, Nor let His saints for - get, Nor let His saints for - get.

90

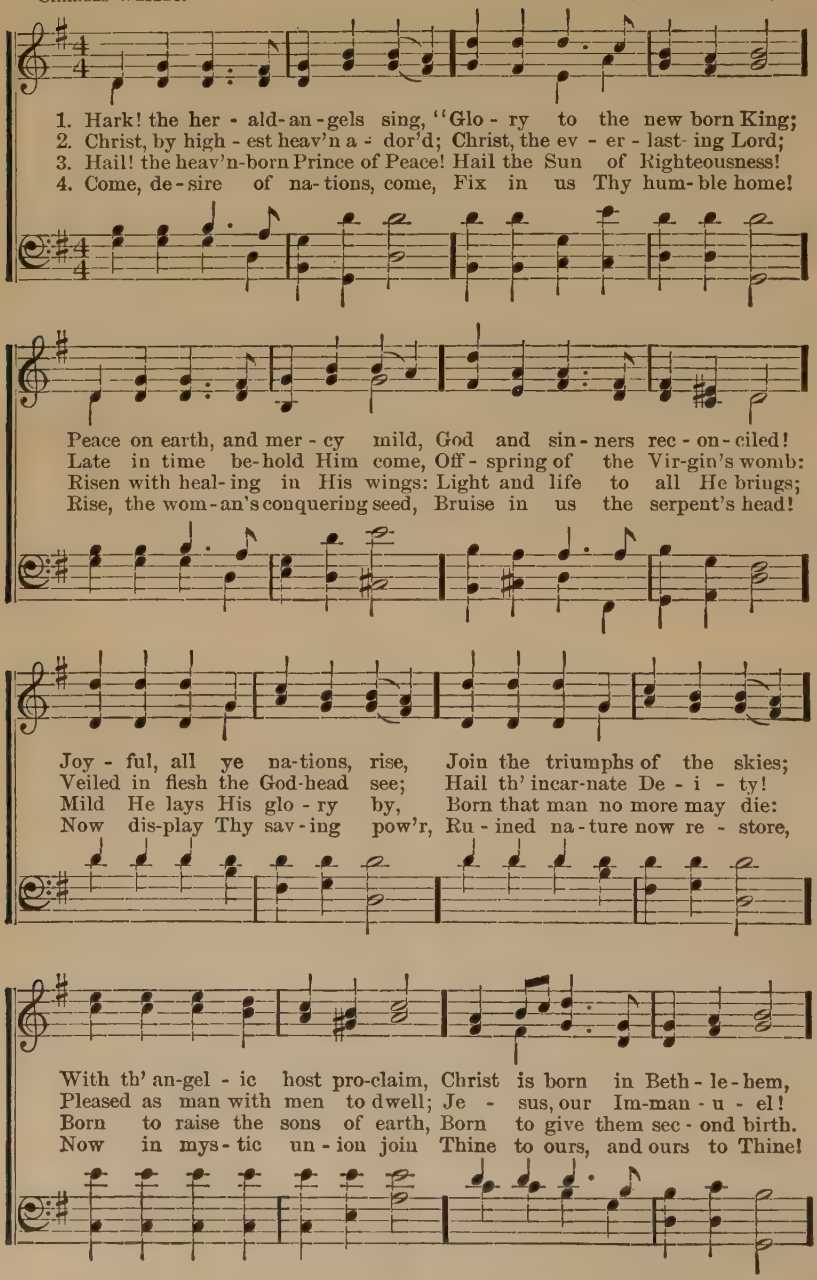
Phillips. C. M.

JAS. G. DECK. I. B. WOODBURY.

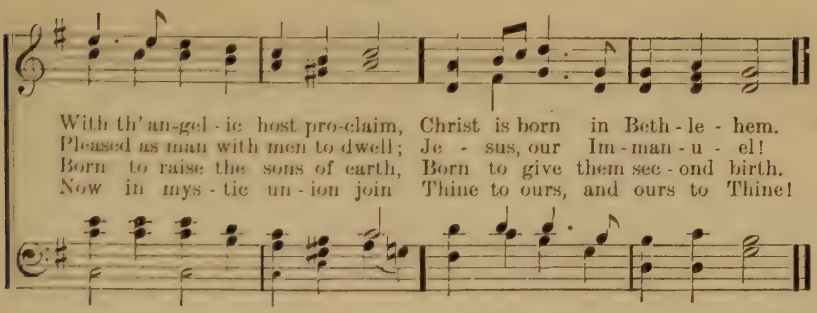

1. O Lord, when we the path re - trace Which Thou on earth hast trod;
2. Thy love, by man so sore - ly tried, Prov'd stronger than the grave;
3. Faithful a - mid un - faith-ful - ness, 'Midst darkness, on - ly light,
4. Give us Thy meek, Thy low - ly mind: We would o - be-dient be;
To man Thy wondrous love and grace, Thy faith - ful - ness to God;
The ver - y spear that pierc'd Thy side, Drew forth the blood to save.
Thou didst Thy Fa-ther's name con - fess, And in His will de - light.
And all our rest and pleas-ure find In learn-ing, Lord, of Thee.

Herald Angels. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. MENDELSSOHN.

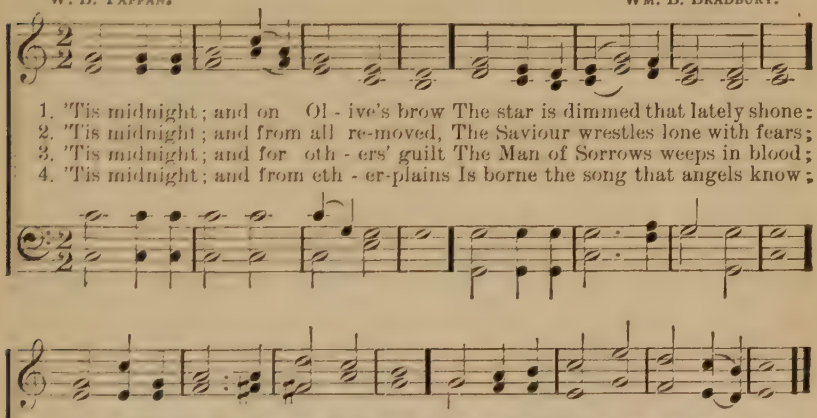

1. Hark! the her - ald-an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dor'd; Christ, the ev - er - last- ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
4. Come, de - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home!
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!
Late in time be-hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir-gin's womb:
Risen with heal - ing in His wings: Light and life to all He brings;
Rise, the wom - an's conquering seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head!
Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the triumphs of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' incar-nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:
Now dis-play Thy sav - ing pow'r, Ru - ined na - ture now re - store,
With th' an-gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem,
Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Now in mys - tic un - ion join Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

Herald Angels.—*Concluded.*


With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.
Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je-sus, our Im-man-u-el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.
Now in mys-tic un-ion join Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

Zephyr. L. M. 92

W. B. Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that angels know;
'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now. The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
Ev'n that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

L. M. 93

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
"'Tis finished!" —yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—this His dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

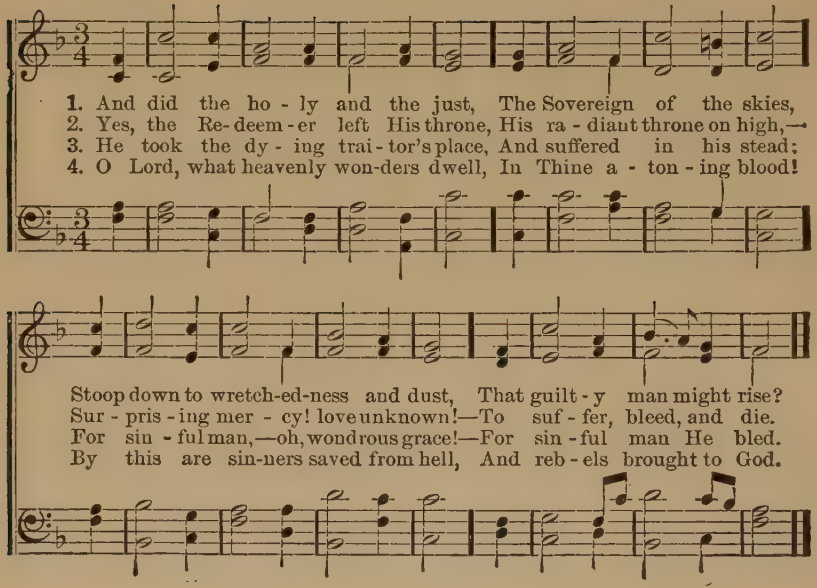
3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Sam'l Stennett.

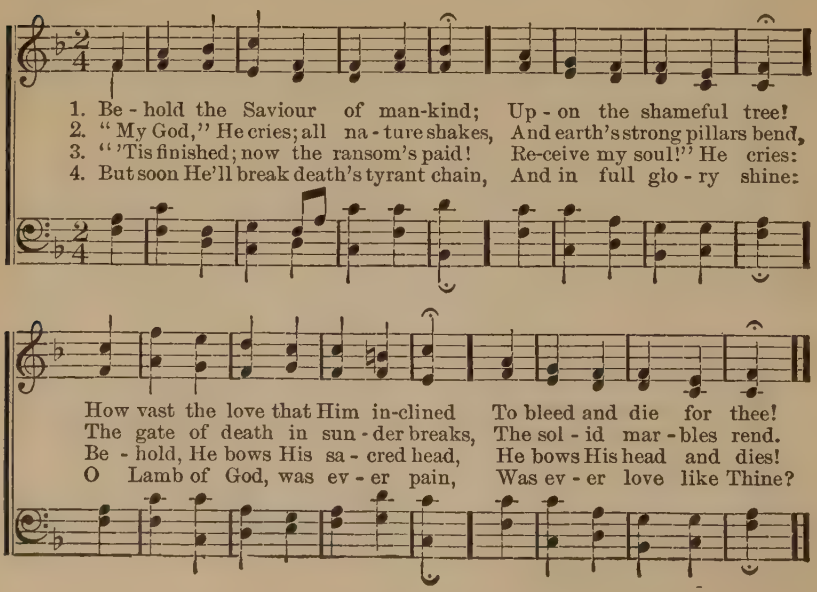
Mear. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. Old American, 1726


1. And did the ho - ly and the just, The Sovereign of the skies,
2. Yes, the Re-deem-er left His throne, His ra - diant throne on high,—
3. He took the dy - ing trai - tor's place, And suffered in his stead:
4. O Lord, what heavenly won-ders dwell, In Thine a - ton - ing blood!
Stoop down to wretch-ed-ness and dust, That guilt - y man might rise?
Sur - pris - ing mer - cy! love unknown!—To suf - fer, bleed, and die.
For sin - ful man,—oh, wondrous grace!—For sin - ful man He bled.
By this are sin-ners saved from hell, And reb - els brought to God.

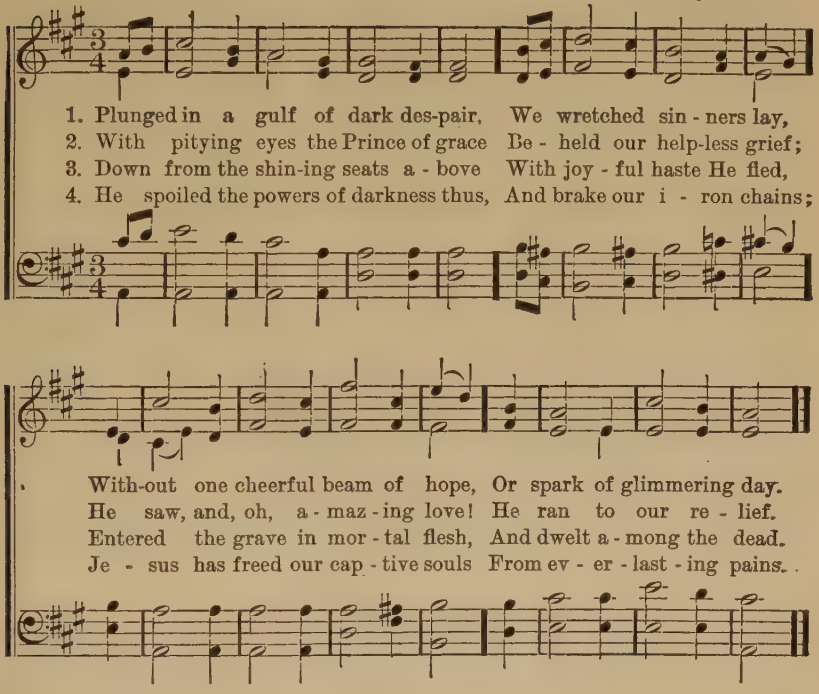
95 Dundee. C. M.

SAMUEL WESLEY. G. FRANC.


1. Be - hold the Saviour of man-kind; Up - on the shameful tree!
2. "My God," He cries; all na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend,
3. "'Tis finished; now the ransom's paid! Re-ceive my soul!" He cries:
4. But soon He'll break death's tyrant chain, And in full glo - ry shine:
How vast the love that Him in-clined To bleed and die for thee!
The gate of death in sun - der breaks, The sol - id mar - bles rend.
Be - hold, He bows His sa - cred head, He bows His head and dies!
O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love like Thine?

Manoah. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. From F. J. HAYDN.


1. Plunged in a gulf of dark des-pair, We wretched sin - ners lay,
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help-less grief;
3. Down from the shin-ing seats a - bove With joy - ful haste He fled,
4. He spoiled the powers of darkness thus, And brake our i - ron chains;
With-out one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.
He saw, and, oh, a - maz - ing love! He ran to our re - lief.
Entered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead.
Je - sus has freed our cap - tive souls From ev - er - last - ing pains.

5 Oh, for His love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

C. M. 97

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of His love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

C. M. 98

1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

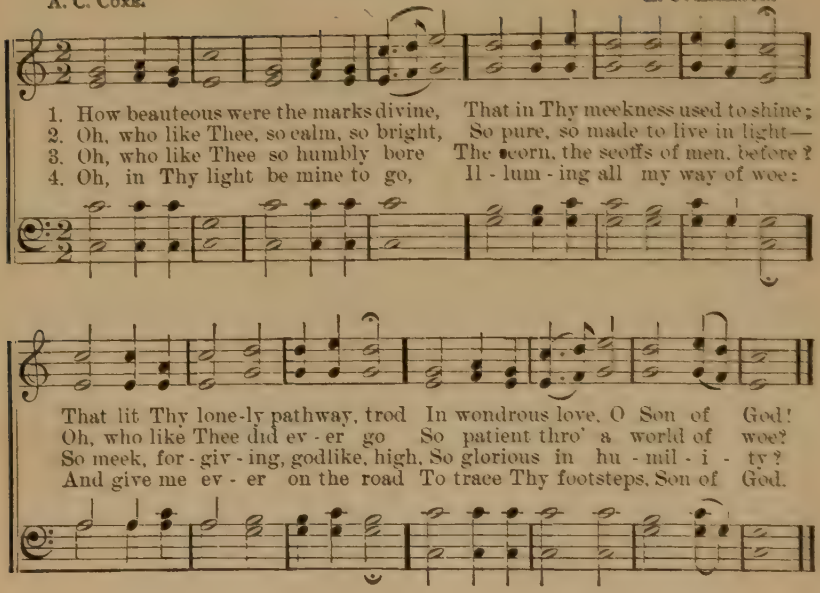
4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with Thee.

Edward Denny.

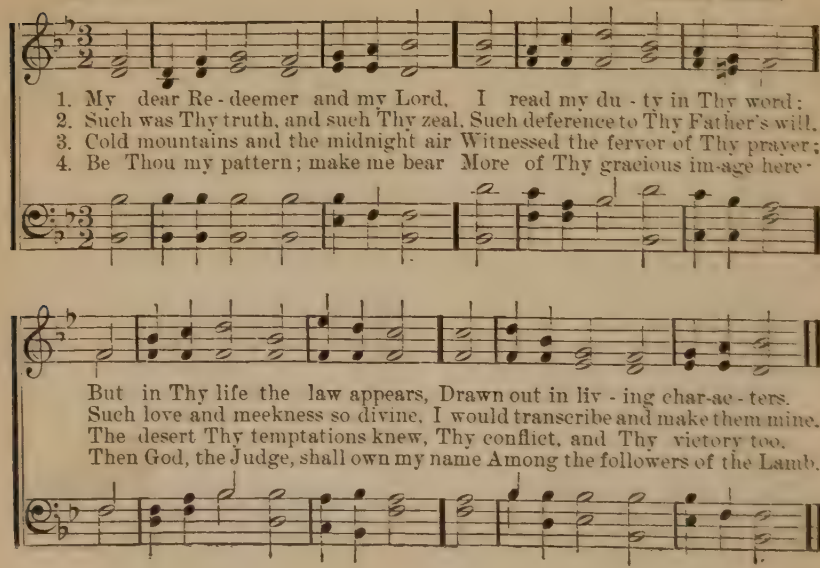
Sessions. L. M.

A. C. Coxe. L. O. Emerson.


1. How beauteous were the marks divine, That in Thy meekness used to shine;
2. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light—
3. Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
4. Oh, in Thy light be mine to go, Il - lum - ing all my way of woe:
That lit Thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!
Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go So patient thro' a world of woe?
So meek, for - giv - ing, godlike, high, So glorious in hu - mil - i - ty?
And give me ev - er on the road To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

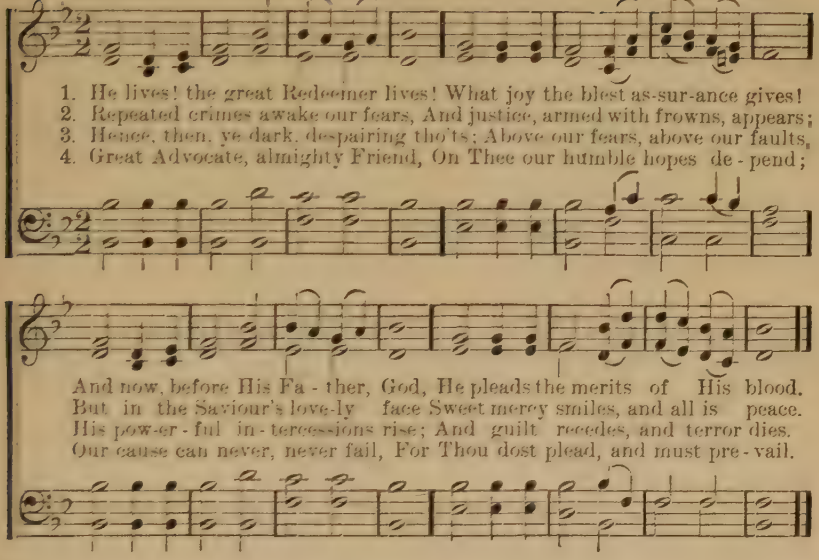
100 Hebron. L. M.

Isaac Watts. Lowell Mason.


1. My dear Re - deemer and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word:
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will,
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
4. Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious im-age here:
But in Thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac - ters.
Such love and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
The desert Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

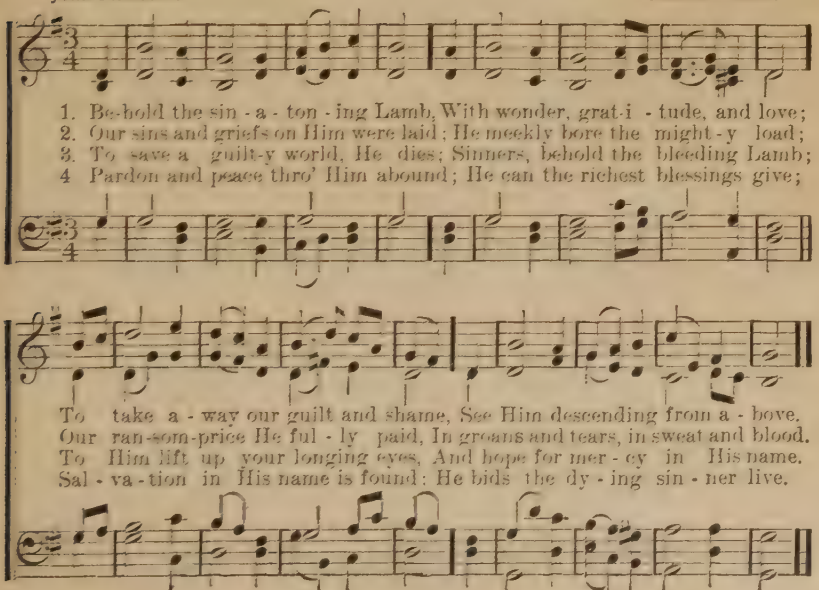
Ernan. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. LOWELL MASON.


1. He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
2. Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
3. Hence, then, ye dark, despairing tho'ts; Above our fears, above our faults,
4. Great Advocate, almighty Friend, On Thee our humble hopes de-pend;
And now, before His Fa-ther, God, He pleads the merits of His blood.
But in the Saviour's love-ly face Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
His pow-er-ful in-tercessions rise; And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
Our cause can never, never fail, For Thou dost plead, and must pre-vail.

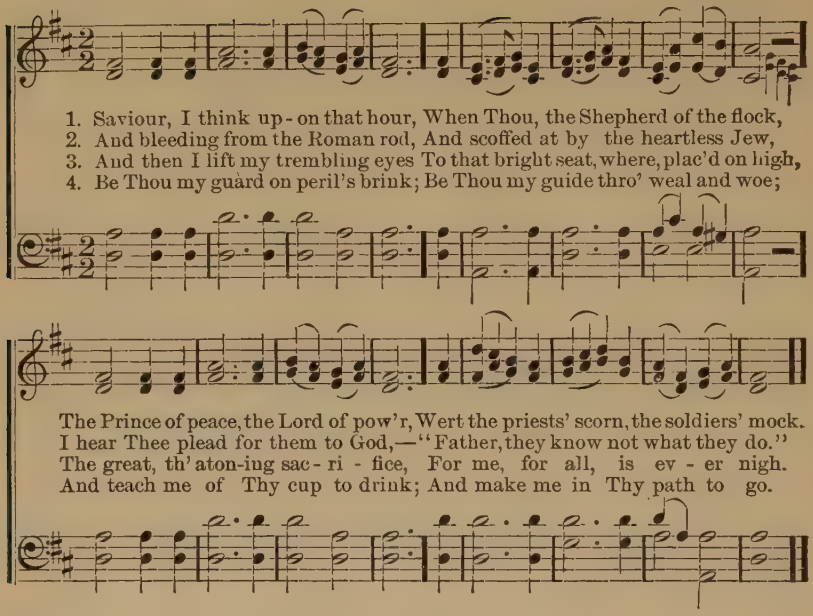
Seasons. L. M. 102

JOHN FAWCETT. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. Be-hold the sin-a-ton-ing Lamb, With wonder, grat-i-tude, and love;
2. Our sins and griefs on Him were laid; He meekly bore the might-y load;
3. To save a guilt-y world, He dies; Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
4 Pardon and peace thro' Him abound; He can the richest blessings give;
To take a-way our guilt and shame, See Him descending from a-bove.
Our ran-som-price He ful-ly paid, In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
To Him lift up your longing eyes, And hope for mer-cy in His name.
Sal-va-tion in His name is found: He bids the dy-ing sin-ner live.

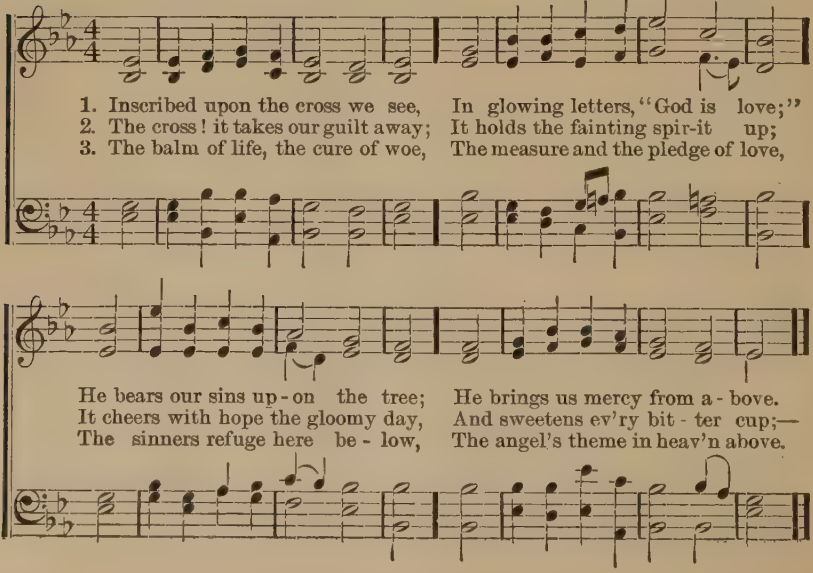
103 Willmarth. L. M.

M. G. THOMPSON. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Saviour, I think up-on that hour, When Thou, the Shepherd of the flock,
2. And bleeding from the Roman rod, And scoffed at by the heartless Jew,
3. And then I lift my trembling eyes To that bright seat, where, plac'd on high,
4. Be Thou my guard on peril's brink; Be Thou my guide thro' weal and woe;
The Prince of peace, the Lord of pow'r, Wert the priests' scorn, the soldiers' mock.
I hear Thee plead for them to God,—"Father, they know not what they do."
The great, th' aton-ing sac-ri-fice, For me, for all, is ev-er nigh.
And teach me of Thy cup to drink; And make me in Thy path to go.

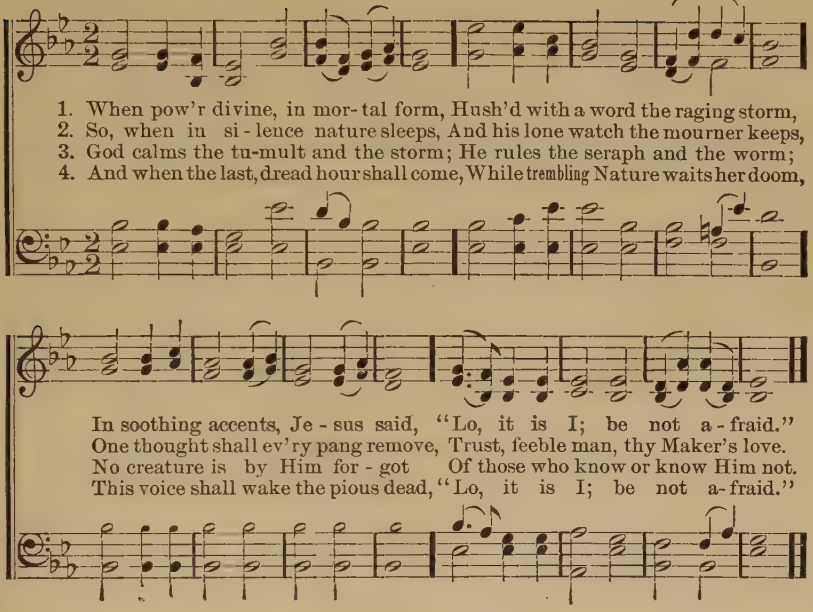
104 Uxbridge. L. M.

THOMAS KELLY. LOWELL MASON.


1. Inscribed upon the cross we see, In glowing letters, "God is love;"
2. The cross! it takes our guilt away; It holds the fainting spir-it up;
3. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The measure and the pledge of love,
He bears our sins up-on the tree; He brings us mercy from a-bove.
It cheers with hope the gloomy day, And sweetens ev'ry bit-ter cup;—
The sinners refuge here be-low, The angel's theme in heav'n above.

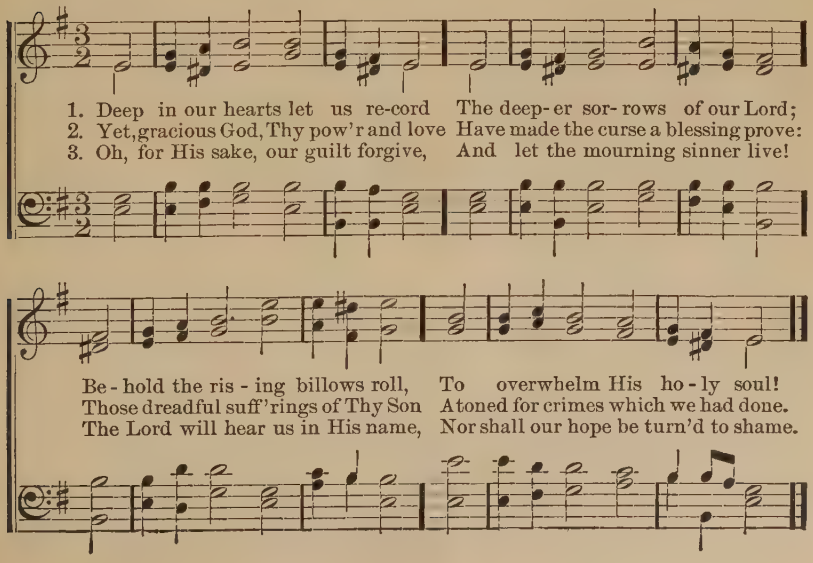
Bera. L. M. 105

J. E. Smith. J. E. Gould.


1. When pow'r divine, in mor-tal form, Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
2. So, when in si-lence nature sleeps, And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
3. God calms the tu-mult and the storm; He rules the seraph and the worm;
4. And when the last, dread hour shall come, While trembling Nature waits her doom,
In soothing accents, Je-sus said, "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."
One thought shall ev'ry pang remove, Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
No creature is by Him for-got Of those who know or know Him not.
This voice shall wake the pious dead, "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."

Windham. L. M. 106

Isaac Watts. Daniel Read.


1. Deep in our hearts let us re-cord The deep-er sor-rows of our Lord;
2. Yet, gracious God, Thy pow'r and love Have made the curse a blessing prove:
3. Oh, for His sake, our guilt forgive, And let the mourning sinner live!
Be-hold the ris-ing billows roll, To overwhelm His ho-ly soul!
Those dreadful suff'rings of Thy Son Atoned for crimes which we had done.
The Lord will hear us in His name, Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

107

P. P. Bliss.

My Redeemer.

James McGranahan, by per.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deemer His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;
On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re-deem-er,
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er,
blood.....
With His blood He purchased me, He pur-chased me;.....
With His blood..... He pur-chased me;.....
With His blood He purchased me. With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross..... ..... He sealed my par-don,
On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon,

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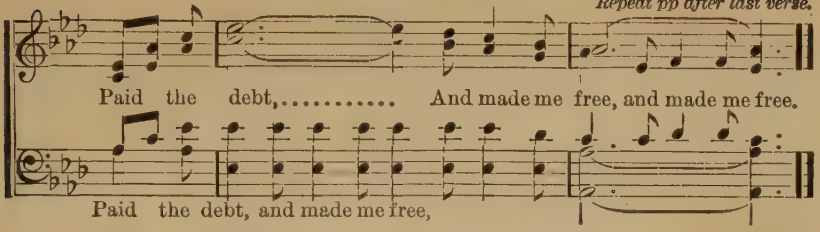
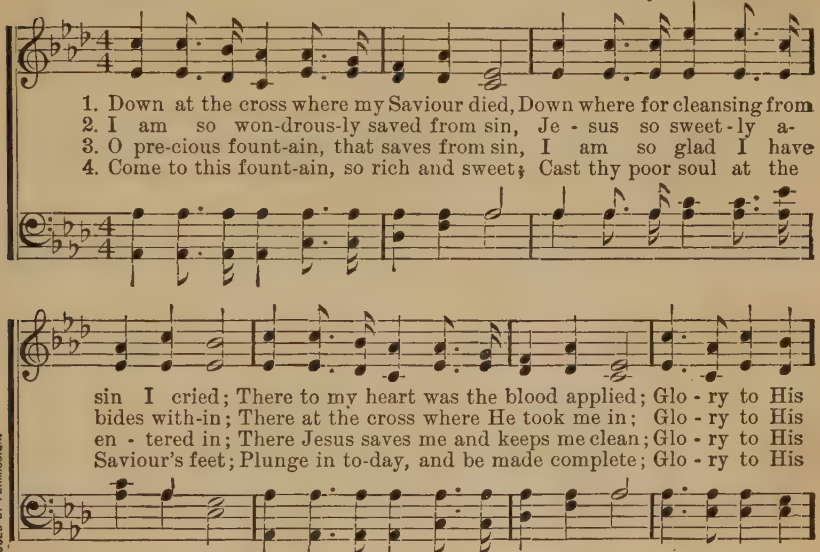
My Redeemer.—*Concluded.*

Repeat pp after last verse.

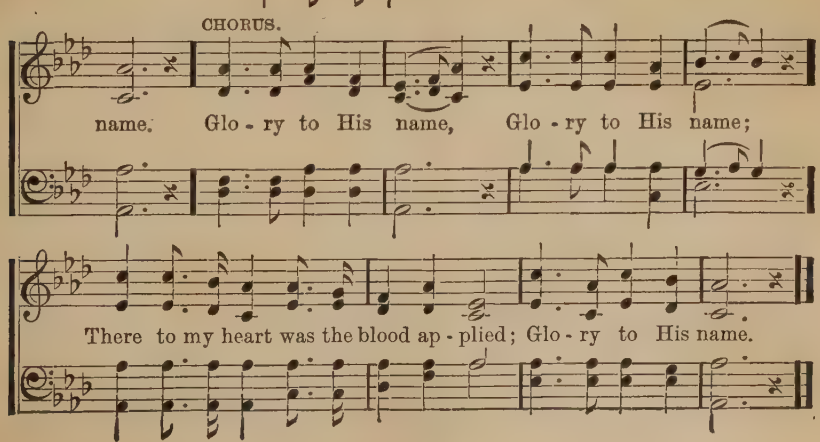


Glory to His Name. 108

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

USED BY PERMISSION.



109 The Light of the World.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin; The
2. No dark - ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark - ness with sin - blind - ed eyes, The
4. No need of the sun - light in heav - en, we're told, The
Light of the world is Je - sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His
Light of the world is Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we
Light of the world is Je - sus. Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and
Light of that world is Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the
glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.
Chorus.
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

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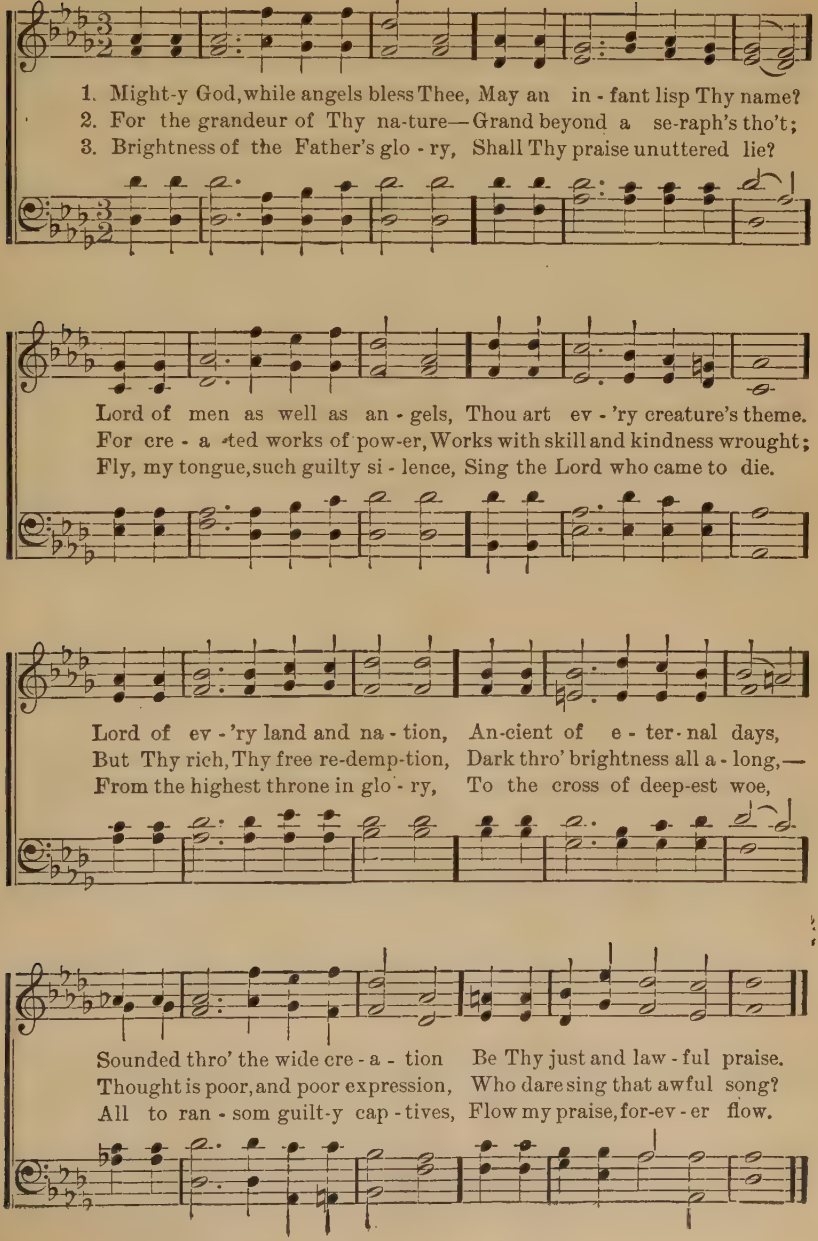
Faben. 8s, 7s

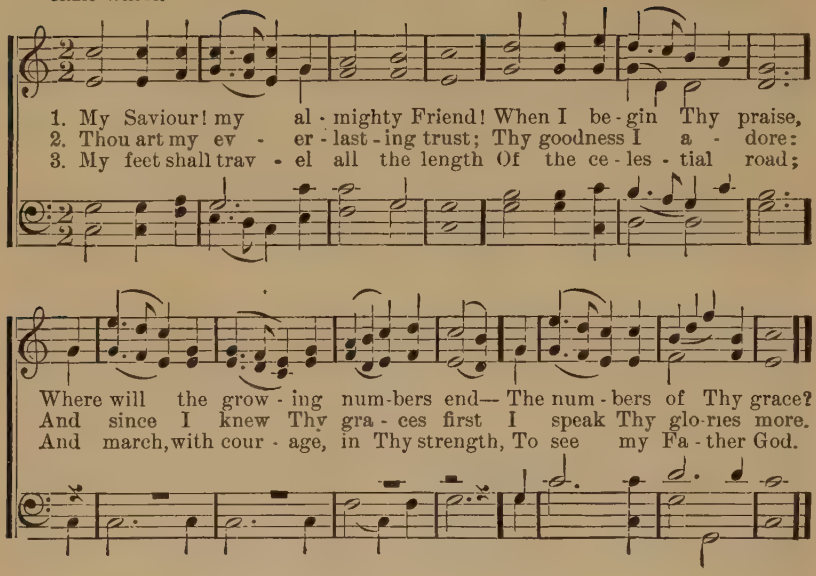
R. Robinson. John H. Wilcox.


1. Might-y God, while angels bless Thee, May an in-fant lisp Thy name?
2. For the grandeur of Thy na-ture—Grand beyond a se-raph's tho't;
3. Brightness of the Father's glo-ry, Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Lord of men as well as an-gels, Thou art ev-'ry creature's theme.
For cre-a-ted works of pow-er, Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Fly, my tongue, such guilty si-lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
Lord of ev-'ry land and na-tion, An-cient of e-ter-nal days,
But Thy rich, Thy free re-demp-tion, Dark thro' brightness all a-long,—
From the highest throne in glo-ry, To the cross of deep-est woe,
Sounded thro' the wide cre-a-tion Be Thy just and law-ful praise.
Thought is poor, and poor expression, Who dare sing that awful song?
All to ran-som guilt-y cap-tives, Flow my praise, for-ev-er flow.

111

Henry. C. M.

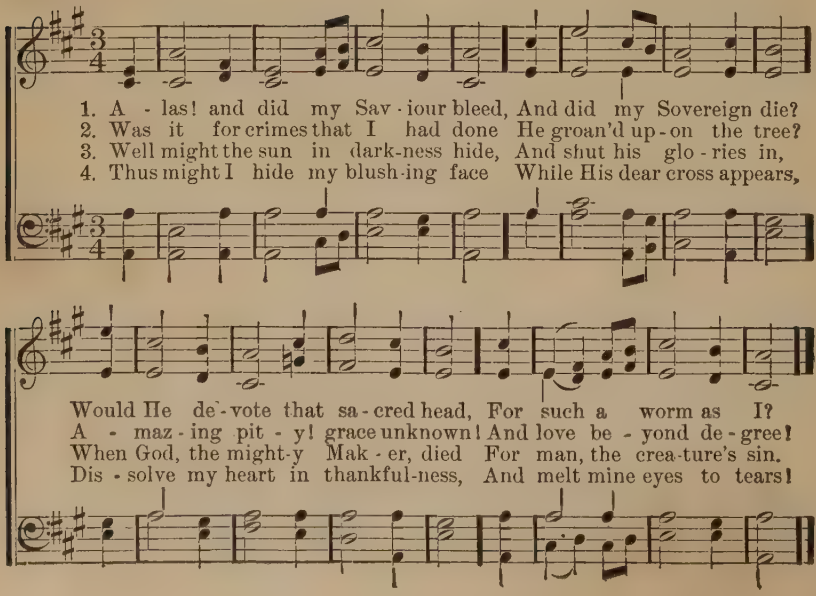
ISAAC WATTS. S. B. POND.


1. My Saviour! my al - mighty Friend! When I be - gin Thy praise,
2. Thou art my ev - er - last - ing trust; Thy goodness I a - dore:
3. My feet shall trav - el all the length Of the ce - les - tial road;
Where will the grow - ing num-bers end— The num - bers of Thy grace?
And since I knew Thy gra - ces first I speak Thy glo-ries more.
And march, with cour - age, in Thy strength, To see my Fa - ther God.

112

Avon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross appears,
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When God, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thankful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears!

At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled a-way, It was there by
faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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Wonderful Saviour. P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Won-der-ful Sav - iour, Bless-ed Re - deem - er, Ev - er in glo - ry,
2. Sing of His greatness, In - fi - nite great-ness, Sing of His goodness
3. He is our ref - uge, He is our safe-guard, Peace to the youthful
dwelling a - bove; Yet in His mer - cy ten - der - ly smil - ing,
day af - ter day; Guarding from e - vil, shielding from dan ger,
kind-ly He brings; Sweet is the prom - ise He will pro - tect us,
CHORUS.
O - ver the chil - dren bending in love.
Leading us on - ward, cheering the way.
He will de - fend us un - der His wings.
We will a - dore Him,
gather and praise Him, Voices in con - cert joy-ful-ly blend; His be the
kingdom, pow-er and glo - ry, Now and for-ev - er, world without end;

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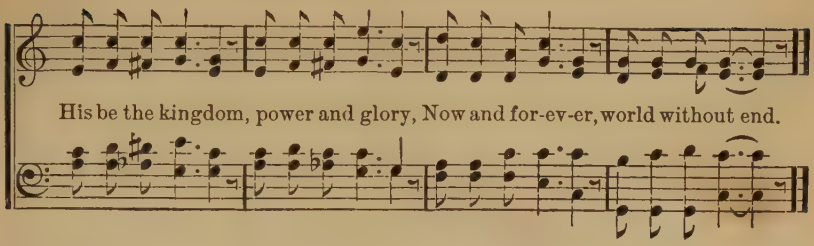
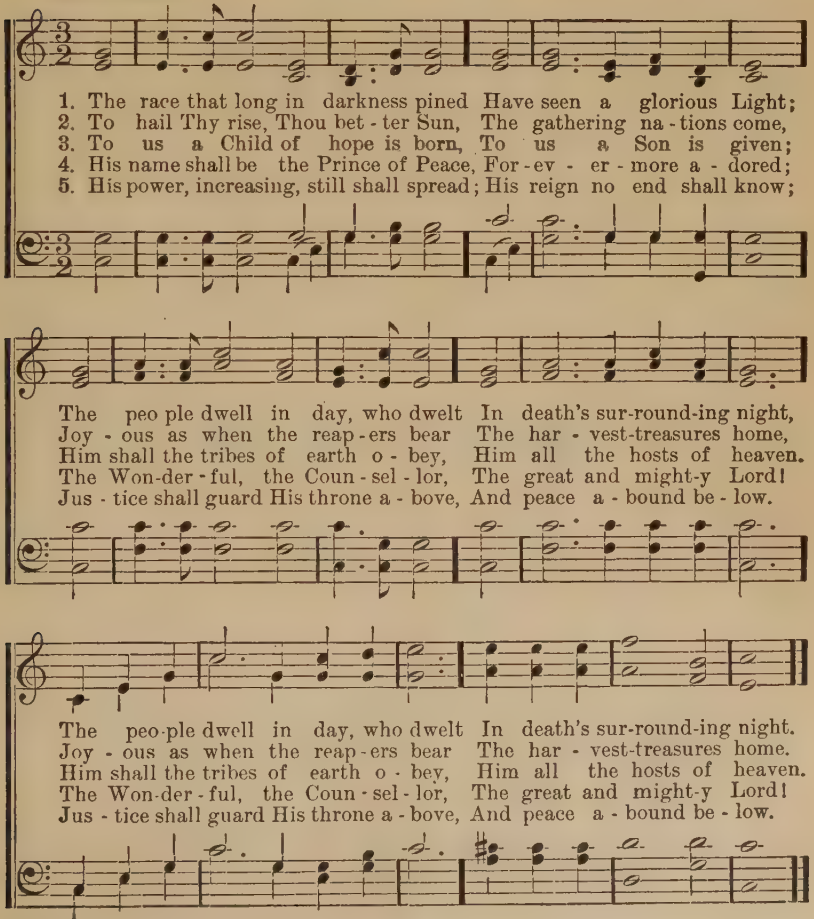
Wonderful Saviour.—*Concluded.*



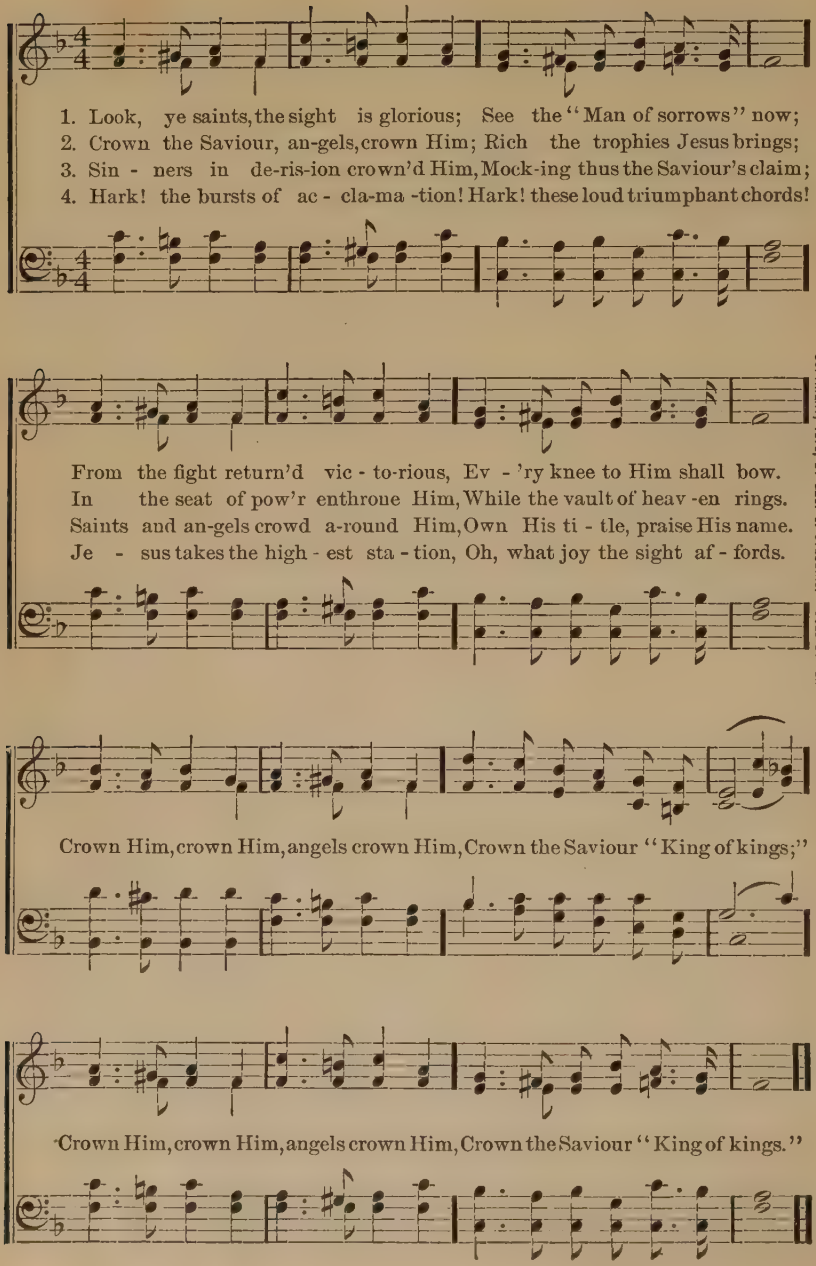
Zerah. C. M. 115

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.


1. The race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glorious Light;
2. To hail Thy rise, Thou bet - ter Sun, The gathering na - tions come,
3. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given;
4. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For - ev - er - more a - dored;
5. His power, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;
The peo ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night,
Joy - ous as when the reap - ers bear The har - vest-treasures home,
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.
The Won-der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might-y Lord!
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.
The peo-ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night.
Joy - ous as when the reap - ers bear The har - vest-treasures home.
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.
The Won-der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might-y Lord!
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.

Crown Him.

THOMAS KELLY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of sorrows" now;
2. Crown the Saviour, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de-ris-ion crown'd Him, Mock-ing thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla-ma -tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
From the fight return'd vic - to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav -en rings.
Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.
Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings;"
Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

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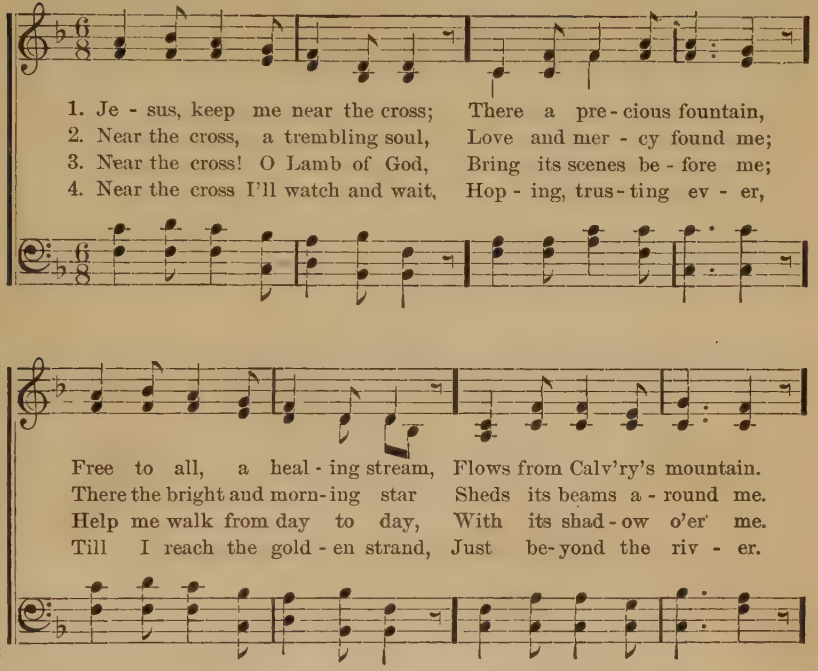
Near the Cross. P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre - cious fountain,
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trus - ting ev - er,
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

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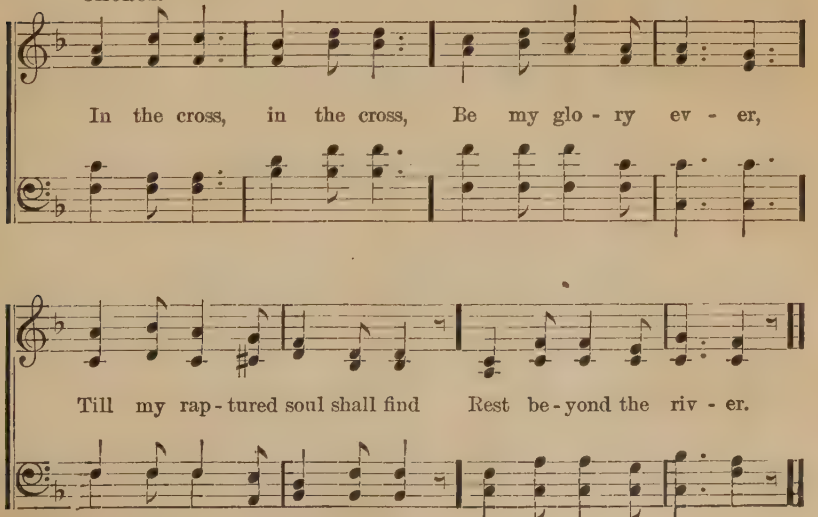
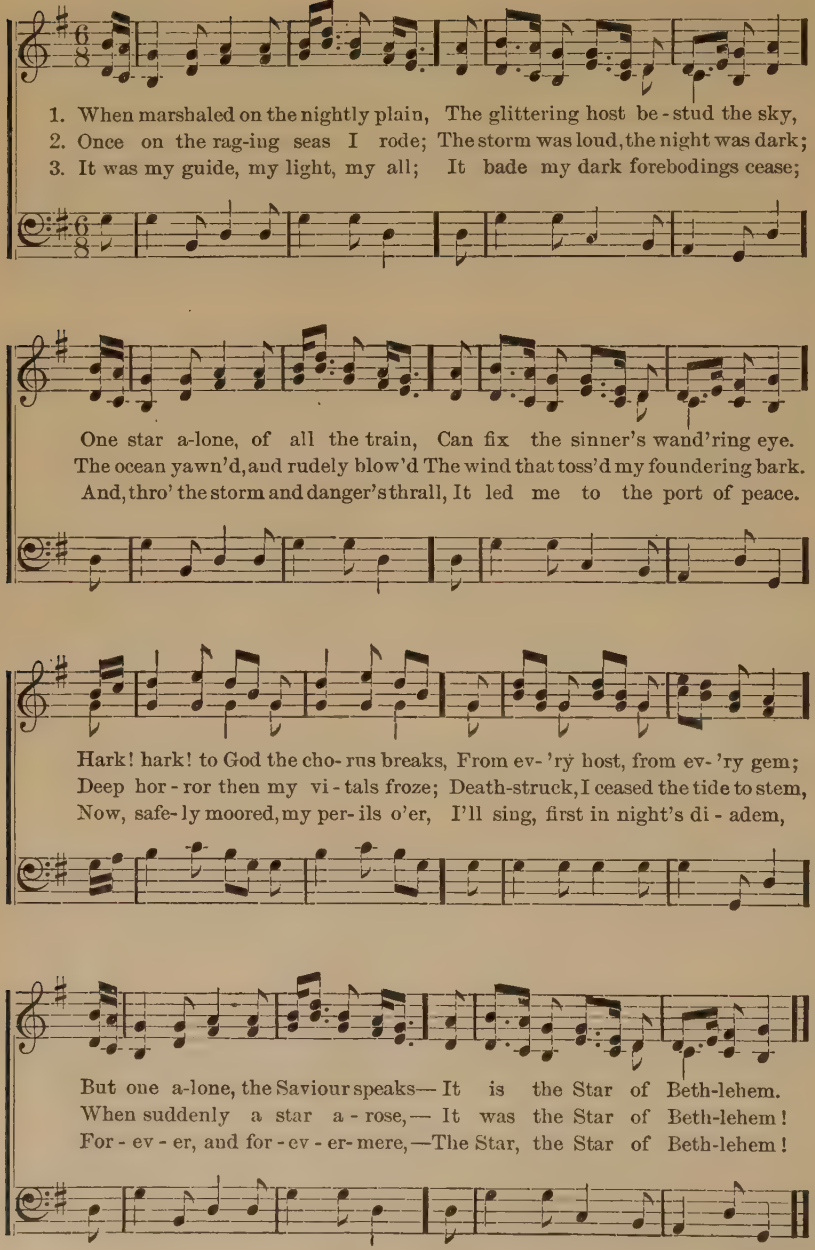
CHORUS.



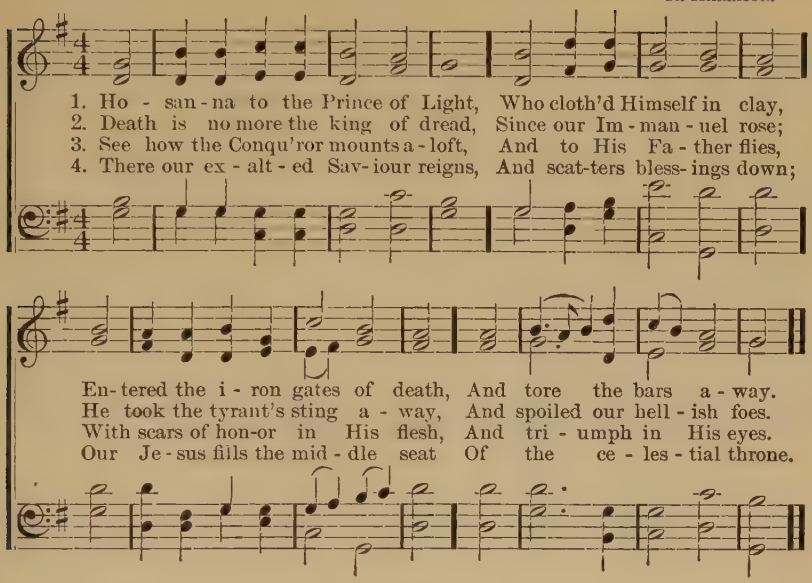
Stella. L. M. D.

HENRY K. WHITE. JAMES MILLAR.


1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,
2. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark;
3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease;
One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.
Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;
Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
Now, safe-ly moored, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-adem,
But one a-lone, the Saviour speaks— It is the Star of Beth-lehem.
When suddenly a star a-rose,— It was the Star of Beth-lehem!
For-ev-er, and for-ev-er-mere,—The Star, the Star of Beth-lehem!

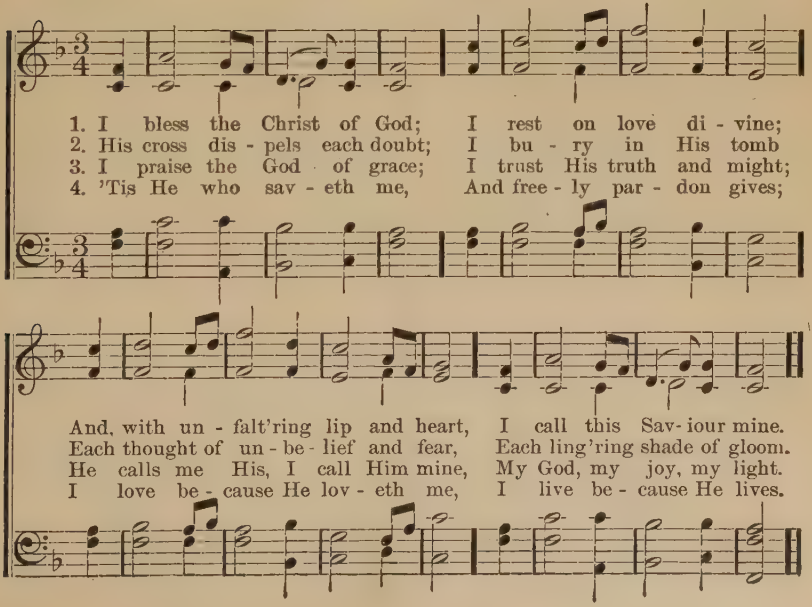
Peterboro'. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. HARRISON.


1. Ho - san - na to the Prince of Light, Who cloth'd Himself in clay,
2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im - man - uel rose;
3. See how the Conqu'ror mounts a - loft, And to His Fa - ther flies,
4. There our ex - alt - ed Sav - iour reigns, And scat-ters bless - ings down;
En - tered the i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way.
He took the tyrant's sting a - way, And spoiled our hell - ish foes.
With scars of hon-or in His flesh, And tri - umph in His eyes.
Our Je - sus fills the mid - dle seat Of the ce - les - tial throne.

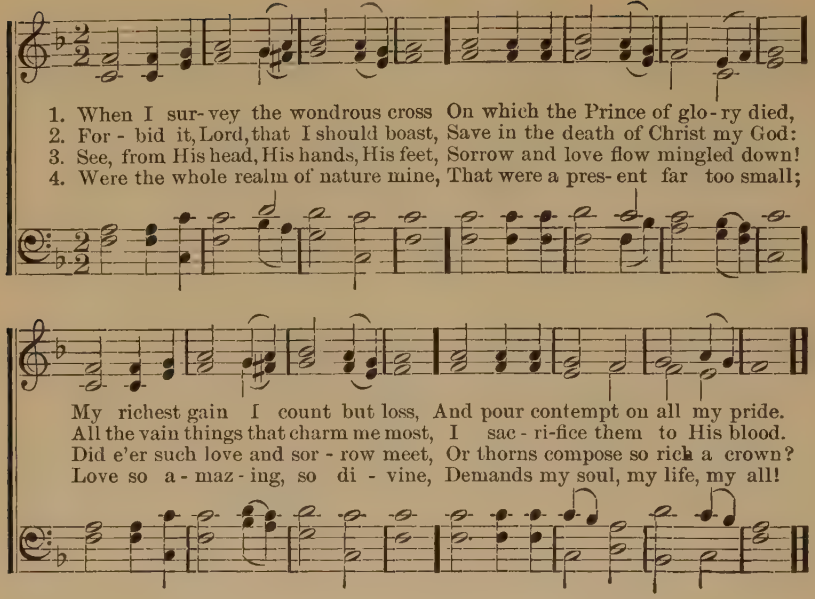
Golden Hill. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. A. DAVISSON.


1. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;
2. His cross dis - pels each doubt; I bu - ry in His tomb
3. I praise the God of grace; I trust His truth and might;
4. 'Tis He who sav - eth me, And free - ly par - don gives;
And, with un - falt'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine.
Each thought of un - be - lief and fear, Each ling'ring shade of gloom.
He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my joy, my light.
I love be - cause He lov - eth me, I live be - cause He lives.

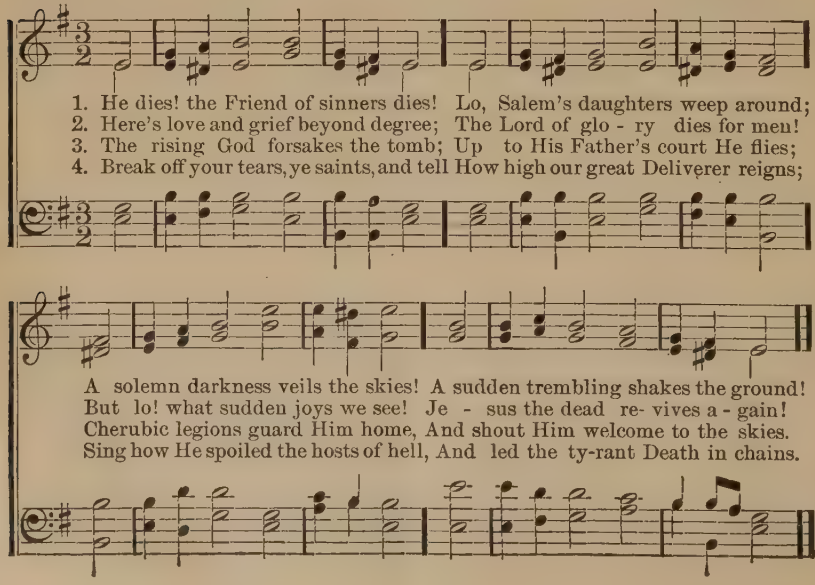
121 Hamburg. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all!

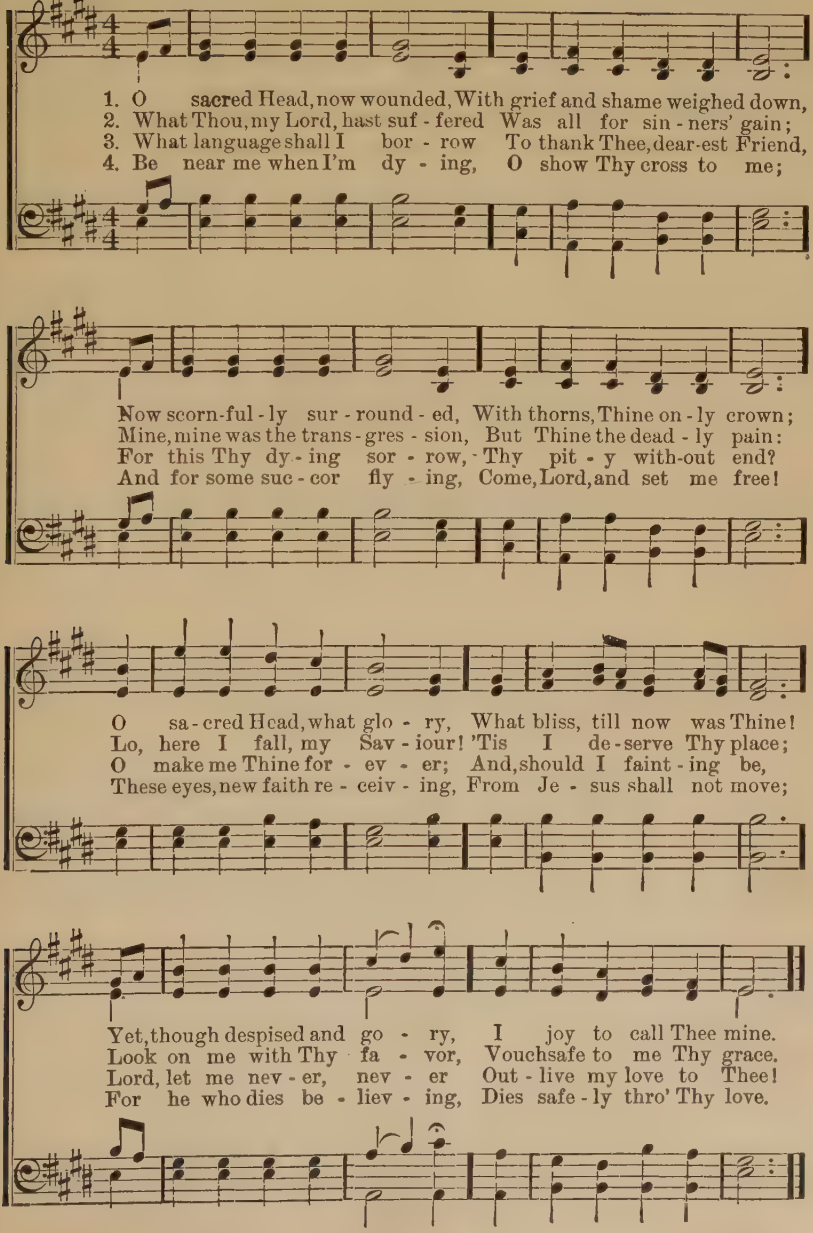
122 Windham. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.


1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree; The Lord of glo-ry dies for men!
3. The rising God forsakes the tomb; Up to His Father's court He flies;
4. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great Deliverer reigns;
A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
But lo! what sudden joys we see! Je-sus the dead re-vives a-gain!
Cherubic legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the ty-rant Death in chains.

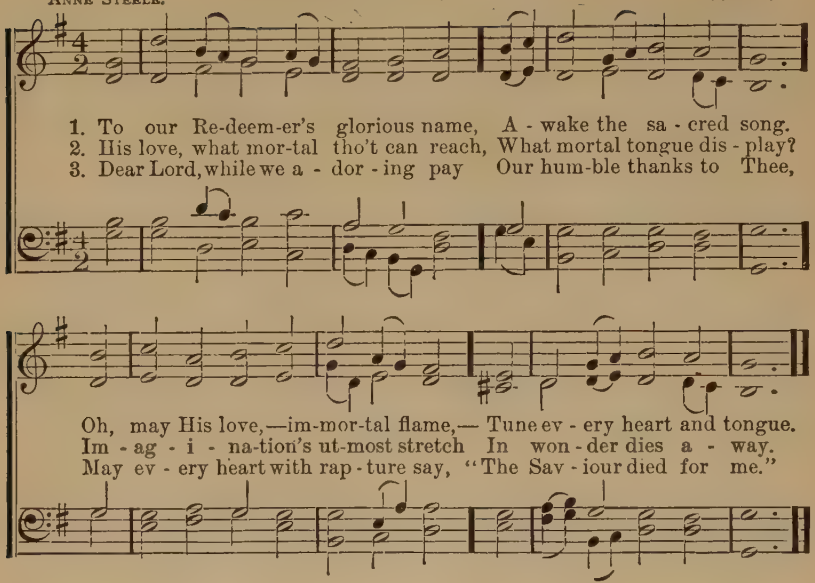
Crucifix. 7s, 6s. D.

Tr. J. W. Alexander. Greek Melody.


1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
3. What language shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear-est Friend,
4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain:
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with-out end?
And for some suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free!
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for - ev - er; And, should I faint - ing be,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;
Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee!
For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly thro' Thy love.

124 Stephens. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. WM. JONES.


1. To our Re-deem-er's glorious name, A - wake the sa - cred song.
2. His love, what mor-tal tho't can reach, What mortal tongue dis - play?
3. Dear Lord, while we a - dor - ing pay Our hum-ble thanks to Thee,
Oh, may His love,—im-mor-tal flame,— Tune ev - ery heart and tongue.
Im - ag - i - na-tion's ut-most stretch In won - der dies a - way.
May ev - ery heart with rap - ture say, "The Sav - iour died for me."

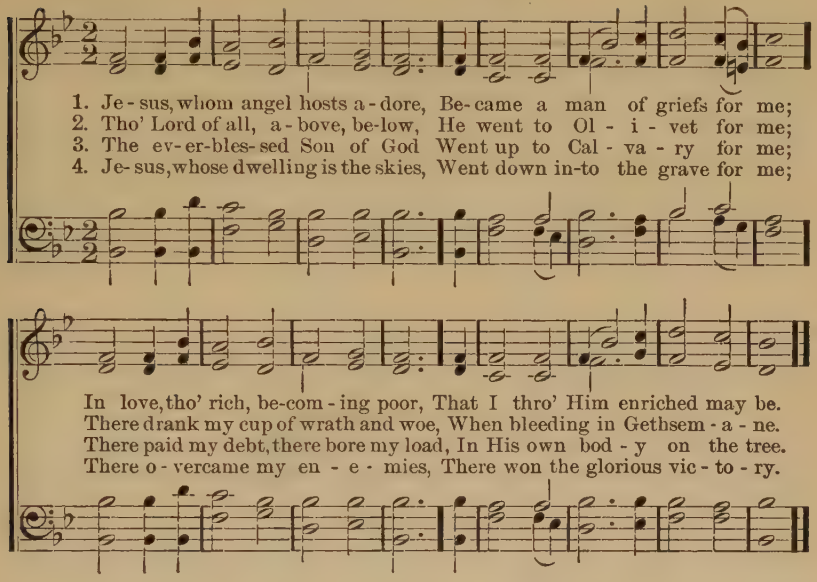
125 University College. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise To His throne a - bove the skies:
2. Lo! the heaven its Lord re-ceives, Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
3. Still for us He in - ter - cedes, His pre - vail - ing death He pleads,
4. Lord, though parted from our sight, Far a - bove the star - ry height,
Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners given, En - ters now the high-est heaven.
Though re-turn - ing to His Throne, Still He calls man-kind His own.
Near Him-self pre - pares our place, Great Forerunner of our race.
Grant our hearts may thith-er rise, Seek-ing Thee a - bove the skies.

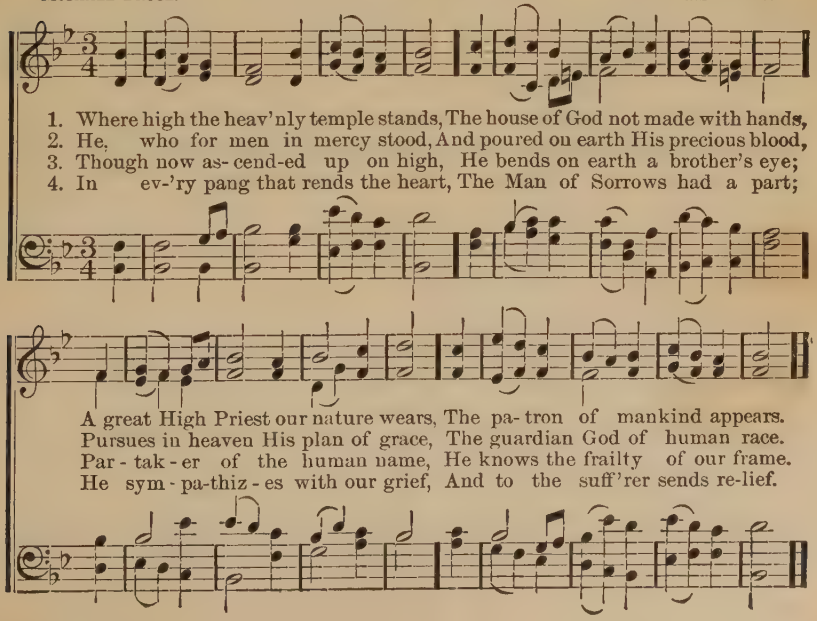
Ward. L. M. 126

HORATIUS BONAR. LOWELL MASON.


1. Je - sus, whom angel hosts a - dore, Be - came a man of griefs for me;
2. Tho' Lord of all, a - bove, be-low, He went to Ol - i - vet for me;
3. The ev - er-bles - sed Son of God Went up to Cal - va - ry for me;
4. Je - sus, whose dwelling is the skies, Went down in-to the grave for me;
In love, tho' rich, be-com - ing poor, That I thro' Him enriched may be.
There drank my cup of wrath and woe, When bleeding in Gethsem - a - ne.
There paid my debt, there bore my load, In His own bod - y on the tree.
There o - vercame my en - e - mies, There won the glorious vic - to - ry.

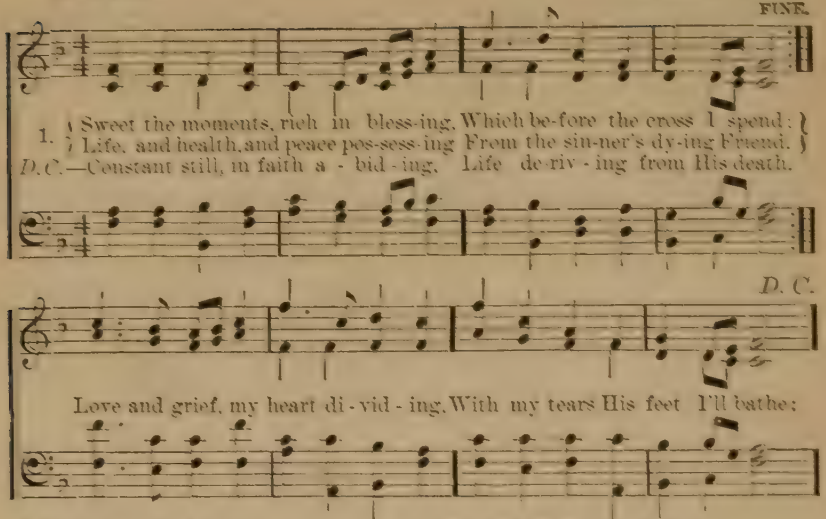
Wareham. L. M. 127

MICHAEL BRUCE. WILLIAM KNAPP.


1. Where high the heav'nly temple stands, The house of God not made with hands,
2. He, who for men in mercy stood, And poured on earth His precious blood,
3. Though now as - cend - ed up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye;
4. In ev - 'ry pang that rends the heart, The Man of Sorrows had a part;
A great High Priest our nature wears, The pa - tron of mankind appears.
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace, The guardian God of human race.
Par - tak - er of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.
He sym - pa-thiz - es with our grief, And to the suff'rer sends re-lief.

Olney. 8s, 7s. D.

JAMES ALLEN. A. CHAPIN. ARR.


FINE.
1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
D.C.—Constant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de-riv - ing from His death.
D. C.
Love and grief, my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

129 8s. 7s.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

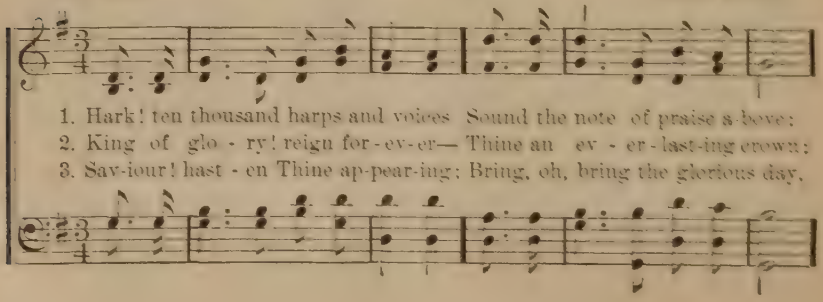
3 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

4 Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

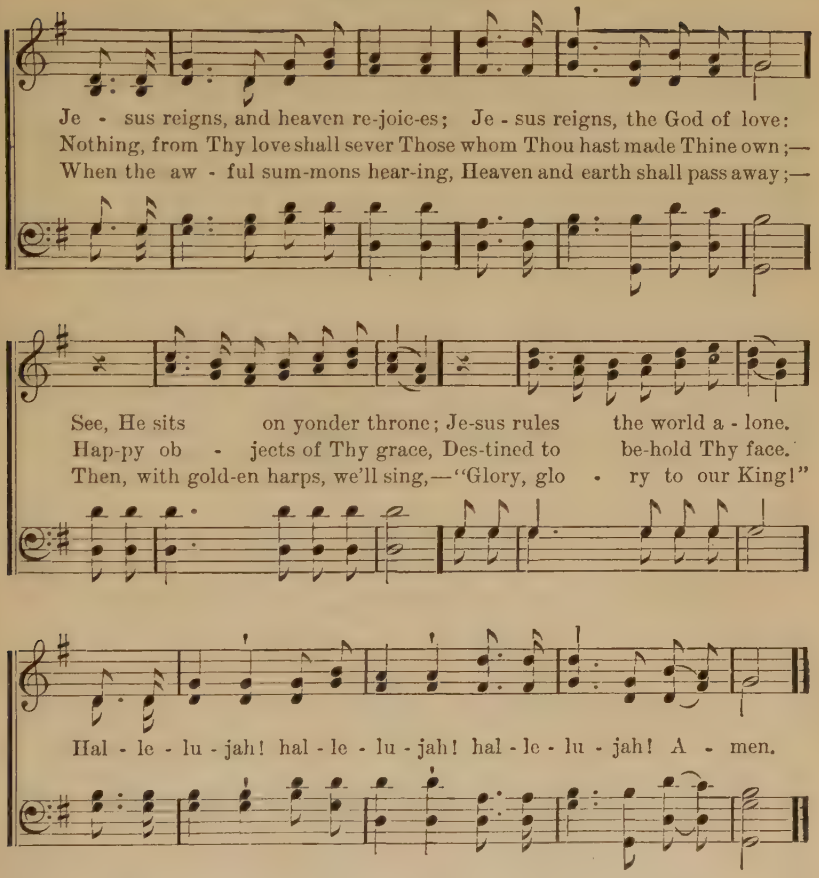
John Cawood.

130 Harwell. 8s. 7s. D.

THOS. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.


1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove;
2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er— Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
3. Sav-iour! hast - en Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,

Harwell.—*Concluded.*


Je - sus reigns, and heaven re-joic-es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
Nothing, from Thy love shall sever Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
When the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
See, He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap-py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then, with gold-en harps, we'll sing,—"Glory, glo - ry to our King!"
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

8s. 7s. D. 131

1 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

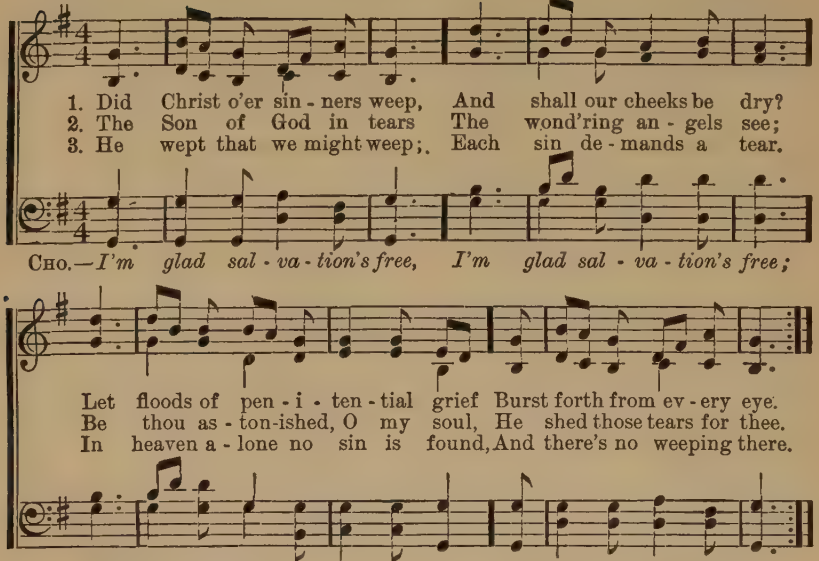
2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

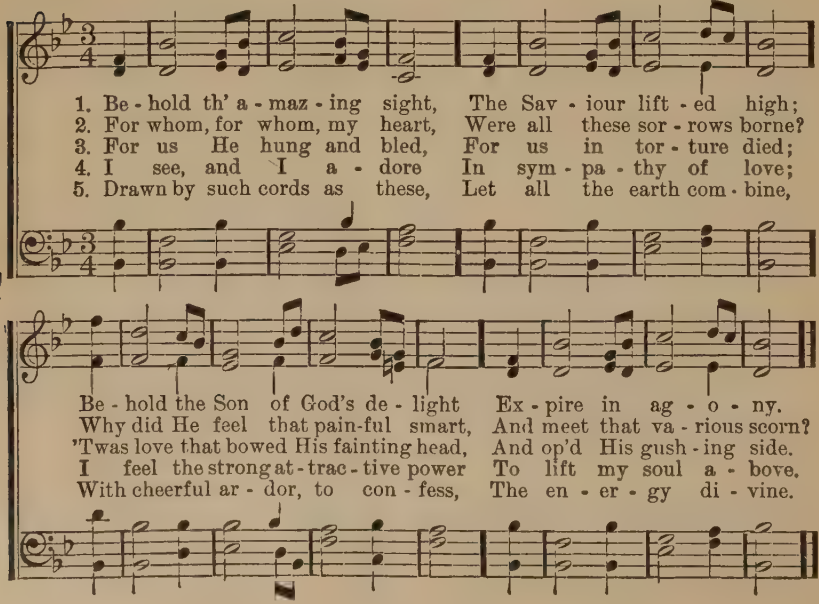
Dunbar. S. M.

B. Beddome. Chas. W. Dunbar.


1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear.
Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.
Be thou as - ton-ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.
In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.

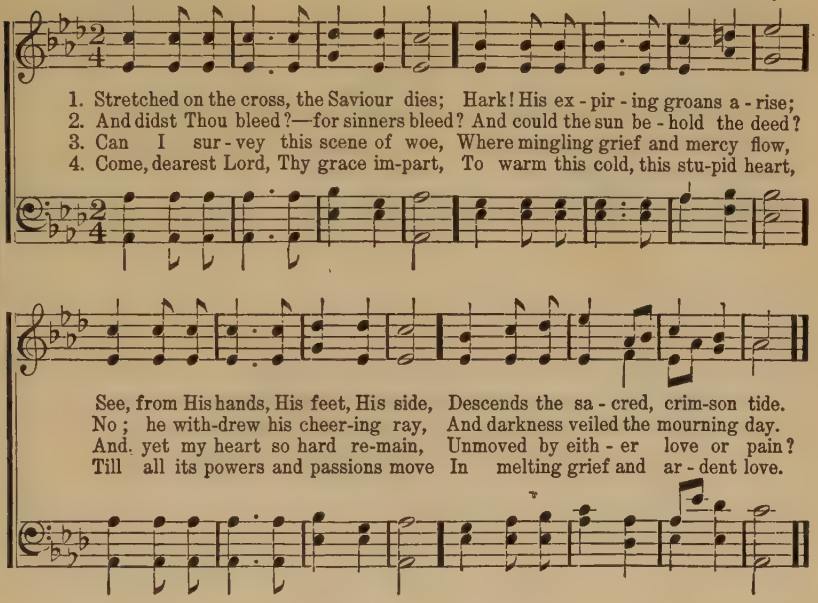
133 Kentucky. S. M.

Philip Doddridge. Jer. Ingalls.


1. Be - hold th' a - maz - ing sight, The Sav - iour lift - ed high;
2. For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sor - rows borne?
3. For us He hung and bled, For us in tor - ture died;
4. I see, and I a - dore In sym - pa - thy of love;
5. Drawn by such cords as these, Let all the earth com - bine,
Be - hold the Son of God's de - light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny.
Why did He feel that pain-ful smart, And meet that va - rious scorn?
'Twas love that bowed His fainting head, And op'd His gush - ing side.
I feel the strong at - trac - tive power To lift my soul a - bove.
With cheerful ar - dor, to con - fess, The en - er - gy di - vine.

White Stone. L. M.

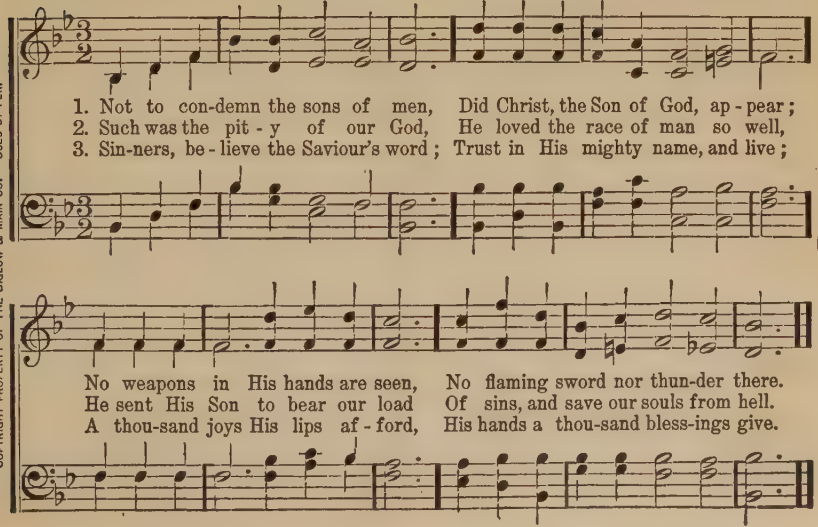
ANNE STEELE. W. F. DUNAWAY.


1. Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies; Hark! His ex - pir - ing groans a - rise;
2. And didst Thou bleed?—for sinners bleed? And could the sun be - hold the deed?
3. Can I sur - vey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
4. Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace im-part, To warm this cold, this stu-pid heart,
See, from His hands, His feet, His side, Descends the sa - cred, crim-son tide.
No; he with-drew his cheer-ing ray, And darkness veiled the mourning day.
And. yet my heart so hard re-main, Unmoved by eith - er love or pain?
Till all its powers and passions move In melting grief and ar - dent love.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Wellerd. L. M. 135

ISAAC WATTS. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Not to con-demn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, ap - pear;
2. Such was the pit - y of our God, He loved the race of man so well,
3. Sin-ners, be - lieve the Saviour's word; Trust in His mighty name, and live;
No weapons in His hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thun-der there.
He sent His Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
A thou-sand joys His lips af - ford, His hands a thou-sand bless-ings give.

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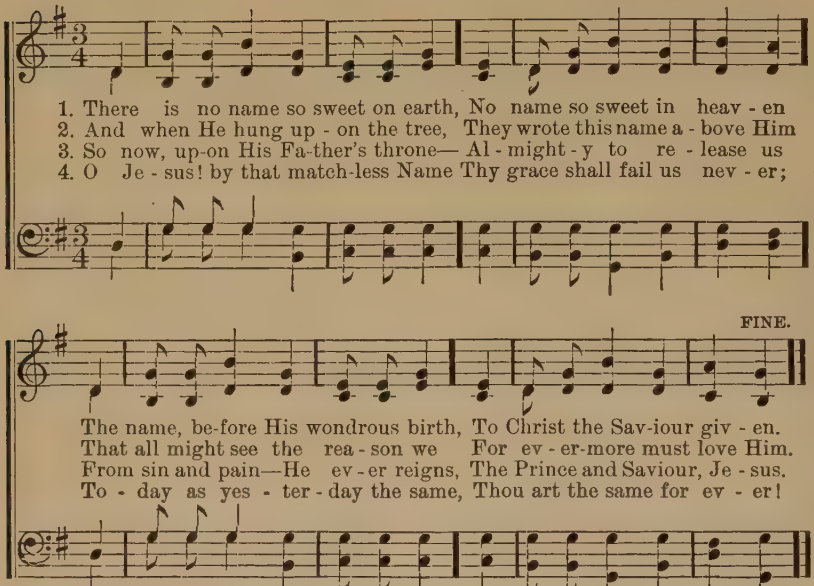
Sweetest Name. 8s, 7s.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en
2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him
3. So now, up-on His Fa-ther's throne— Al - might - y to re - lease us
4. O Je - sus! by that match-less Name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er;
FINE.
The name, be-fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Sav-iour giv - en.
That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er-more must love Him.
From sin and pain—He ev - er reigns, The Prince and Saviour, Je - sus.
To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for ev - er!
D. C.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as Je - sus!
REFRAIN.
D.C.
We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed "Je - sus!"

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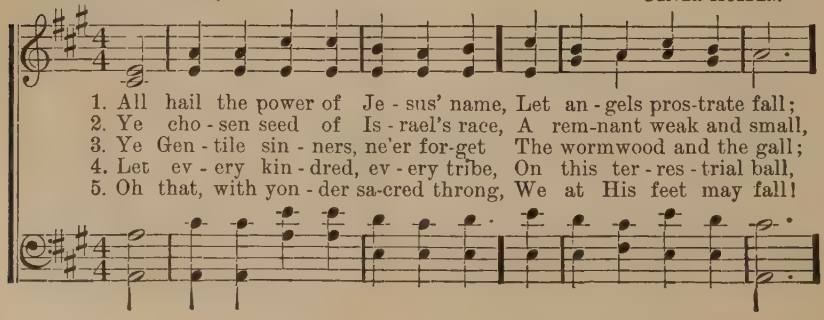
137 Coronation. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

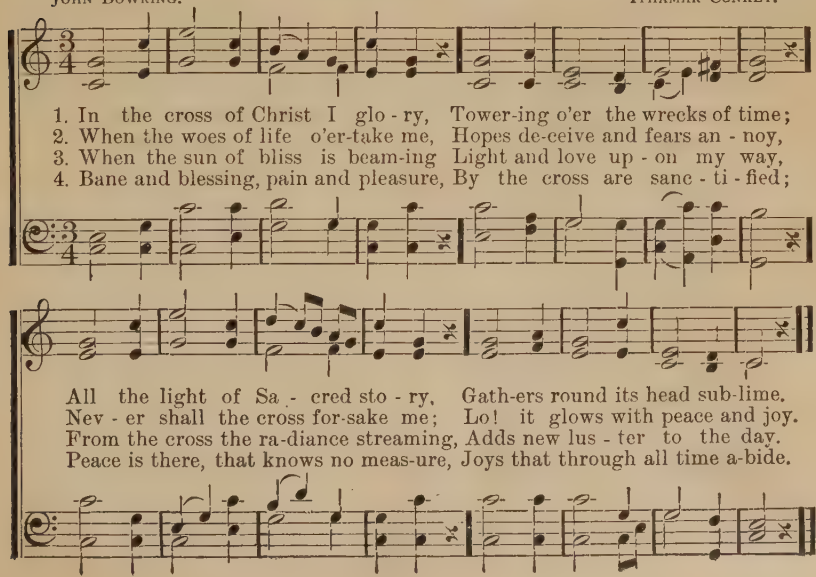

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem-nant weak and small,
3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall;
4. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. Oh that, with yon - der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall!

Coronation.—*Concluded.*

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

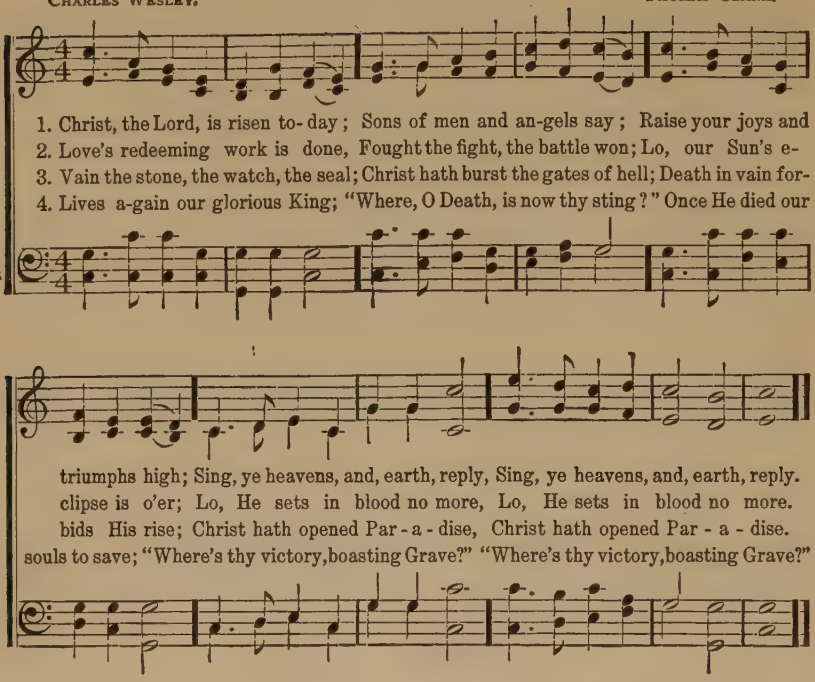
Rathbun. 8s, 7s. 138

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of Sa - cred sto - ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide.

Essex. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS CLARK.


1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day; Sons of men and an-gels say; Raise your joys and
2. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won; Lo, our Sun's e-
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Death in vain for-
4. Lives a-gain our glorious King; "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?" Once He died our
triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply, Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
clipse is o'er; Lo, He sets in blood no more, Lo, He sets in blood no more.
bids His rise; Christ hath opened Par-a-dise, Christ hath opened Par-a-dise.
souls to save; "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?" "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

140 7s.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

141 7s.

1 He has come, the Christ of God:
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss
To this darksome wilderness.

2 He has come, the Prince of Peace:
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

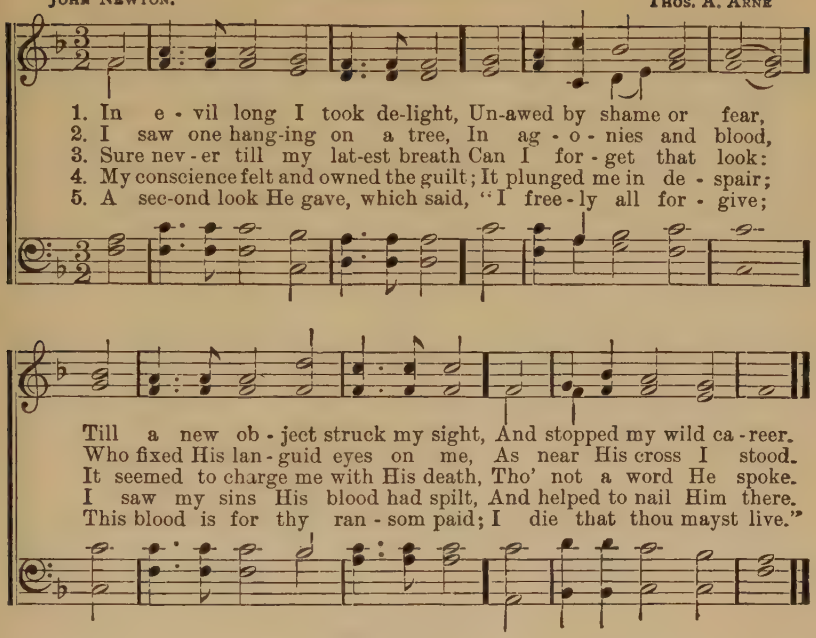
3 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home:
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.

4 Unto us a Son is given:
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Horatius Bonar

Arlington. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. THOS. A. ARNE


1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw one hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my lat-est breath Can I for - get that look:
4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt; It plunged me in de - spair;
5. A sec-ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give;
Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.
Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid; I die that thou mayst live."

C. M. 143

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply.
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord, forever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

C. M. 144

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

3 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

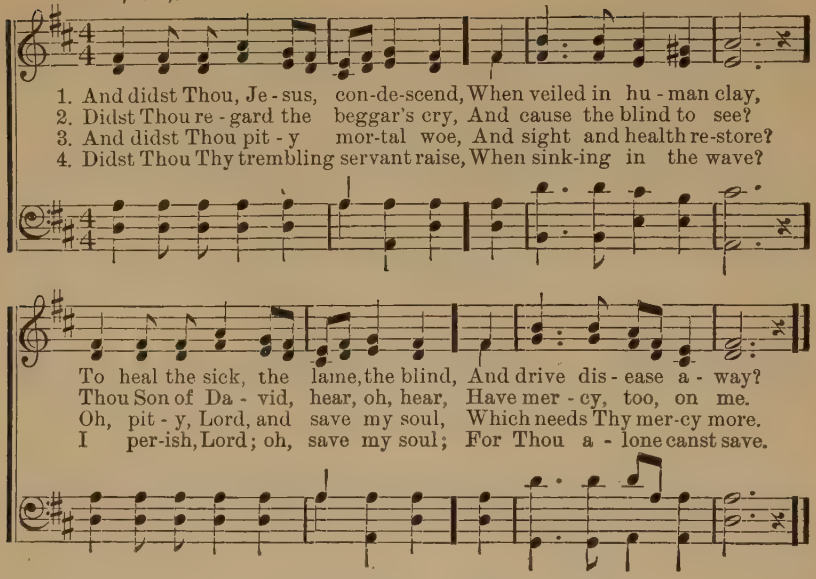
4 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

5 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

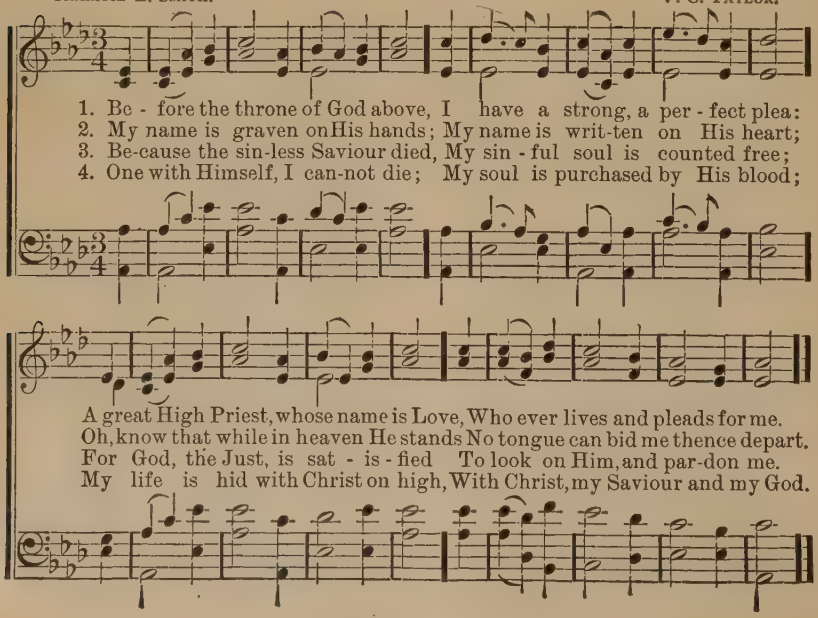
145 Naomi. C. M.

"Amelia," 1827. Lowell Mason.


1. And didst Thou, Je - sus, con-de-scend, When veiled in hu - man clay,
2. Didst Thou re - gard the beggar's cry, And cause the blind to see?
3. And didst Thou pit - y mor-tal woe, And sight and health re-store?
4. Didst Thou Thy trembling servant raise, When sink-ing in the wave?
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind, And drive dis - ease a - way?
Thou Son of Da - vid, hear, oh, hear, Have mer - cy, too, on me.
Oh, pit - y, Lord, and save my soul, Which needs Thy mer-cy more.
I per-ish, Lord; oh, save my soul; For Thou a - lone canst save.

146 Louvan. L. M.

Charitie L. Smith. V. C. Taylor.


1. Be - fore the throne of God above, I have a strong, a per - fect plea:
2. My name is graven on His hands; My name is writ-ten on His heart;
3. Be-cause the sin-less Saviour died, My sin - ful soul is counted free;
4. One with Himself, I can-not die; My soul is purchased by His blood;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love, Who ever lives and pleads for me.
Oh, know that while in heaven He stands No tongue can bid me thence depart.
For God, the Just, is sat - is - fied To look on Him, and par-don me.
My life is hid with Christ on high, With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

IV

THE PRAISE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

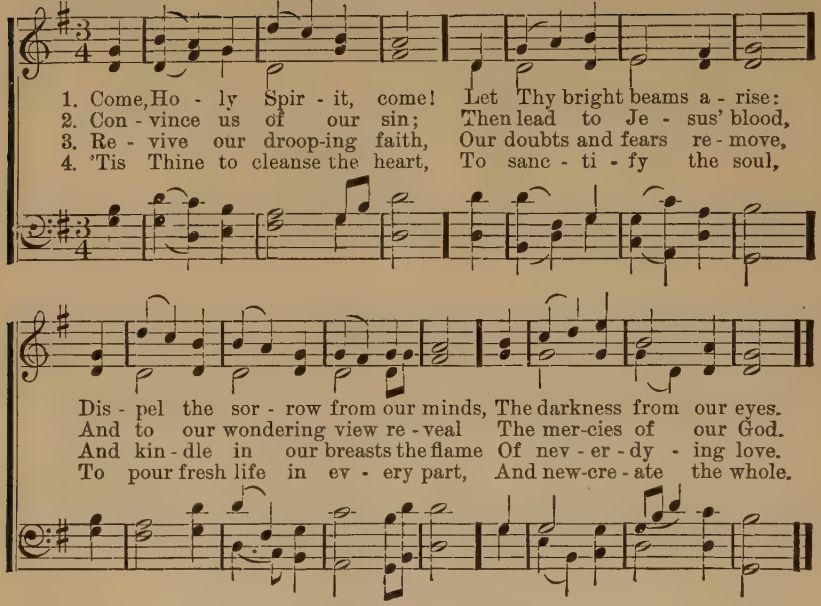
"Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his. . . . I thank thee, and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom and might, and hast made known unto me now what we desired of thee."

DANIEL II: 20, 23.

HYMNS 147–161

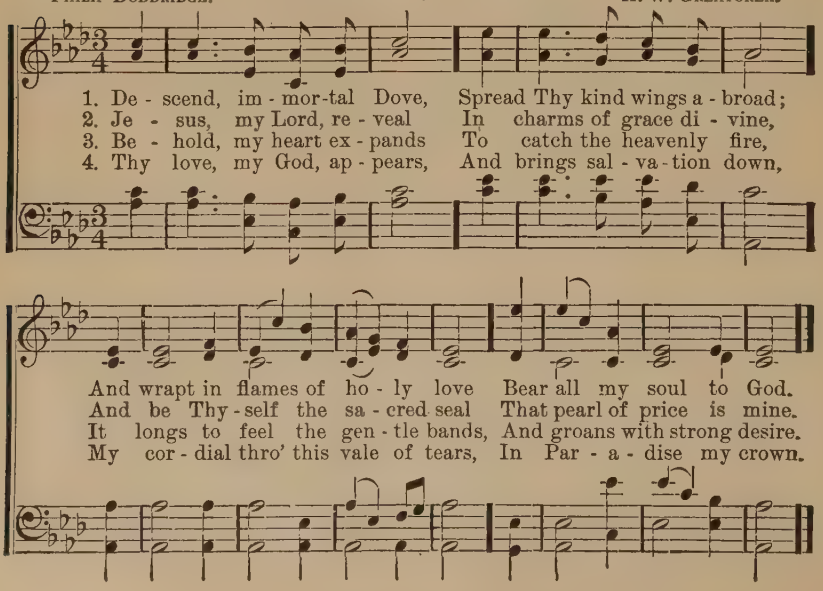
Thatcher. S. M.

JOS. HART. G. F. HANDEL.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise:
2. Con - vince us of our sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood,
3. Re - vive our droop-ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,
Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
And to our wondering view re - veal The mer-cies of our God.
And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
To pour fresh life in ev - ery part, And new-cre - ate the whole.

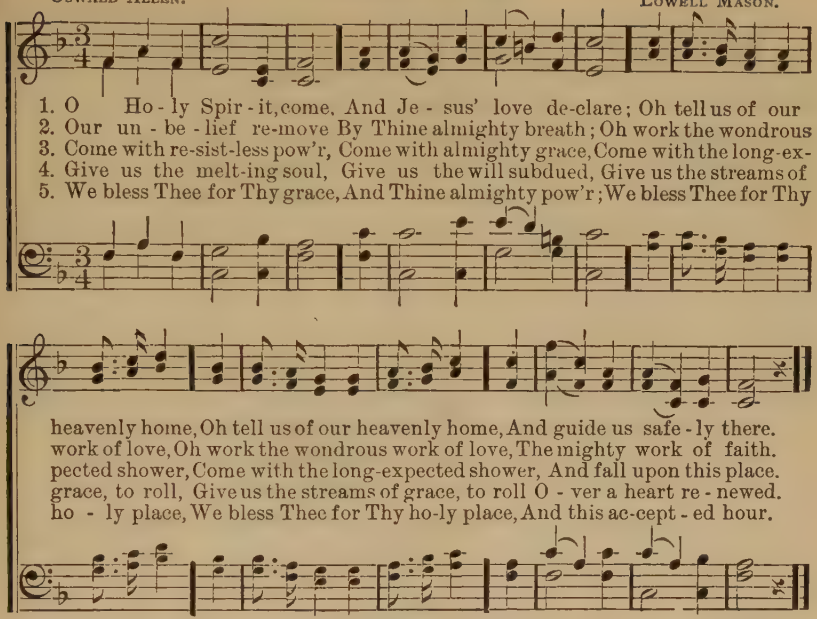
148 Leighton. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. H. W. GREATOREX.


1. De - scend, im - mor-tal Dove, Spread Thy kind wings a - broad;
2. Je - sus, my Lord, re - veal In charms of grace di - vine,
3. Be - hold, my heart ex - pands To catch the heavenly fire,
4. Thy love, my God, ap - pears, And brings sal - va - tion down,
And wrapt in flames of ho - ly love Bear all my soul to God.
And be Thy - self the sa - cred seal That pearl of price is mine.
It longs to feel the gen - tle bands, And groans with strong desire.
My cor - dial thro' this vale of tears, In Par - a - dise my crown.

Gerar. S. M.

Oswald Allen. Lowell Mason.


1. O Ho - ly Spir - it, come, And Je - sus' love de-clare; Oh tell us of our heavenly home, Oh tell us of our heavenly home, And guide us safe - ly there.
2. Our un - be - lief re-move By Thine almighty breath; Oh work the wondrous work of love, Oh work the wondrous work of love, The mighty work of faith.
3. Come with re-sist-less pow'r, Come with almighty grace, Come with the long-expected shower, Come with the long-expected shower, And fall upon this place.
4. Give us the melt-ing soul, Give us the will subdued, Give us the streams of grace, to roll, Give us the streams of grace, to roll O - ver a heart re - newed.
5. We bless Thee for Thy grace, And Thine almighty pow'r; We bless Thee for Thy ho - ly place, We bless Thee for Thy ho-ly place, And this ac-cept - ed hour.

S. M. 150

1 Come as the morning rays
Upon our dormant hearts,
With all the gentleness and grace
The generous dawn imparts.

2 Each slumbrous spirit lies
Wrapped in a hopeless night,
Until the Day-spring shall arise
To bring its wakening light.

3 Come, as the latter rain
Upon our parched souls,
The fields can yield no ripened grain
Unless Thy grace controls.

4 The seed the Spirit sows
Shall strive to rise in vain,
Till Thy refreshing grace bestows
The power to live again.

Lansing Burrows.

S. M. 151

1 Blest Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

L. H. Sigourney.

S. M. 152

1 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

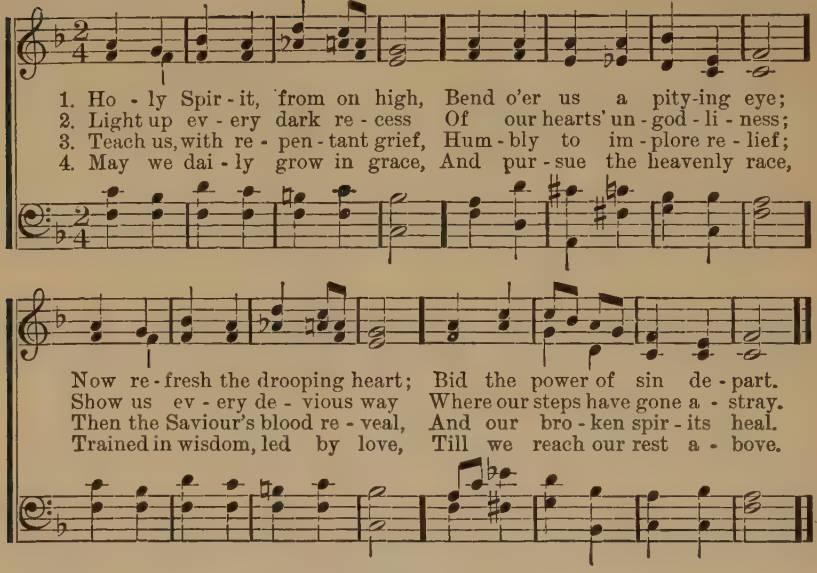
2 Supported by His grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis He that works to will;
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

James Montgomery.

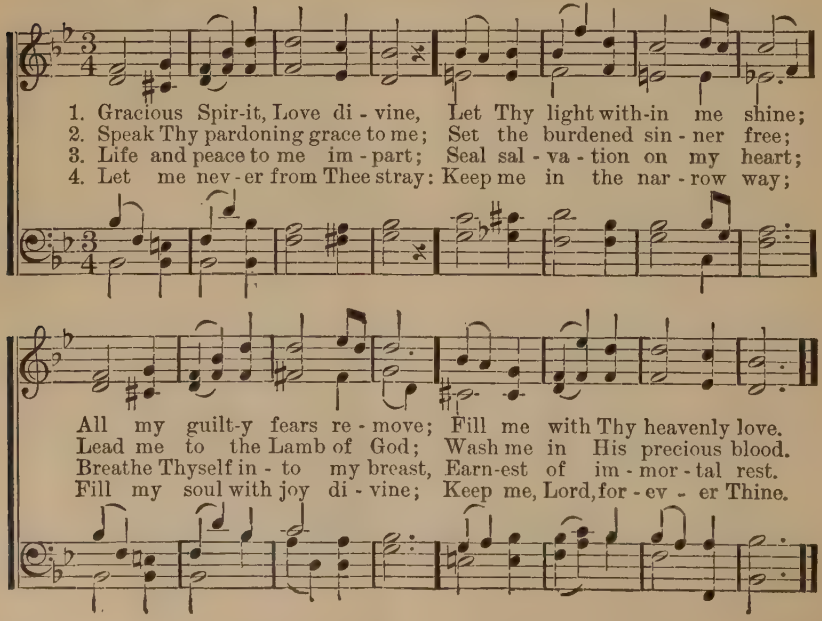
Seymour. 7s.

W. H. Bathurst. C. M. von Weber.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Bend o'er us a pity-ing eye;
2. Light up ev - ery dark re - cess Of our hearts' un - god - li - ness;
3. Teach us, with re - pen - tant grief, Hum - bly to im - plore re - lief;
4. May we dai - ly grow in grace, And pur - sue the heavenly race,
Now re - fresh the drooping heart; Bid the power of sin de - part.
Show us ev - ery de - vious way Where our steps have gone a - stray.
Then the Saviour's blood re - veal, And our bro - ken spir - its heal.
Trained in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - bove.

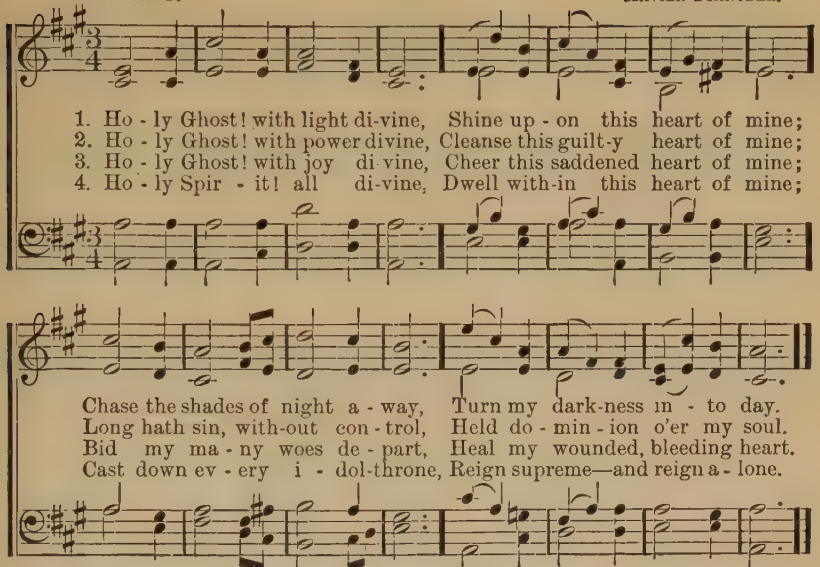
154 Last Hope. 7s.

John Stocker. L. M. Gottschalk, arr. by H. P. Main.


1. Gracious Spir-it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine;
2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray: Keep me in the nar - row way;
All my guilt-y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His precious blood.
Breathe Thyself in - to my breast, Earn-est of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

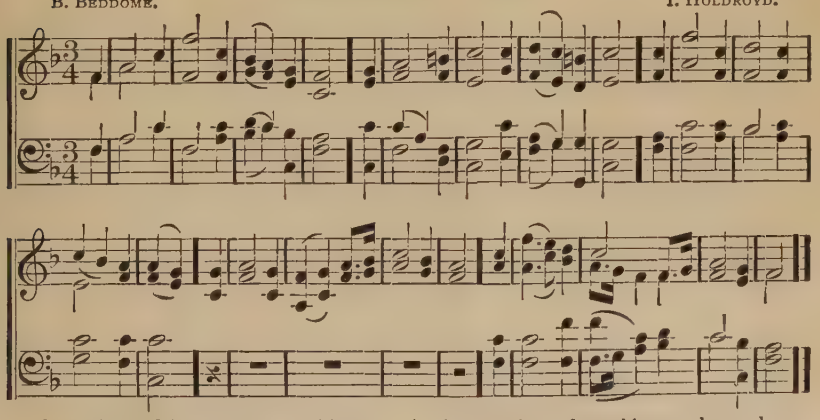
Horton. 7s.

ANDREW REED. XAVIER SCHNYDER.


1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with power divine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - ery i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign a - lone.

Rothwell. L. M. 156

B. BEDDOME. I. HOLDROYD.



1 Come, blessed Spirit! Source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

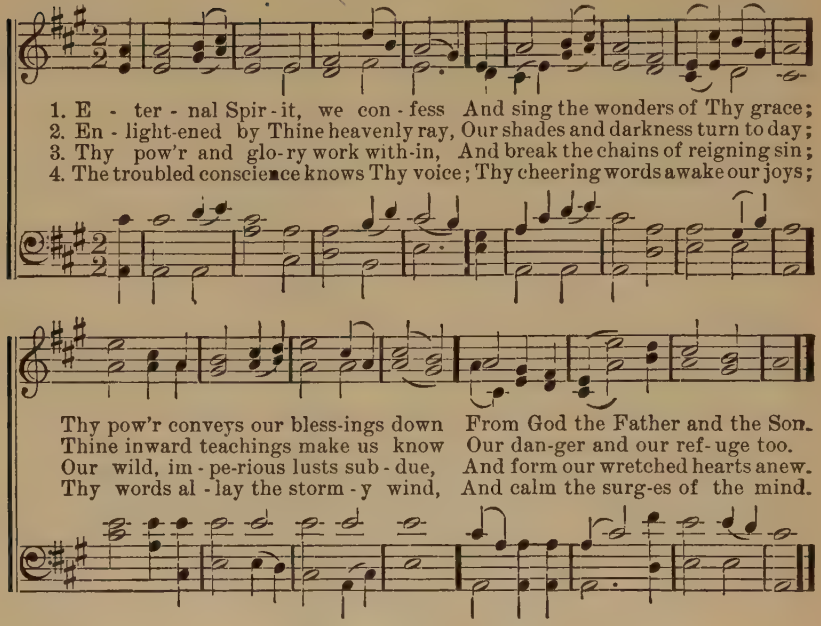
2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truth Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

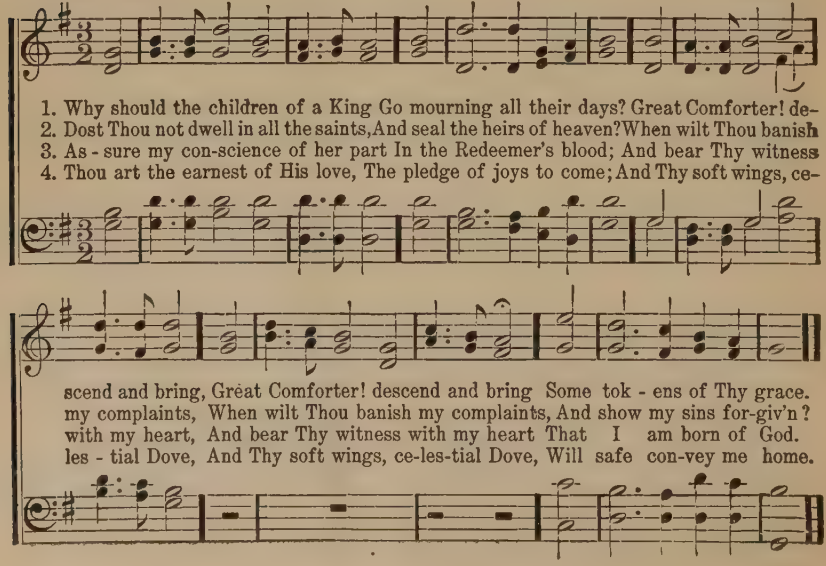
Wimborne. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. WHITAKER.


1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
2. En - light-ened by Thine heavenly ray, Our shades and darkness turn to day;
3. Thy pow'r and glo-ry work with-in, And break the chains of reigning sin;
4. The troubled conscience knows Thy voice; Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy pow'r conveys our bless-ings down From God the Father and the Son.
Thine inward teachings make us know Our dan-ger and our ref-uge too.
Our wild, im - pe-rious lusts sub - due, And form our wretched hearts anew.
Thy words al - lay the storm - y wind, And calm the surg-es of the mind.

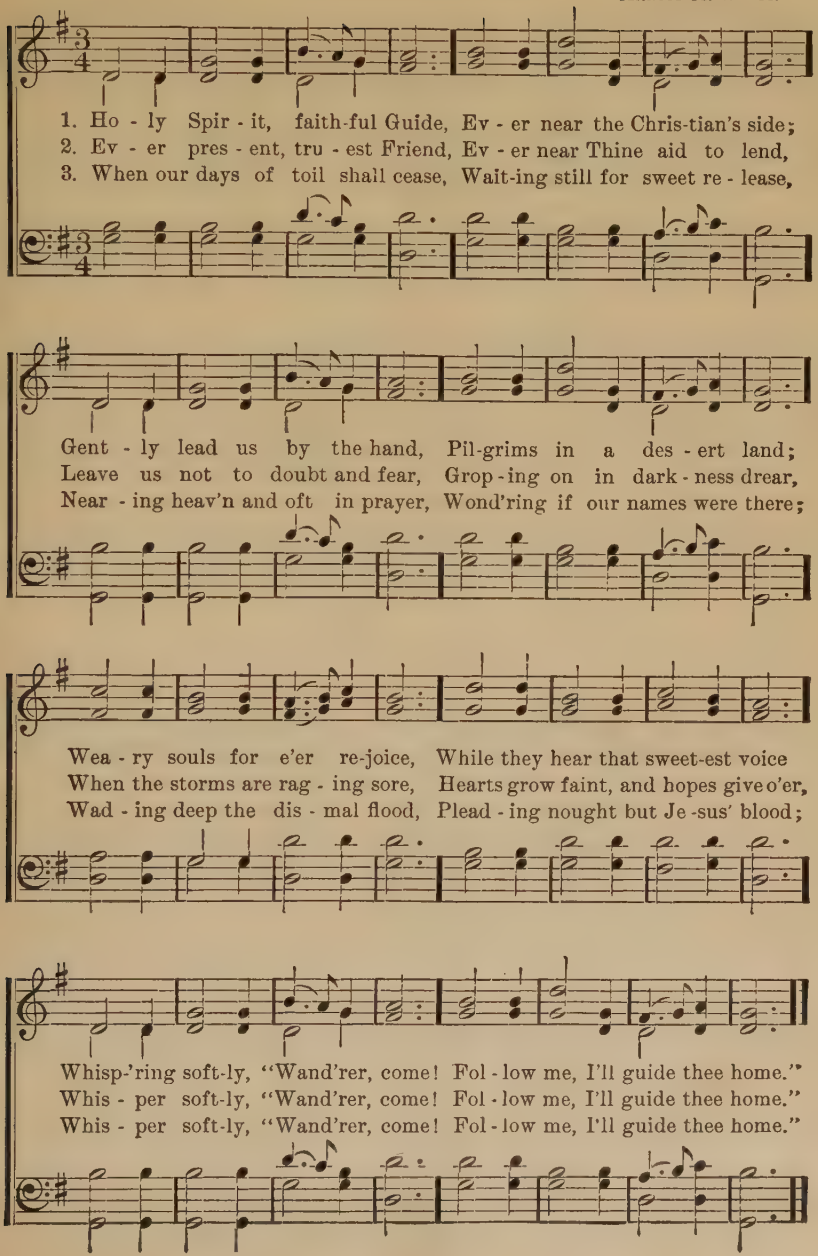
158 Woodland. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. N. D. GOULD.


1. Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? Great Comforter! de-
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt Thou banish
3. As - sure my con-science of her part In the Redeemer's blood; And bear Thy witness
4. Thou art the earnest of His love, The pledge of joys to come; And Thy soft wings, ce-
scend and bring, Great Comforter! descend and bring Some tok - ens of Thy grace.
my complaints, When wilt Thou banish my complaints, And show my sins for-giv'n?
with my heart, And bear Thy witness with my heart That I am born of God.
les - tial Dove, And Thy soft wings, ce-les-tial Dove, Will safe con-vey me home.

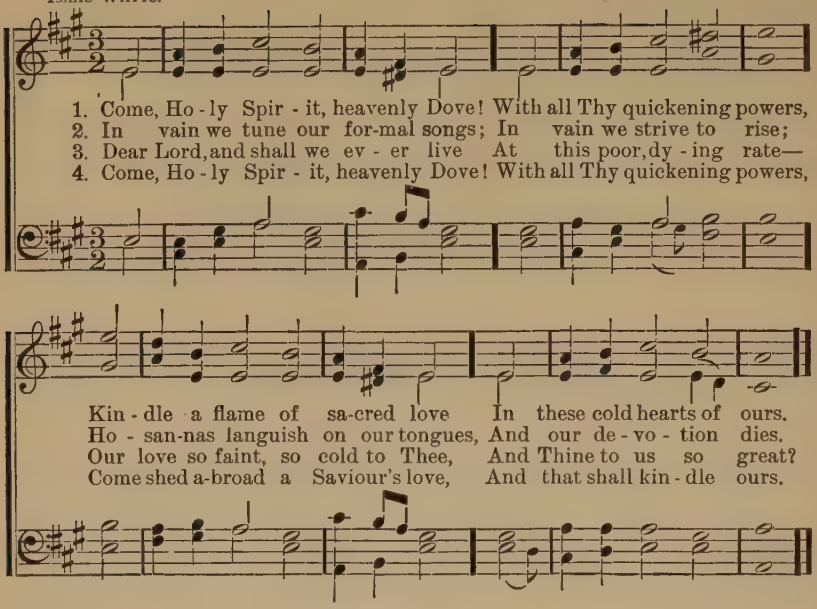
Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. Wells. Marcus M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear,
Near - ing heav'n and oft in prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wea - ry souls for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood;
Whisp-'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

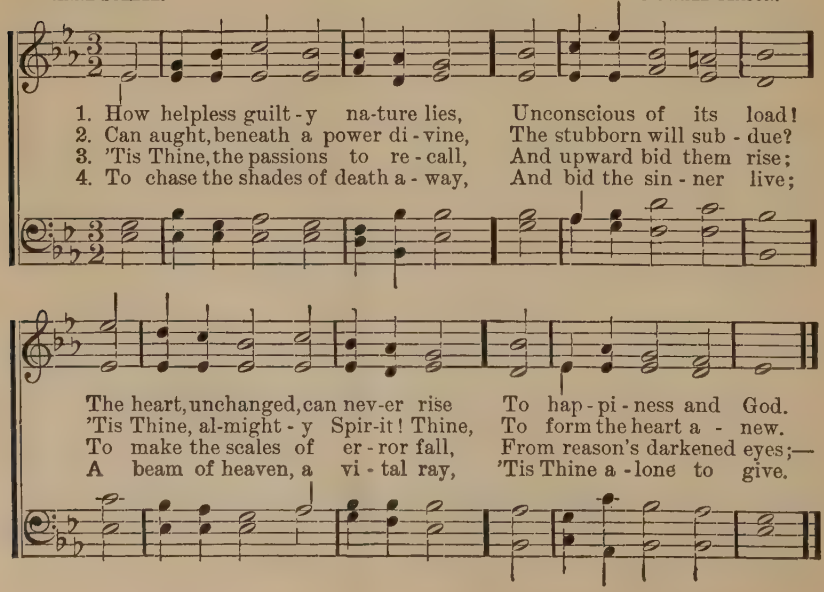
Melody. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. AMZI CHAPIN.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove! With all Thy quickening powers,
2. In vain we tune our for-mal songs; In vain we strive to rise;
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate—
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove! With all Thy quickening powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Ho - san-nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

161 Downs. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. LOWELL MASON.


1. How helpless guilt - y na-ture lies, Unconscious of its load!
2. Can aught, beneath a power di - vine, The stubborn will sub - due?
3. 'Tis Thine, the passions to re - call, And upward bid them rise;
4. To chase the shades of death a - way, And bid the sin - ner live;
The heart, unchanged, can nev-er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.
'Tis Thine, al-might - y Spir-it! Thine, To form the heart a - new.
To make the scales of er - ror fall, From reason's darkened eyes;—
A beam of heaven, a vi - tal ray, 'Tis Thine a - lone to give.

V

PRAISE FOR THE SCRIPTURES

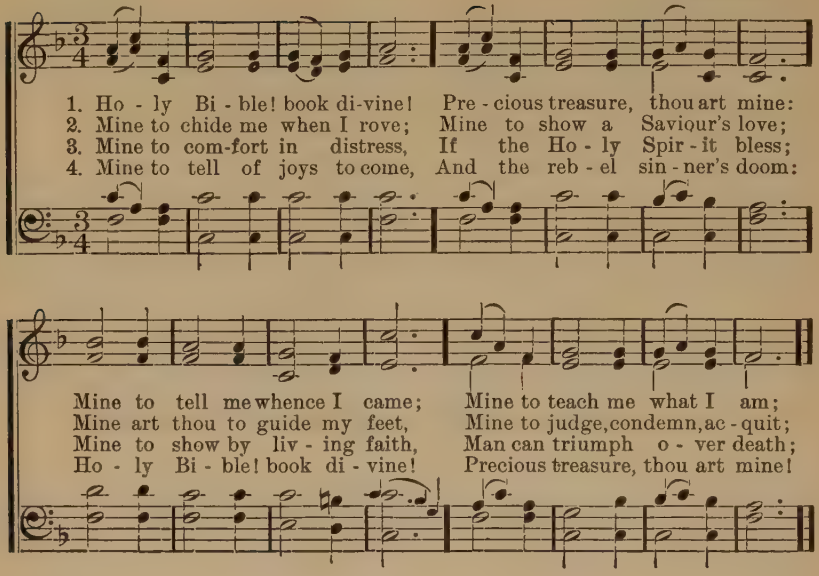
"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

COLOSSIANS III: 16.

HYMNS 162–173

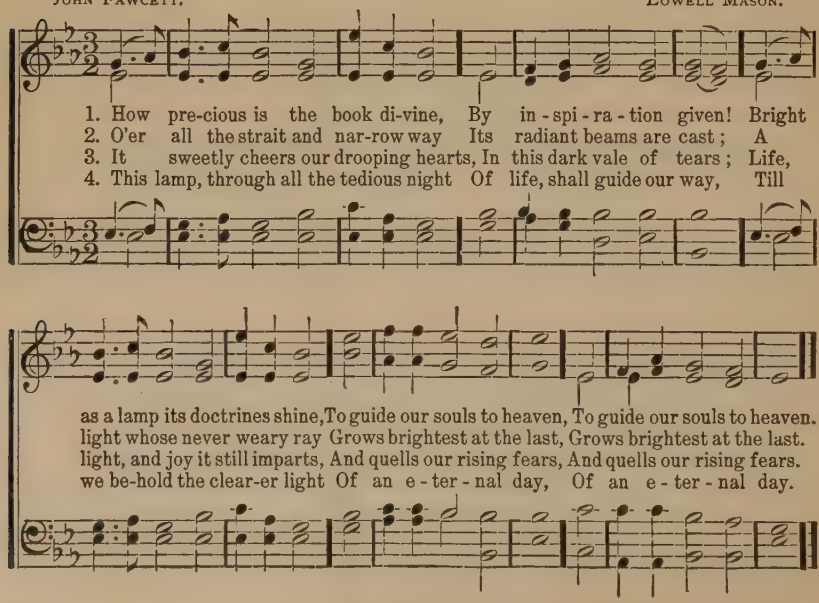
162 Aletta. 7s.

JOHN BURTON. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di-vine! Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in distress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, condemn, ac - quit;
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can triumph o - ver death;
Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious treasure, thou art mine!

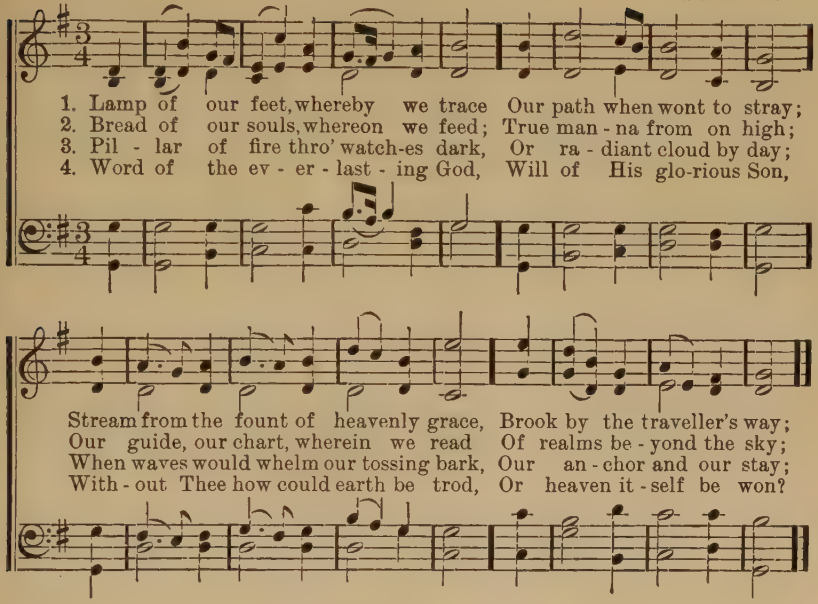
163 Cowper. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. LOWELL MASON.


1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! Bright
2. O'er all the strait and nar-row way Its radiant beams are cast; A
3. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life,
4. This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till
as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven, To guide our souls to heaven.
light whose never weary ray Grows brightest at the last, Grows brightest at the last.
light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our rising fears, And quells our rising fears.
we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e - ter - nal day, Of an e - ter - nal day.

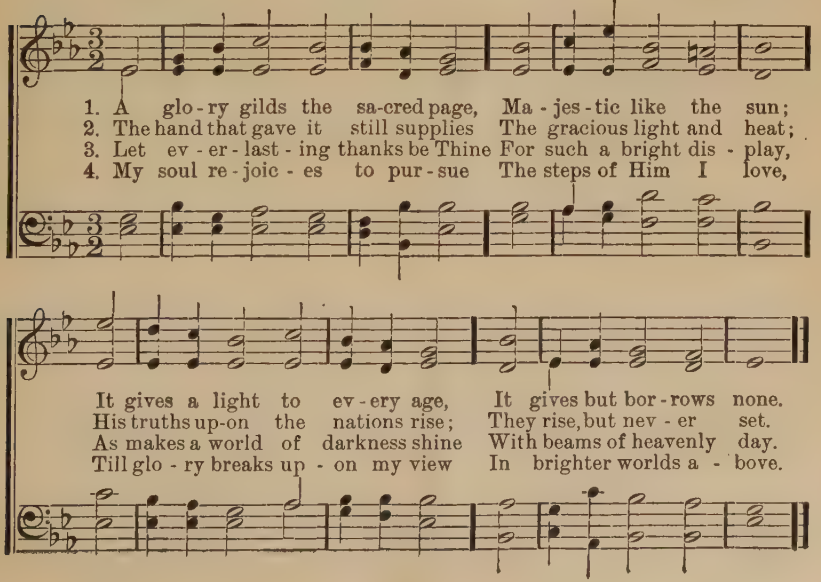
Kedron. C. M.

B. Barton. Thos. Hastings.


1. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed; True man - na from on high;
3. Pil - lar of fire thro' watch-es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son,
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace, Brook by the traveller's way;
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read Of realms be - yond the sky;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an - chor and our stay;
With - out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heaven it - self be won?

Downs. C. M. 165

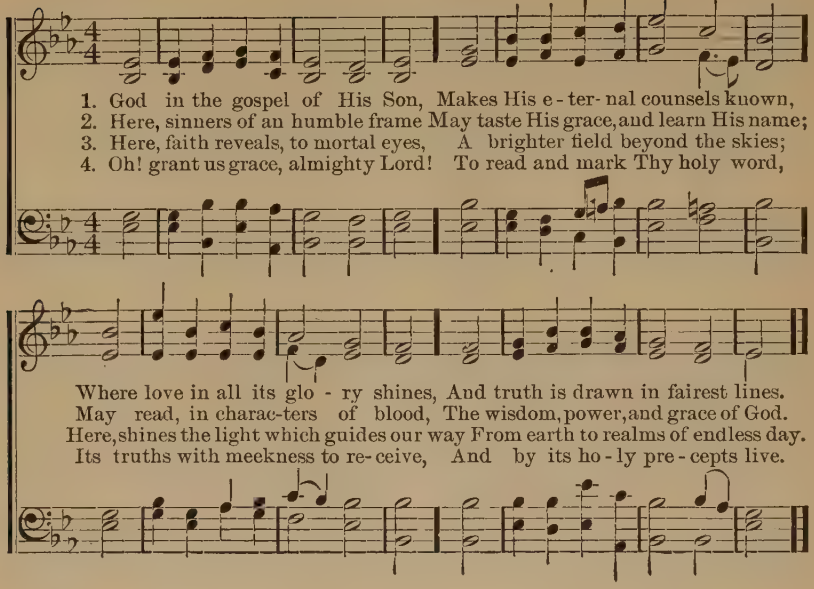
Wm. Cowper. Lowell Mason.


1. A glo - ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun;
2. The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat;
3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine For such a bright dis - play,
4. My soul re - joic - es to pur - sue The steps of Him I love,
It gives a light to ev - ery age, It gives but bor - rows none.
His truths up-on the nations rise; They rise, but nev - er set.
As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view In brighter worlds a - bove.

166

Uxbridge. L. M.

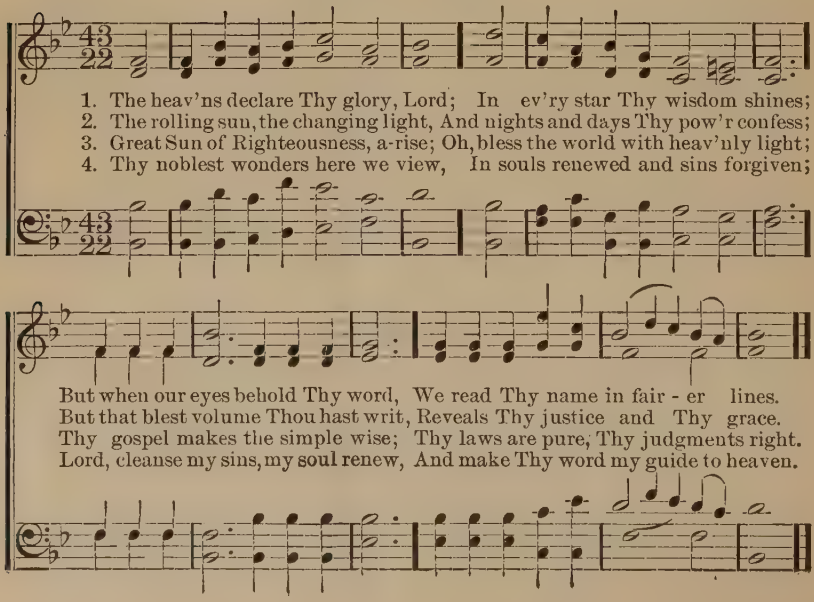
B. Beddome. Lowell Mason.


1. God in the gospel of His Son, Makes His e - ter- nal counsels known,
2. Here, sinners of an humble frame May taste His grace, and learn His name;
3. Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes, A brighter field beyond the skies;
4. Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord! To read and mark Thy holy word,
Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
May read, in charac-ters of blood, The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
Here, shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.
Its truths with meekness to re-ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live.

167

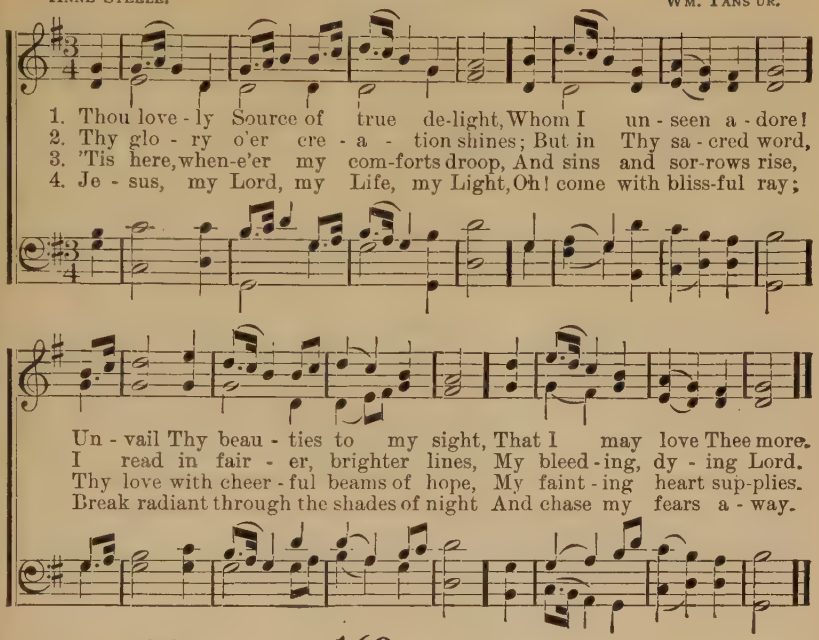
Ames. L. M.

Isaac Watts. S. Neukomm.


1. The heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord; In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines;
2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r confess;
3. Great Sun of Righteousness, a-rise; Oh, bless the world with heav'nly light;
4. Thy noblest wonders here we view, In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
But when our eyes behold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.
But that blest volume Thou hast writ, Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
Thy gospel makes the simple wise; Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

St. Martins. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. WM. TANS'UR.


1. Thou love - ly Source of true de-light, Whom I un - seen a - dore!
2. Thy glo - ry o'er cre - a - tion shines; But in Thy sa - cred word,
3. 'Tis here, when-e'er my com-forts droop, And sins and sor-rows rise,
4. Je - sus, my Lord, my Life, my Light, Oh! come with bliss-ful ray;
Un - vail Thy beau - ties to my sight, That I may love Thee more.
I read in fair - er, brighter lines, My bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord.
Thy love with cheer - ful beams of hope, My faint - ing heart sup-plies.
Break radiant through the shades of night And chase my fears a - way.

C. M. 169

1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Anne Steele.

C. M. 170

1 Lord, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts.

C. M. 171

1 Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy book.

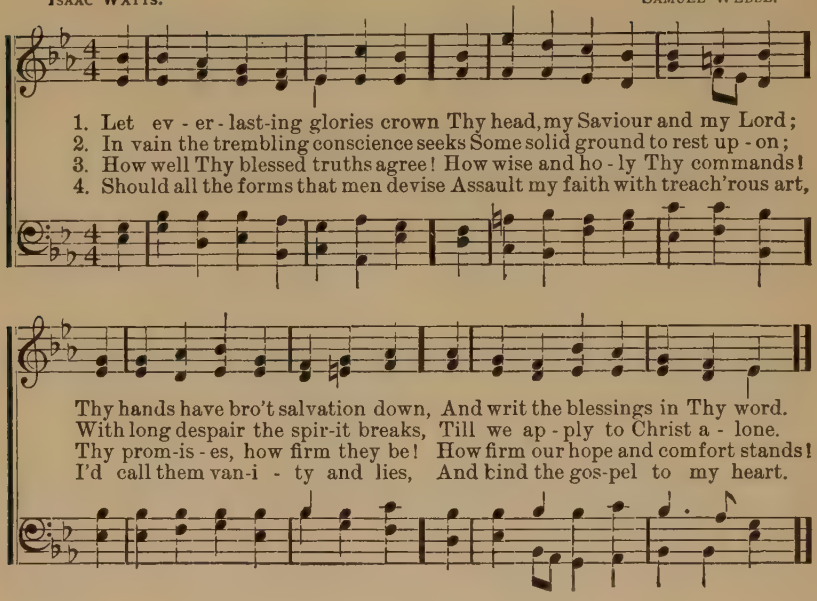
2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand Thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

Isaac Watts.

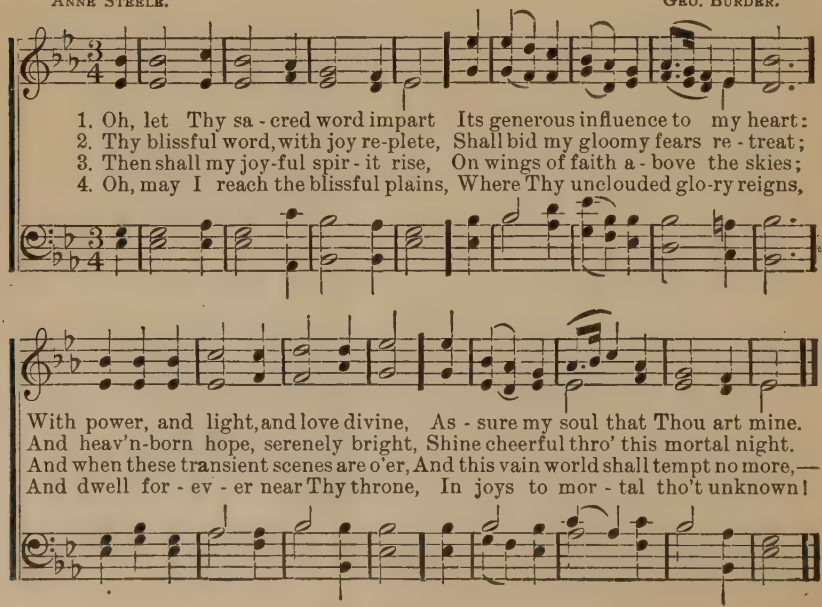
Melcombe. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Let ev - er - last-ing glories crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest up - on;
3. How well Thy blessed truths agree! How wise and ho - ly Thy commands!
4. Should all the forms that men devise Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
Thy hands have bro't salvation down, And writ the blessings in Thy word.
With long despair the spir-it breaks, Till we ap - ply to Christ a - lone.
Thy prom-is - es, how firm they be! How firm our hope and comfort stands!
I'd call them van-i - ty and lies, And bind the gos-pel to my heart.

173 Luton. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. GEO. BURDER.


1. Oh, let Thy sa - cred word impart Its generous influence to my heart:
2. Thy blissful word, with joy re-plete, Shall bid my gloomy fears re - treat;
3. Then shall my joy-ful spir - it rise, On wings of faith a - bove the skies;
4. Oh, may I reach the blissful plains, Where Thy unclouded glo-ry reigns,
With power, and light, and love divine, As - sure my soul that Thou art mine.
And heav'n-born hope, serenely bright, Shine cheerful thro' this mortal night.
And when these transient scenes are o'er, And this vain world shall tempt no more,—
And dwell for - ev - er near Thy throne, In joys to mor - tal tho't unknown!

VI

THE CALL AND PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL

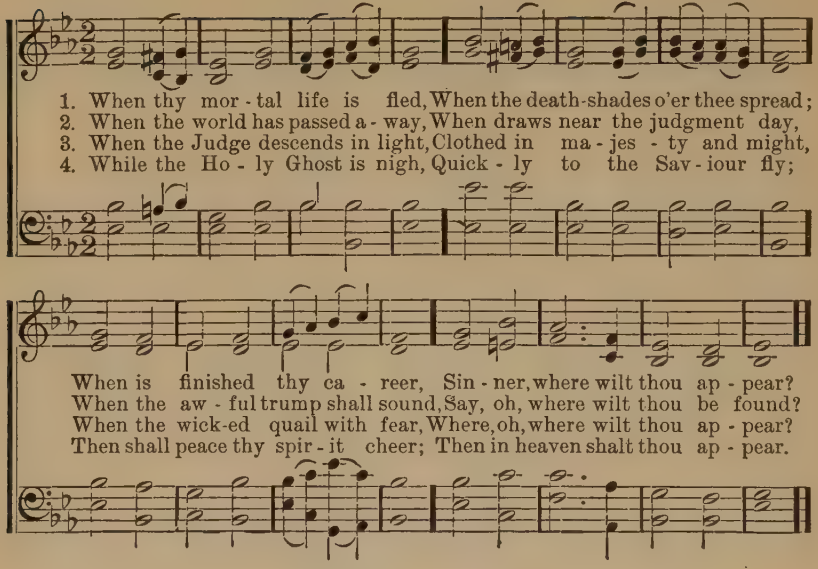
"I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore. For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell."

PSALM LXXXVI: 12, 13.

HYMNS 174–235

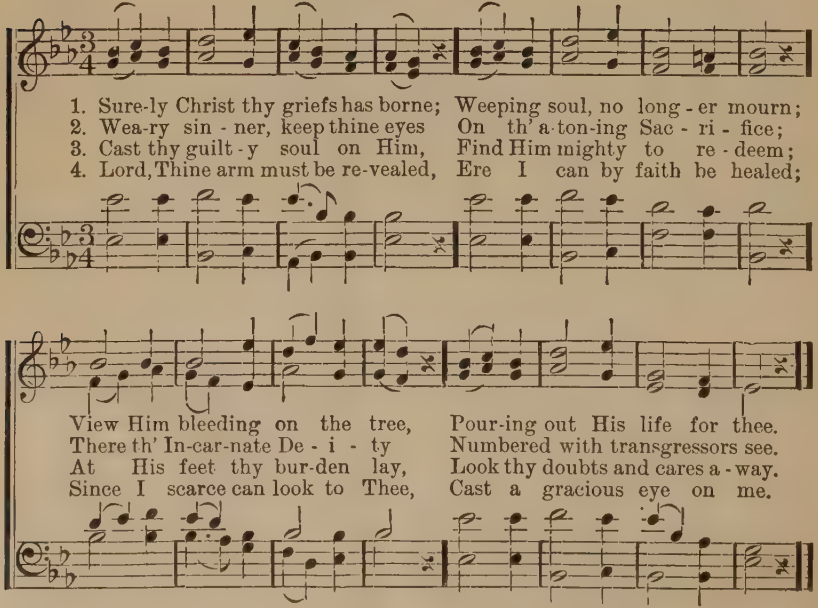
Holley. 7s.

S. F. Smith. Geo. Hews.


1. When thy mor - tal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread;
2. When the world has passed a - way, When draws near the judgment day,
3. When the Judge descends in light, Clothed in ma - jes - ty and might,
4. While the Ho - ly Ghost is nigh, Quick - ly to the Sav - iour fly;
When is finished thy ca - reer, Sin - ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?
When the aw - ful trump shall sound, Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?
When the wick-ed quail with fear, Where, oh, where wilt thou ap - pear?
Then shall peace thy spir - it cheer; Then in heaven shalt thou ap - pear.

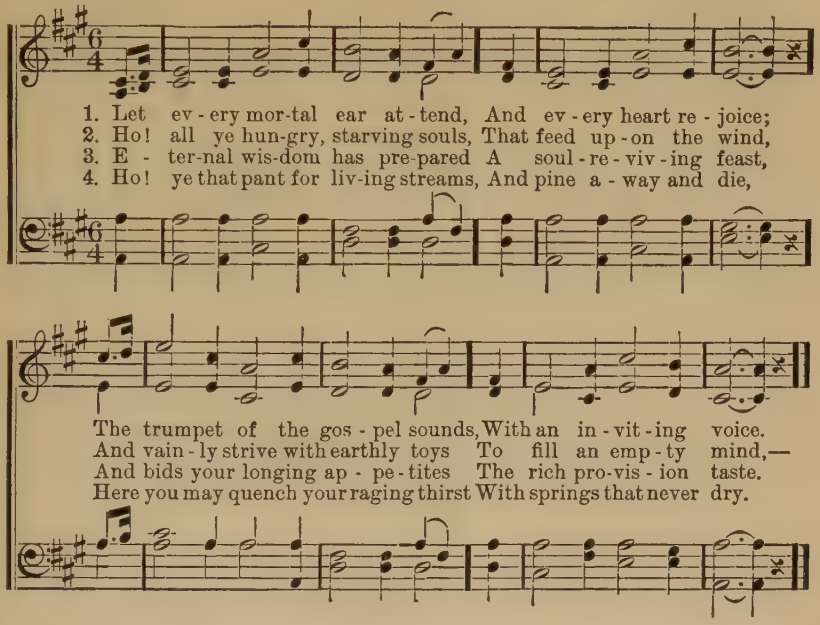
175 Dallas. 7s.

A. M. Toplady. Cherubini.


1. Sure-ly Christ thy griefs has borne; Weeping soul, no long - er mourn;
2. Wea-ry sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th' a-ton-ing Sac - ri - fice;
3. Cast thy guilt - y soul on Him, Find Him mighty to re - deem;
4. Lord, Thine arm must be re-vealed, Ere I can by faith be healed;
View Him bleeding on the tree, Pour-ing out His life for thee.
There th' In-car-nate De - i - ty Numbered with transgressors see.
At His feet thy bur-den lay, Look thy doubts and cares a - way.
Since I scarce can look to Thee, Cast a gracious eye on me.

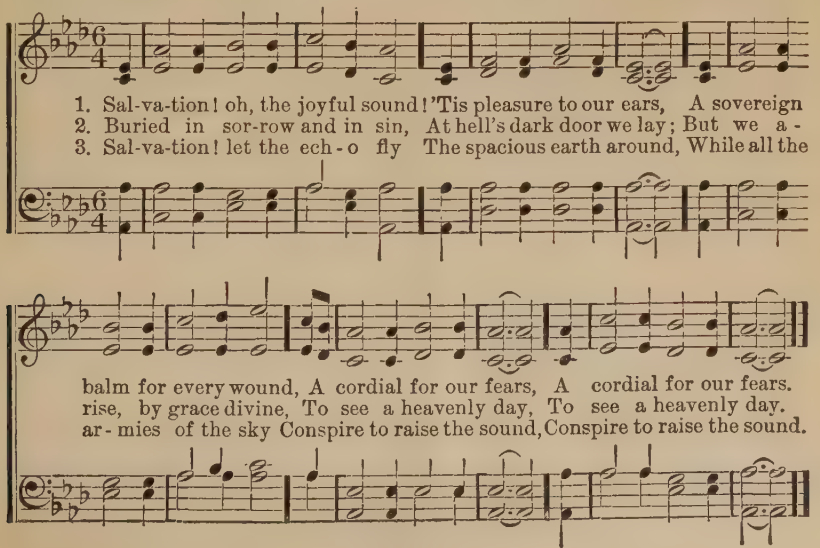
Maitland. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GEO. N. ALLEN.


1. Let ev - ery mor-tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice;
2. Ho! all ye hun-gry, starving souls, That feed up - on the wind,
3. E - ter-nal wis-dom has pre-pared A soul - re - viv - ing feast,
4. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a - way and die,
The trumpet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.
And vain - ly strive with earthly toys To fill an emp - ty mind,—
And bids your longing ap - pe - tites The rich pro-vis - ion taste.
Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.

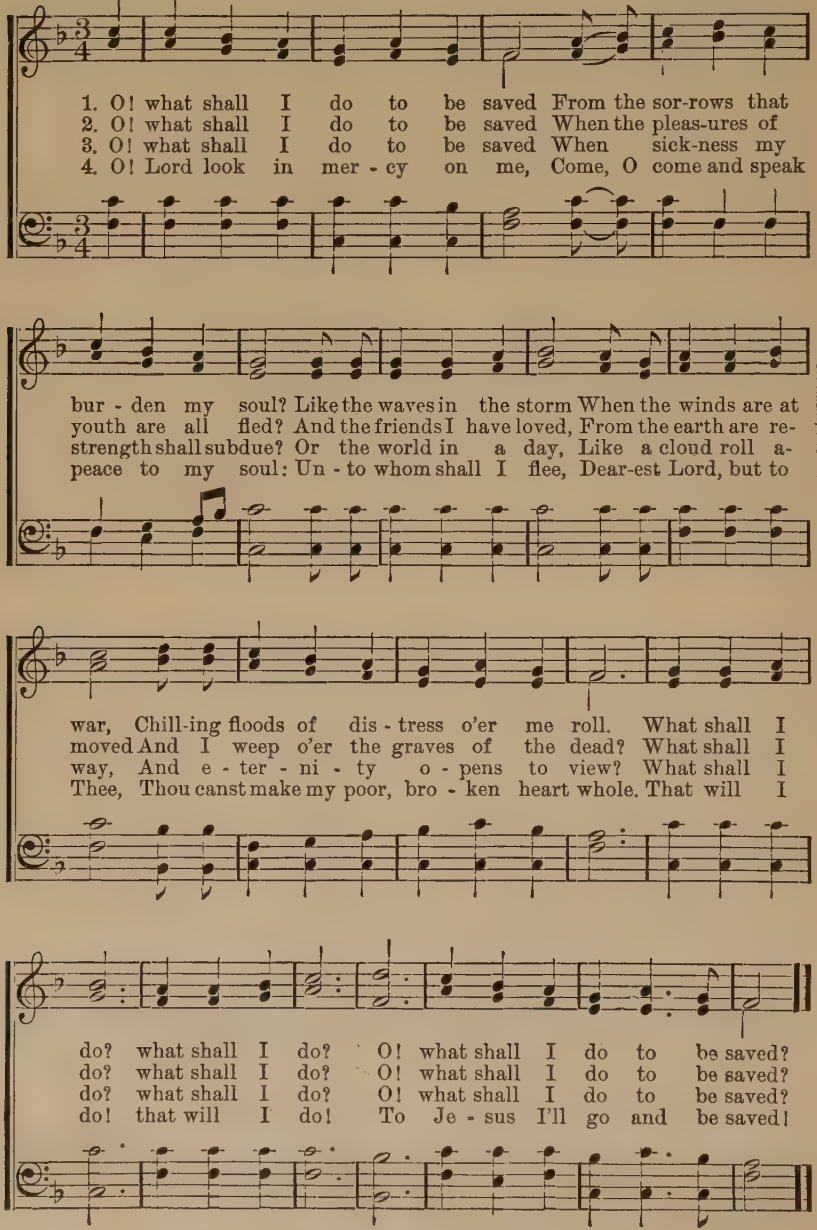
Ortonville. C. M. 177

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Sal-va-tion! oh, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sovereign
2. Buried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a -
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth around, While all the
balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.
rise, by grace divine, To see a heavenly day, To see a heavenly day.
ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

What shall I do to be Saved?

J. W. Holman. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleas-ures of
3. O! what shall I do to be saved When sick-ness my
4. O! Lord look in mer - cy on me, Come, O come and speak
bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
peace to my soul: Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to
war, Chill-ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I
moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall I
way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I
Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro - ken heart whole. That will I
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do! that will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved!

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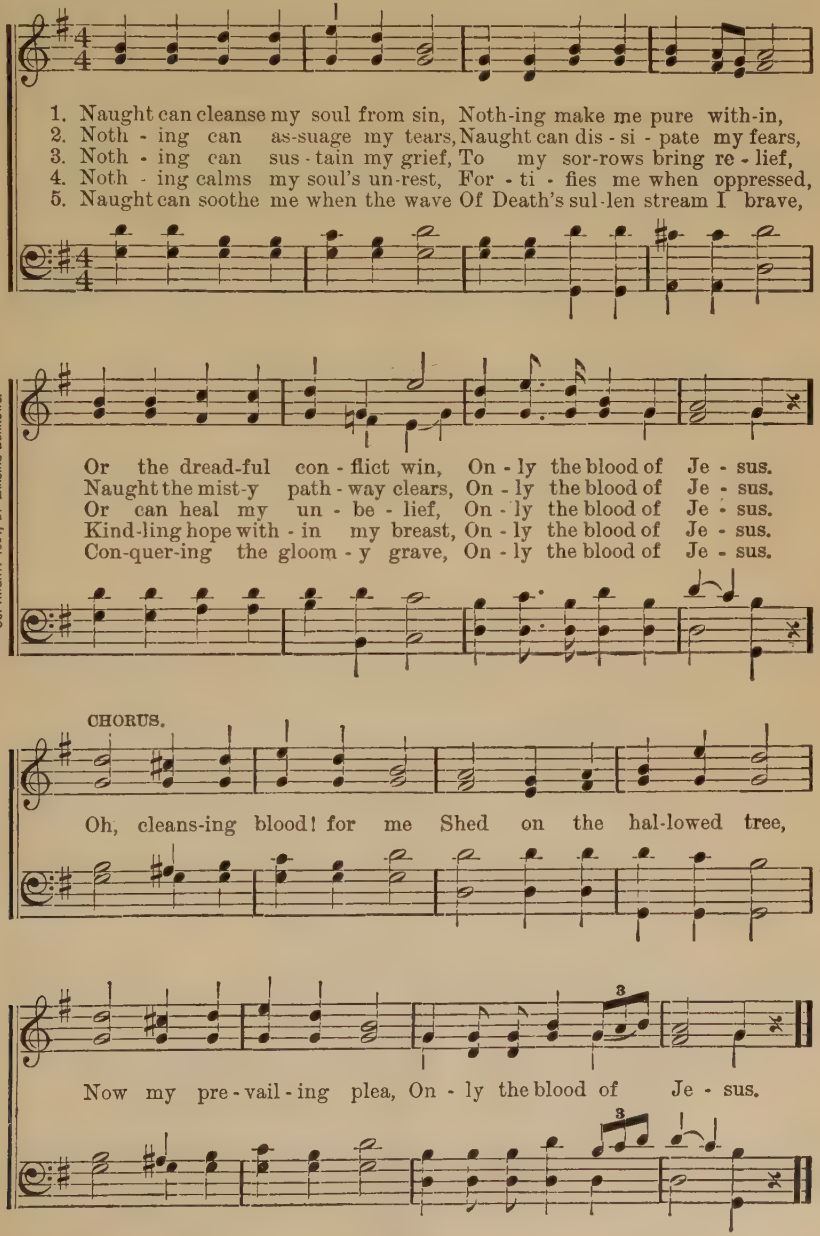
Only the Blood of Jesus.

LANSING BURROWS. M. C. V. and L.B.


1. Naught can cleanse my soul from sin, Noth-ing make me pure with-in,
2. Noth - ing can as-suage my tears, Naught can dis - si - pate my fears,
3. Noth - ing can sus - tain my grief, To my sor-rows bring re - lief,
4. Noth - ing calms my soul's un-rest, For - ti - fies me when oppressed,
5. Naught can soothe me when the wave Of Death's sul-len stream I brave,
Or the dread-ful con - flict win, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
Naught the mist-y path - way clears, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
Or can heal my un - be - lief, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
Kind-ling hope with - in my breast, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
Con-quer-ing the gloom - y grave, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Oh, cleans-ing blood! for me Shed on the hal-lowed tree,
Now my pre - vail - ing plea, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.

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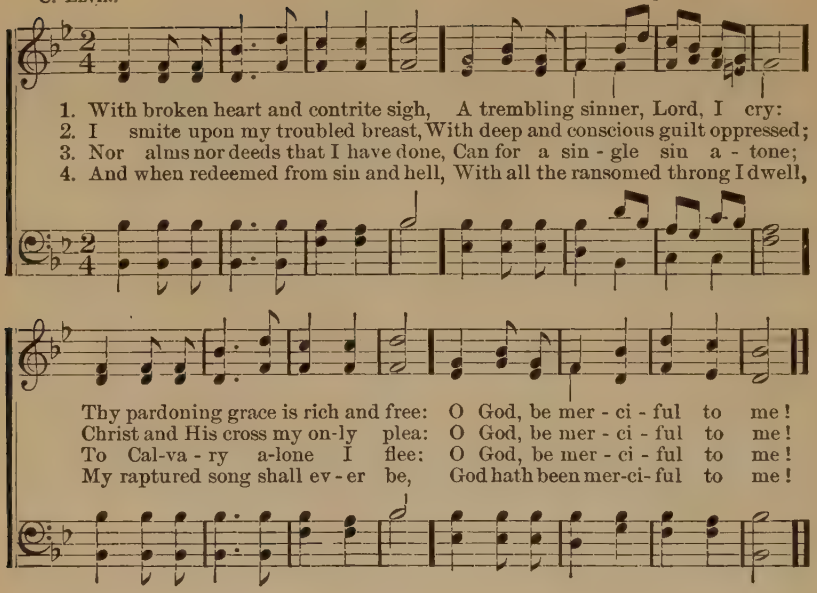
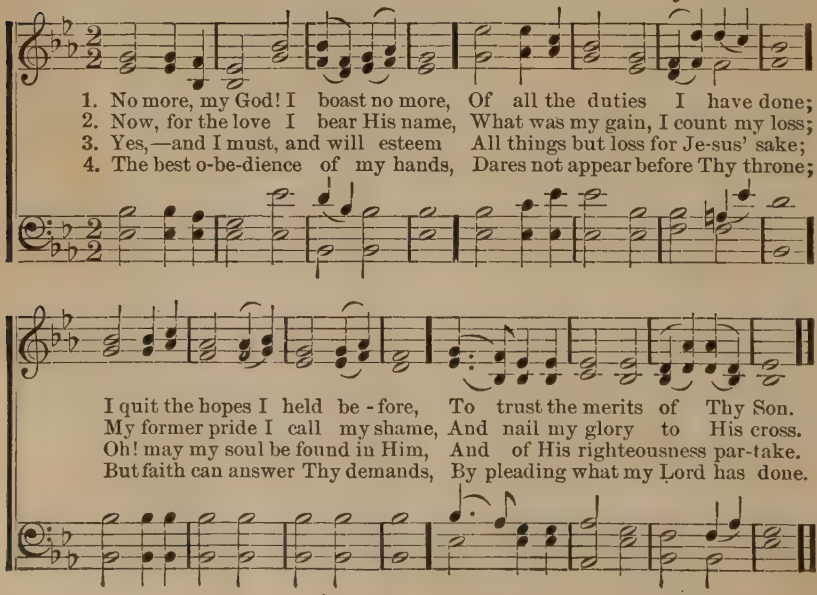
180 Welton. L. M.

C. Elvin. Cæsar Malan.


1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
2. I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
3. Nor alms nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin-gle sin a-tone;
4. And when redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
Christ and His cross my on-ly plea: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
To Cal-va-ry a-lone I flee: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
My raptured song shall ev-er be, God hath been mer-ci-ful to me!

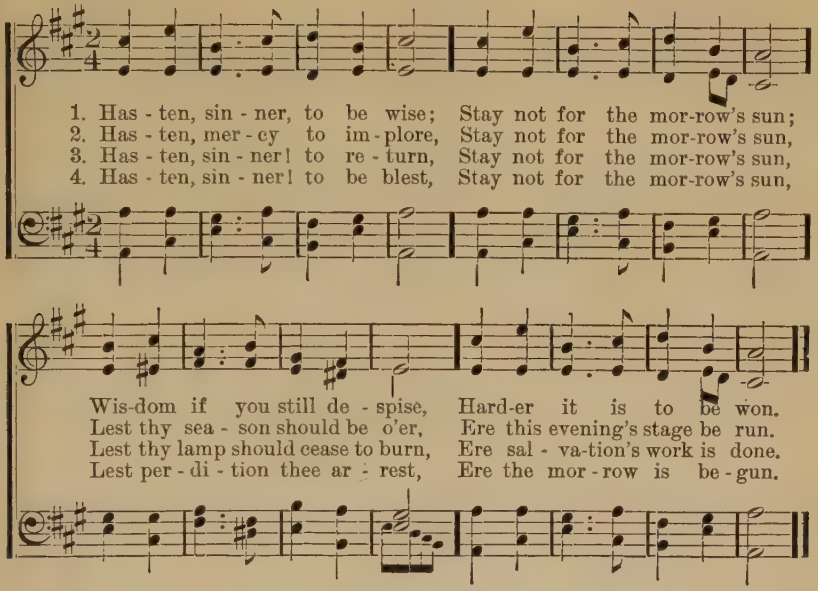
181 Bera. L. M.

Isaac Watts. J. E. Gould.


1. No more, my God! I boast no more, Of all the duties I have done;
2. Now, for the love I bear His name, What was my gain, I count my loss;
3. Yes,—and I must, and will esteem All things but loss for Je-sus' sake;
4. The best o-be-dience of my hands, Dares not appear before Thy throne;
I quit the hopes I held be-fore, To trust the merits of Thy Son.
My former pride I call my shame, And nail my glory to His cross.
Oh! may my soul be found in Him, And of His righteousness par-take.
But faith can answer Thy demands, By pleading what my Lord has done.

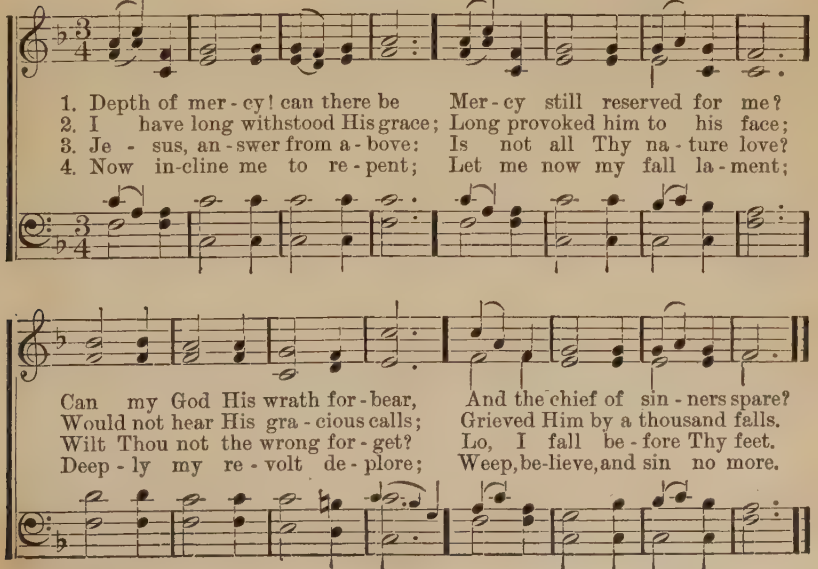
Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOS. SCOTT. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise; Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im - plore, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Has - ten, sin - ner! to re - turn, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
4. Has - ten, sin - ner! to be blest, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
Wis-dom if you still de - spise, Hard-er it is to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere sal - va-tion's work is done.
Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest, Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

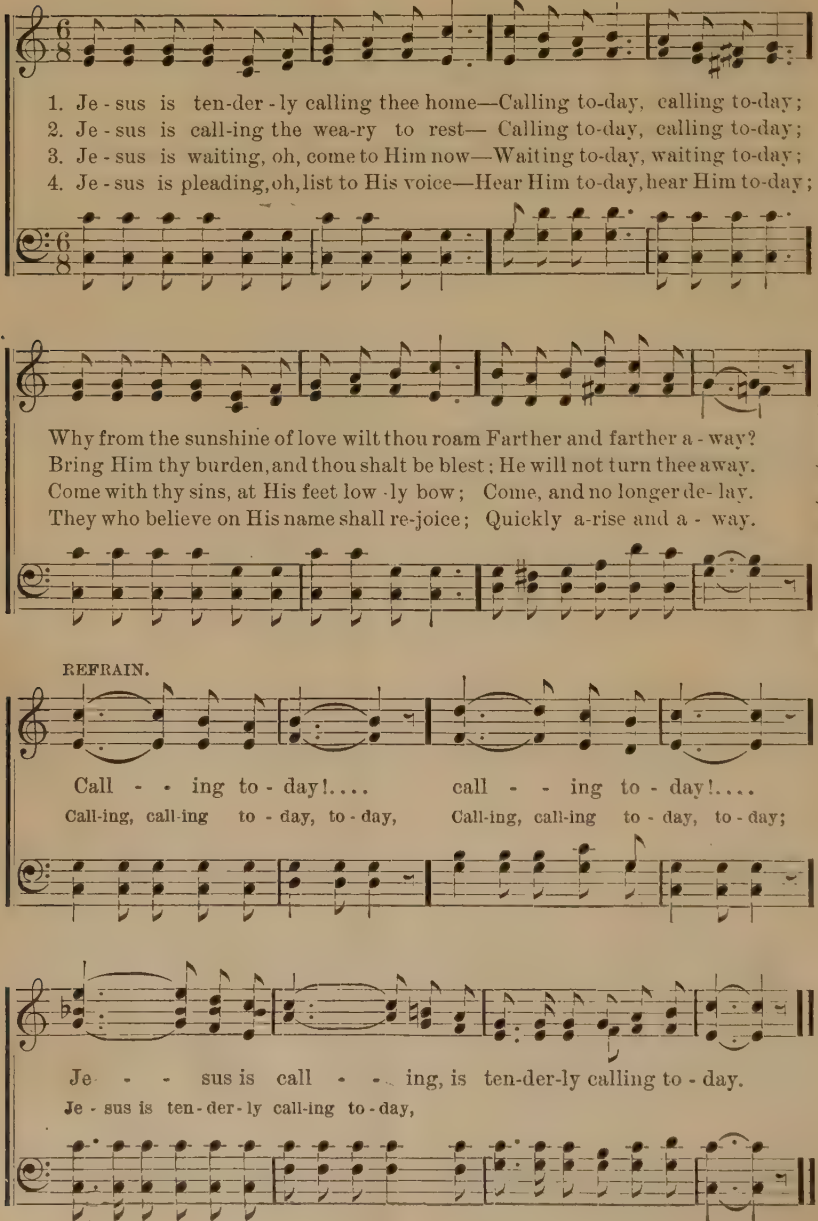
Aletta. 7s. 183

CHARLES WESLEY. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked him to his face;
3. Je - sus, an - swer from a - bove: Is not all Thy na - ture love?
4. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my fall la - ment;
Can my God His wrath for - bear, And the chief of sin - ners spare?
Would not hear His gra - cious calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Wilt Thou not the wrong for - get? Lo, I fall be - fore Thy feet.
Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore; Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.


1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest— Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee away.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a - way.
REFRAIN.
Call - - ing to - day!.... call - - ing to - day!....
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to - day, Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to - day;
Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der-ly calling to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

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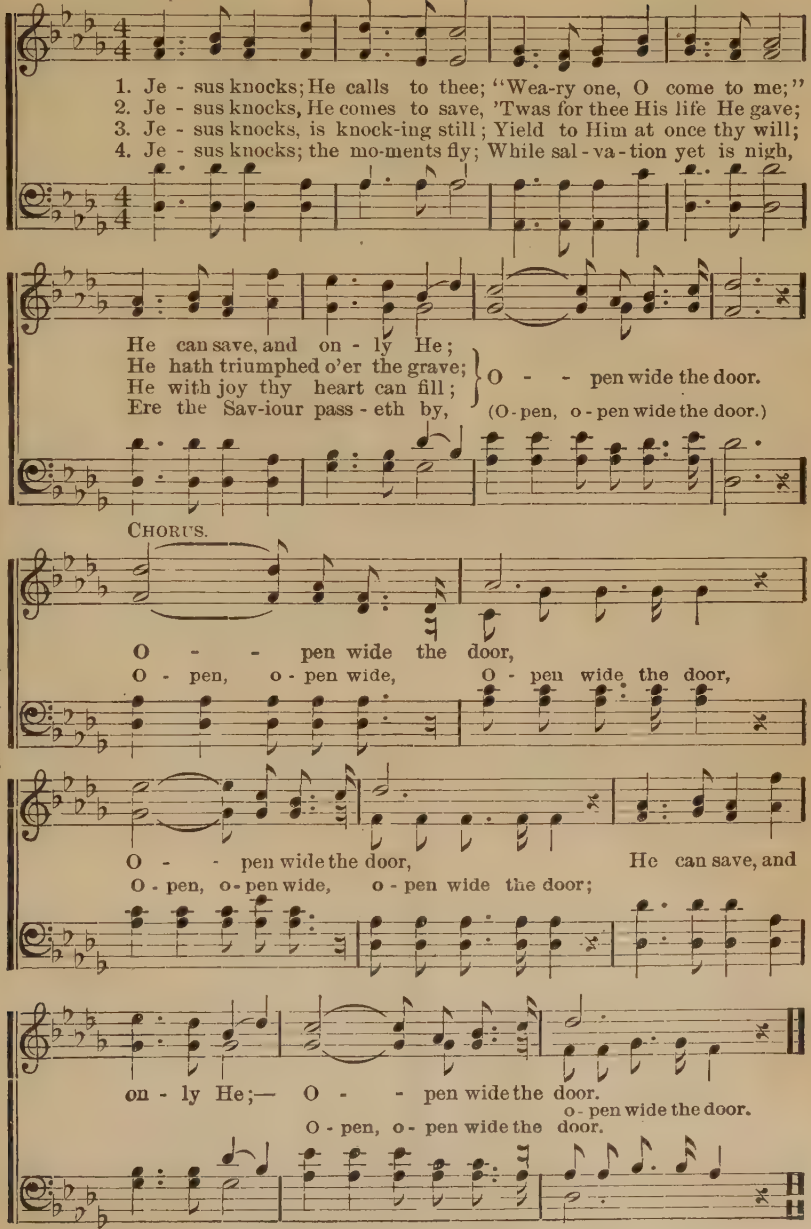
Open Wide the Door.

W. KITCHING, Arr. by S. J. H. BURKE.


1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea-ry one, O come to me;"
2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the mo-ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,
He can save, and on - ly He;
He hath triumphed o'er the grave;
He with joy thy heart can fill;
Ere the Sav-iour pass - eth by,
O - - pen wide the door.
(O - pen, o - pen wide the door.)
CHORUS.
O - - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,
O - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door;
on - ly He;— O - - pen wide the door.
o - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

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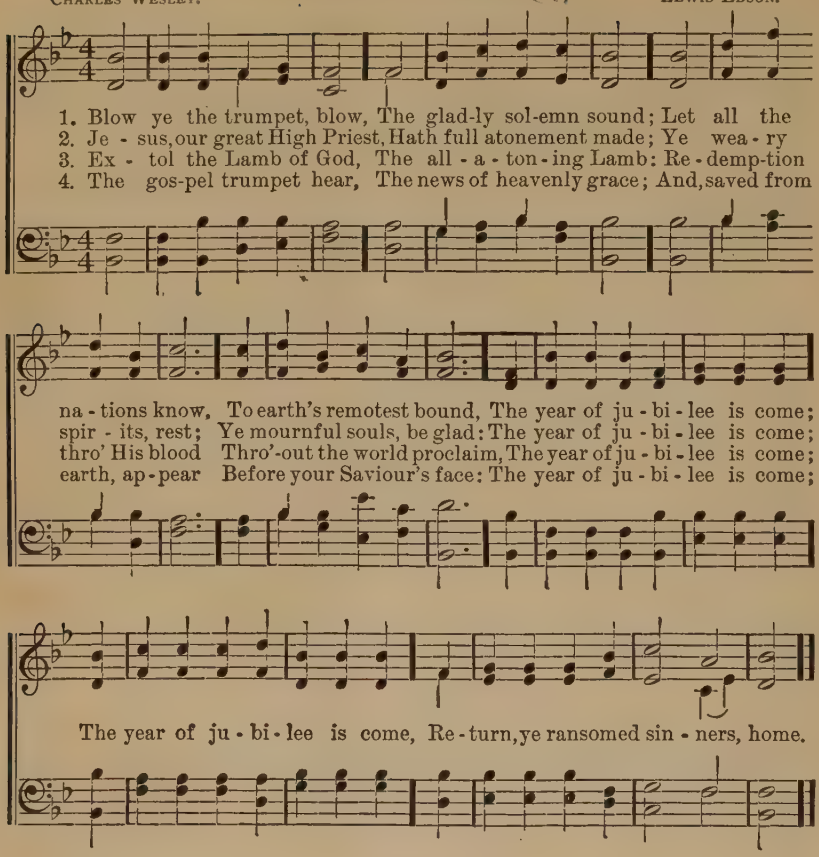
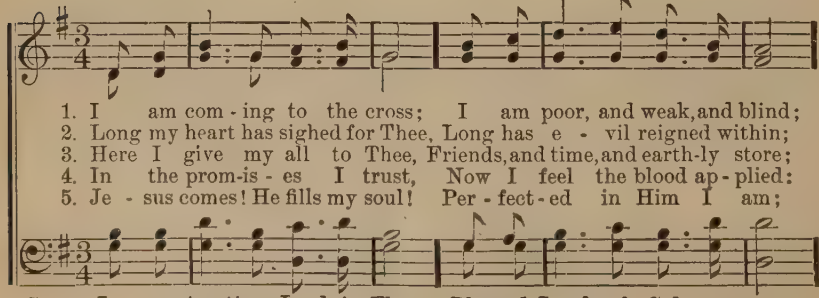
Lenox. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye wea - ry
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton - ing Lamb: Re - demp-tion
4. The gos-pel trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace; And, saved from
na - tions know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
spir - its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
thro' His blood Thro'-out the world proclaim, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
earth, ap - pear Before your Saviour's face: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.

189 Coming to the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom-is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied:
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

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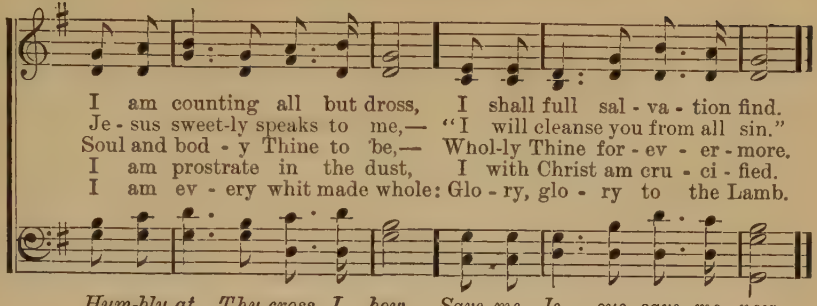
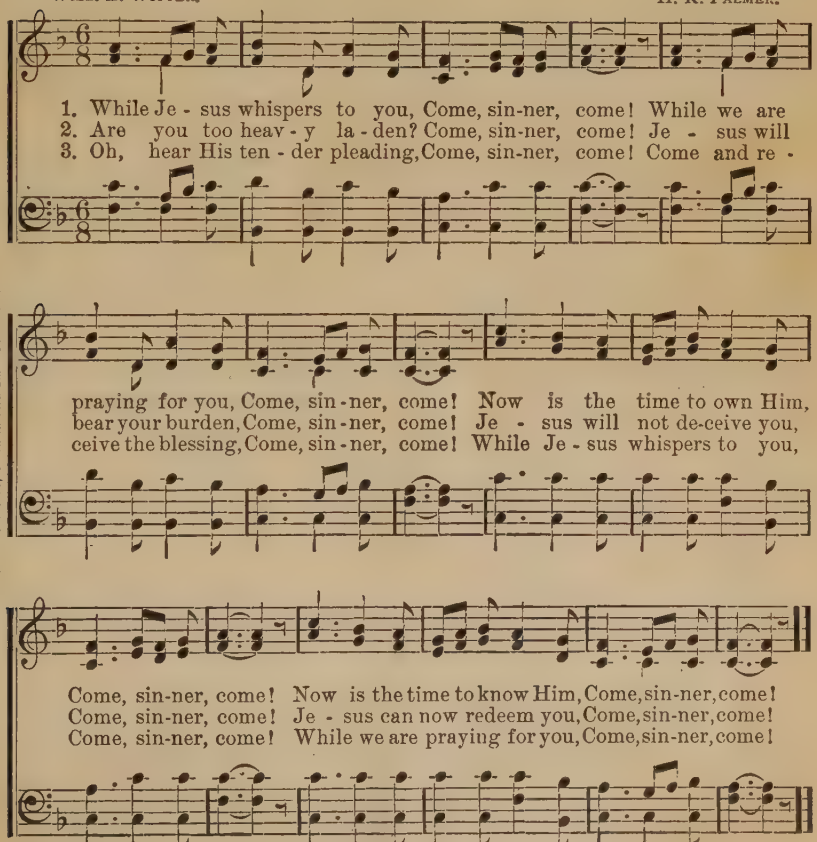
Coming to the Cross.—*Concluded.*


I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - ery whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

USED BY PER.

Come, Sinner, Come. 190

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -
praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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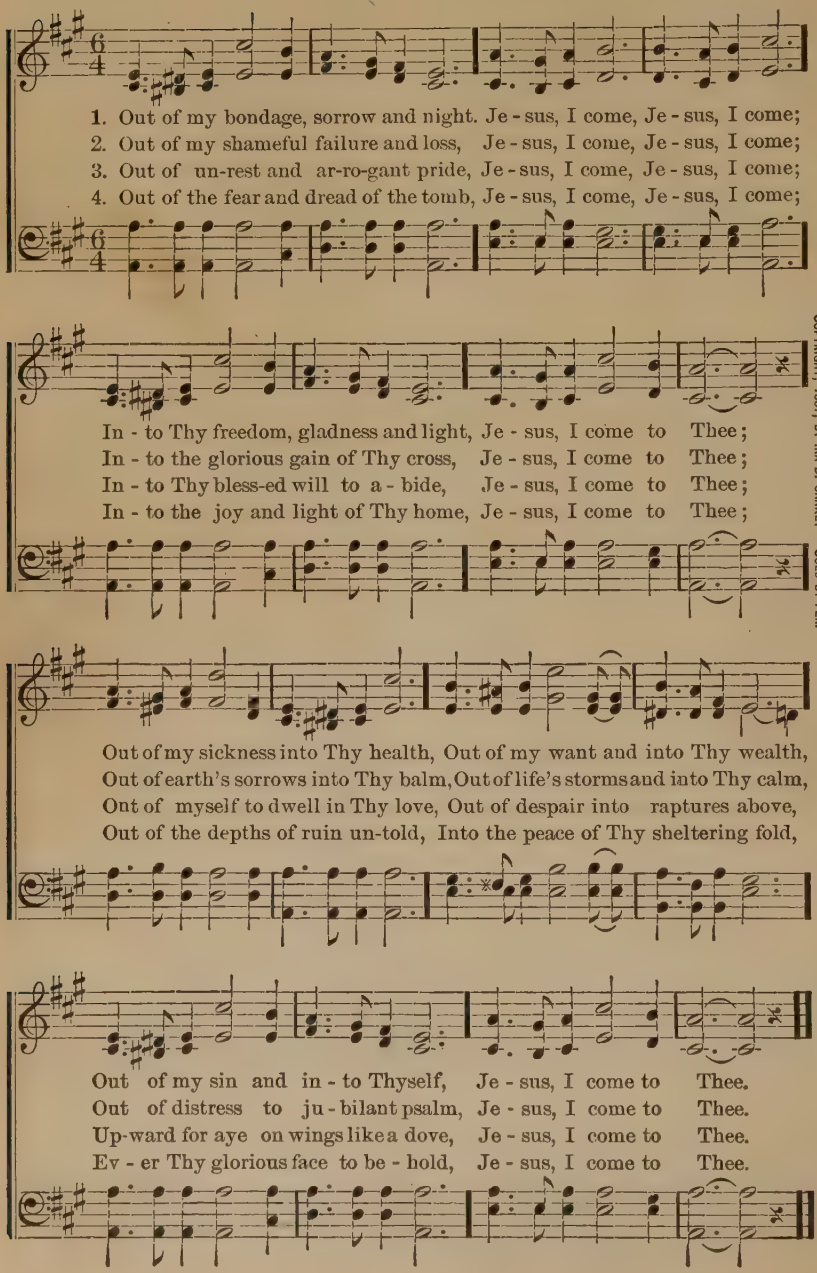
Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night. Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness into Thy health, Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures above,
Out of the depths of ruin un-told, Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of distress to ju - bilant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glorious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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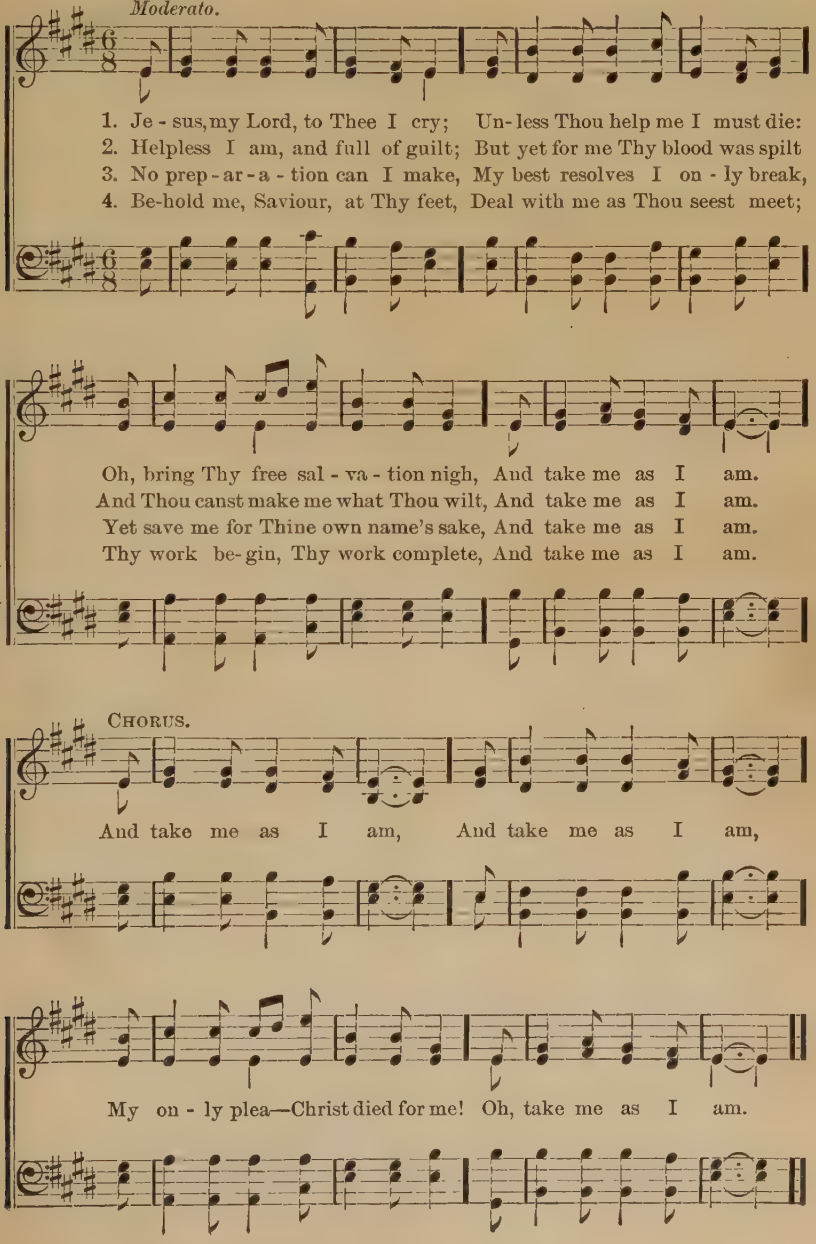
Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die:
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt
3. No prep - ar - a - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break,
4. Be-hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be-gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
CHORUS.
And take me as I am, And take me as I am,
My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

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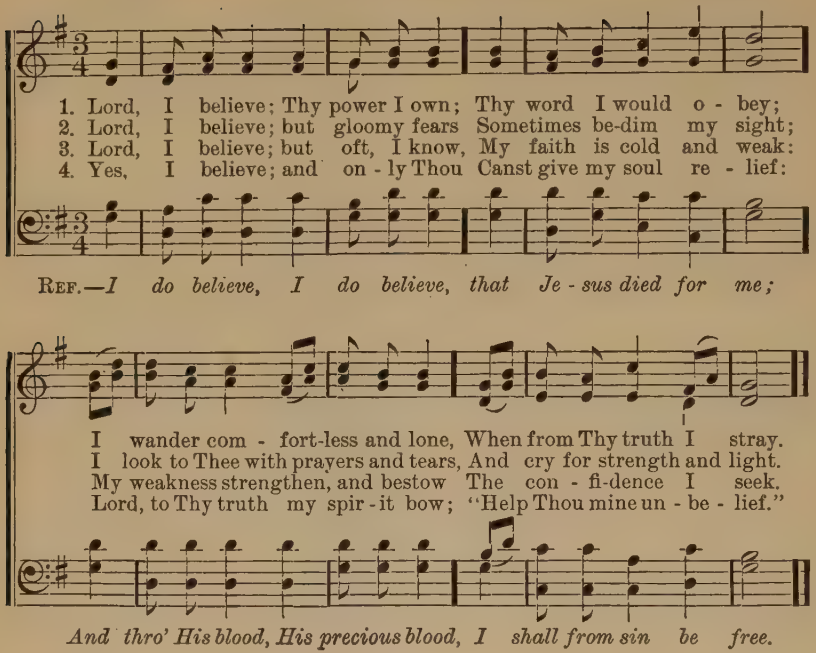
Georgia. C. M.

J. R. WREFORD. English Air.


1. Lord, I believe; Thy power I own; Thy word I would o - bey;
2. Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears Sometimes be-dim my sight;
3. Lord, I believe; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak:
4. Yes, I believe; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief:
REF.—I do believe, I do believe, that Je - sus died for me;
I wander com - fort-less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.
My weakness strengthen, and bestow The con - fi-dence I seek.
Lord, to Thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help Thou mine un - be - lief."
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

194 C. M.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power!
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies!

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see Thy face:
O let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace!

Charles Wesley.

195 C. M.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

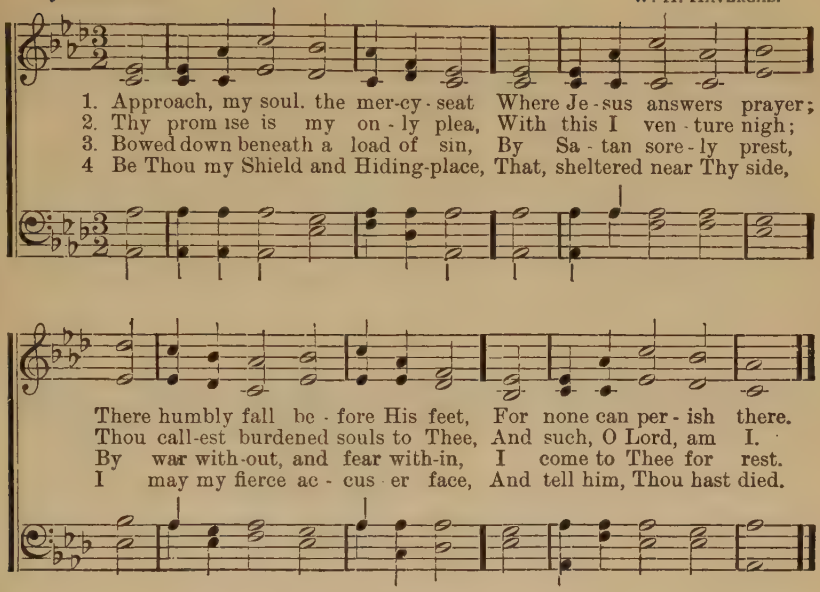
3 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall:
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Isaac Watts.

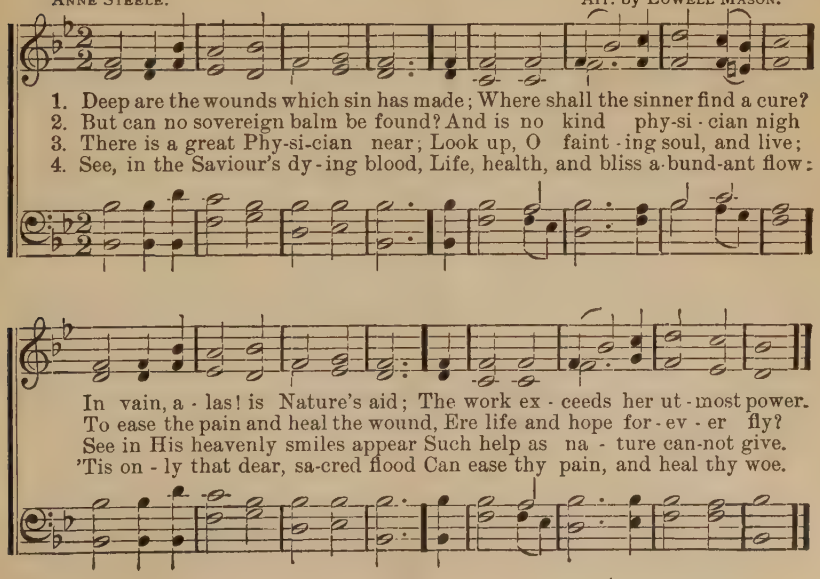
Evan. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. W. H. HAVERGAL.


1. Approach, my soul. the mer-cy-seat Where Je-sus answers prayer;
2. Thy prom ise is my on-ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh;
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly prest,
4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place, That, sheltered near Thy side,
There humbly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there.
Thou call-est burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with-out, and fear with-in, I come to Thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac-cus-er face, And tell him, Thou hast died.

Ward. L. M. 197

ANNE STEELE. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sinner find a cure?
2. But can no sovereign balm be found? And is no kind phy-si-cian nigh
3. There is a great Phy-si-cian near; Look up, O faint-ing soul, and live;
4. See, in the Saviour's dy-ing blood, Life, health, and bliss a-bund-ant flow:
In vain, a-las! is Nature's aid; The work ex-ceeds her ut-most power.
To ease the pain and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for-ev-er fly?
See in His heavenly smiles appear Such help as na-ture can-not give.
'Tis on-ly that dear, sa-cred flood Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
Chorus.
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

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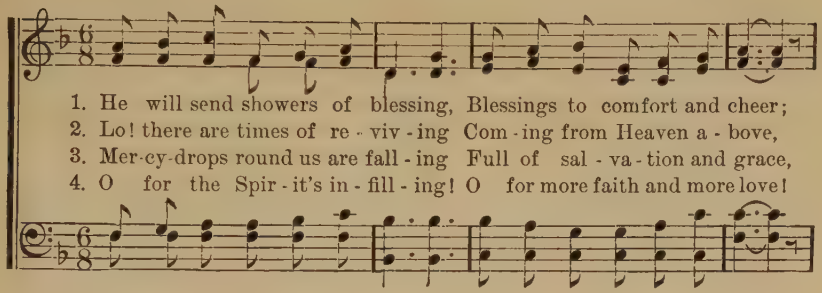
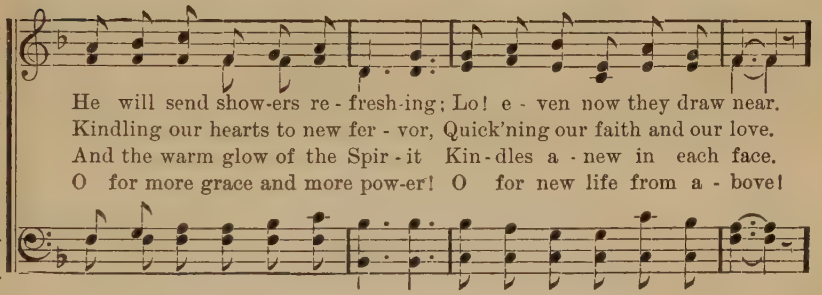
5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

He Will Send Showers of Blessing.

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. He will send showers of blessing, Blessings to comfort and cheer;
2. Lo! there are times of re - viv - ing Com - ing from Heaven a - bove,
3. Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing Full of sal - va - tion and grace,
4. O for the Spir - it's in - fill - ing! O for more faith and more love!


He will send show-ers re - fresh - ing; Lo! e - ven now they draw near.
Kindling our hearts to new fer - vor, Quick'ning our faith and our love.
And the warm glow of the Spir - it Kin - dles a - new in each face.
O for more grace and more pow-er! O for new life from a - bove!

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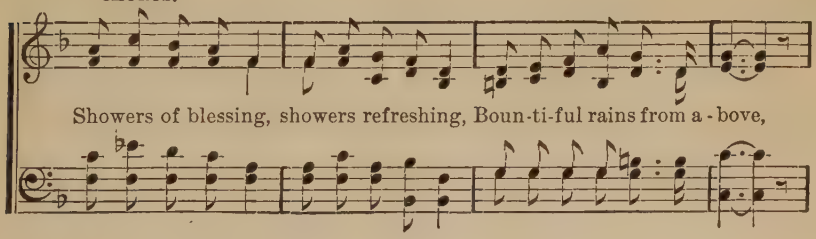
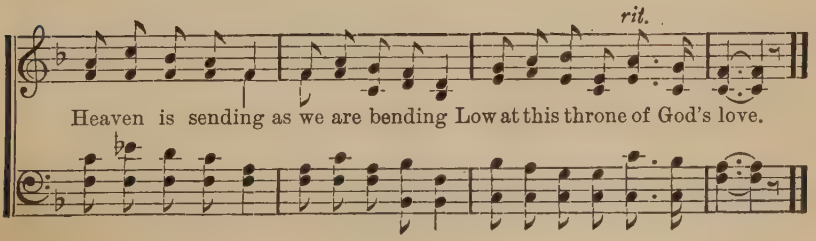
CHORUS.





Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re-pents and forsakes every sin, And opens his
liev-eth on God's only Son, A free and a per-fect salvation shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e-ter-nal redemption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A present and per-fect salvation shall
have: For He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.
have: For He is both a-ble and will-ing to save.
have: For Je-sus is read-y this mo-ment to save.
CHORUS.
My brother, the Mas-ter is call-ing for thee;.....
Brother, the Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;
His grace and His mer-cy are wondrously free;.....
Brother, His grace and His mer-cy are wondrously free;

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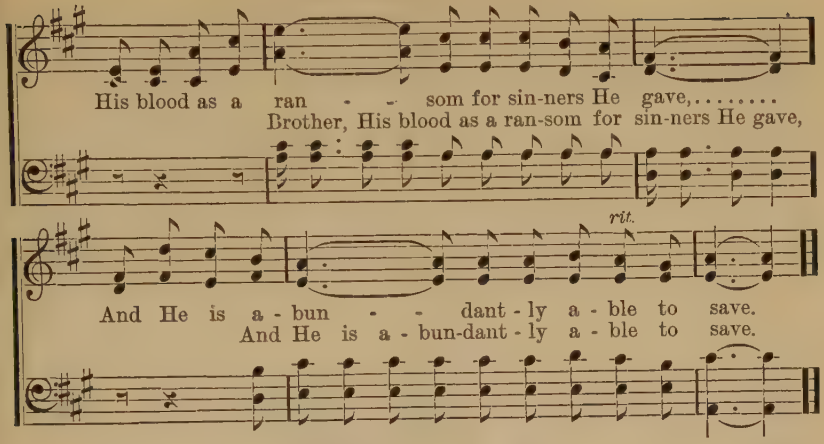
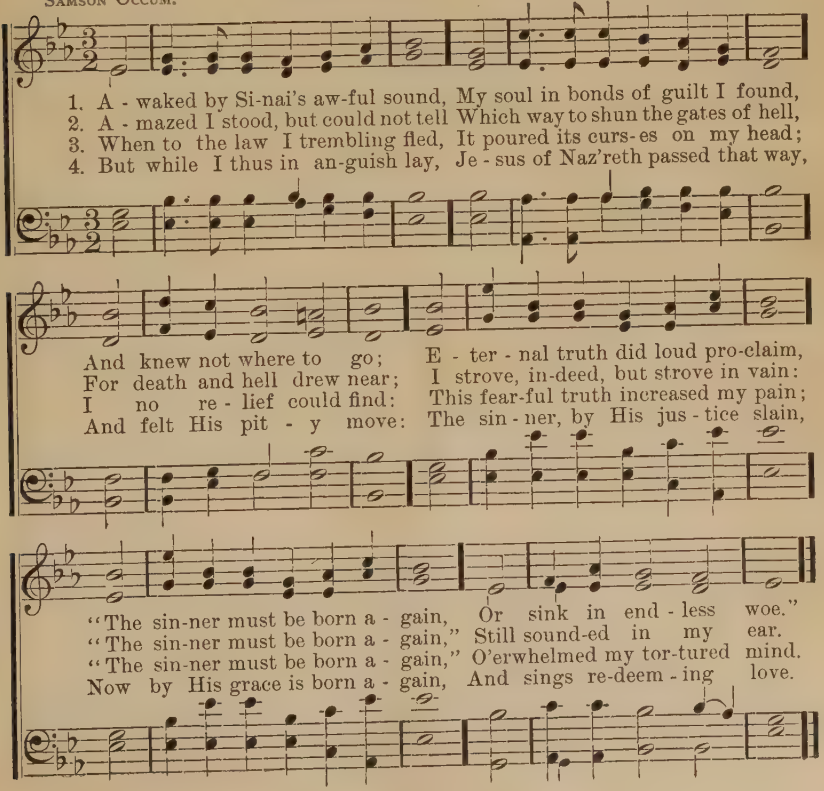
Abundantly Able.—*Concluded.*


His blood as a ran - - som for sin-ners He gave,.....
Brother, His blood as a ran-som for sin-ners He gave,
rit.
And He is a - bun - - dant - ly a - ble to save.
And He is a - bun-dant - ly a - ble to save.

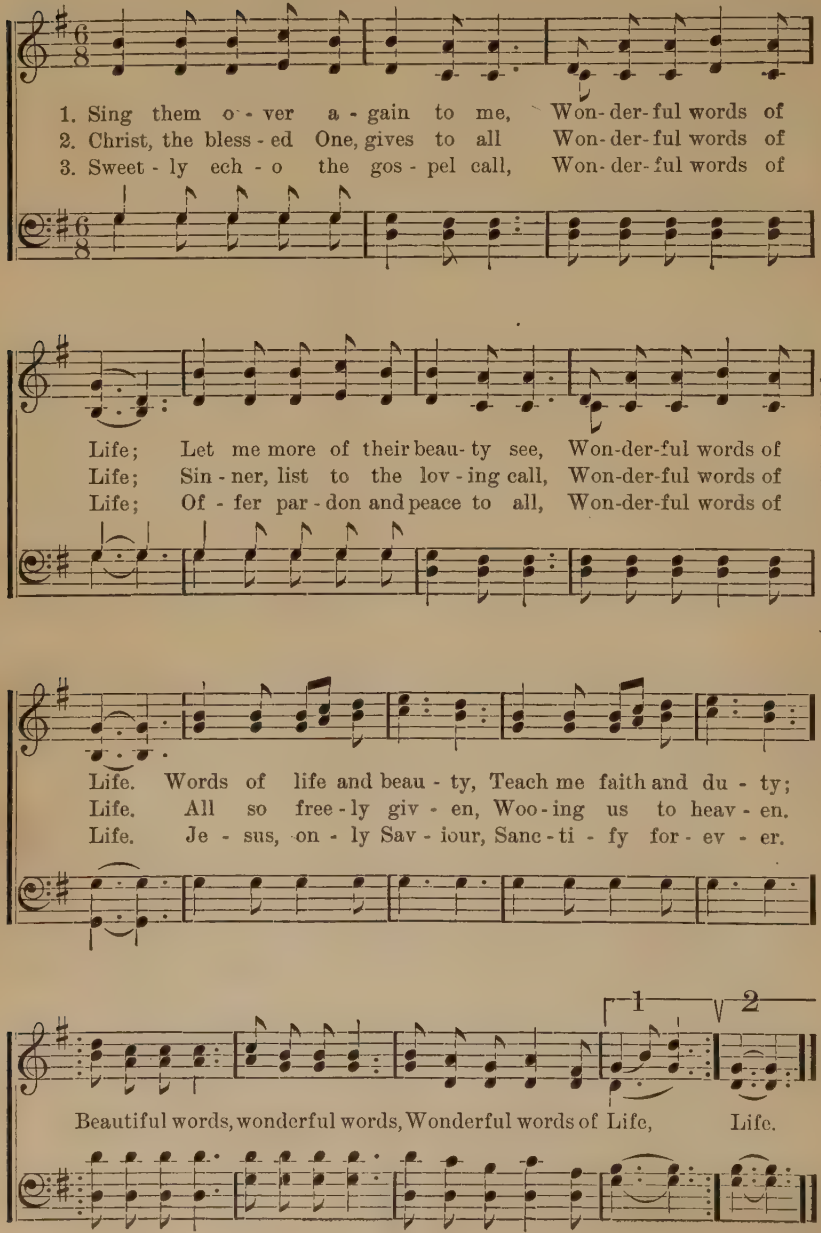
Meribah. P. M. 201

Samson Occum. Lowell Mason.


1. A - waked by Si-nai's aw-ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
2. A - mazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell,
3. When to the law I trembling fled, It poured its curs-es on my head;
4. But while I thus in an-guish lay, Je - sus of Naz'reth passed that way,
And knew not where to go; E - ter - nal truth did loud pro-claim,
For death and hell drew near; I strove, in-deed, but strove in vain:
I no re - lief could find: This fear-ful truth increased my pain;
And felt His pit - y move: The sin - ner, by His jus - tice slain,
"The sin-ner must be born a - gain, Or sink in end - less woe."
"The sin-ner must be born a - gain," Still sound-ed in my ear.
"The sin-ner must be born a - gain," O'erwhelmed my tor-tured mind.
Now by His grace is born a - gain, And sings re-deem - ing love.

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of
Life; Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of
Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of
Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of
Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
1
2
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

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Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, Sor-row-ing ones op - pressed;
2. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to the voice so dear,
3. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to that voice a - gain,
4. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry; Why will ye long - er roam?
I am your ten - der Shep-herd, Wait-ing to give you rest.
Sweet-er than an - gel mu - sic, Fall - ing up - on the ear.
O - ver the bar - ren mount-ain, O - ver the lone - ly plain.
Come to the arms of mer - cy, Come to a Fa - ther's home.
CHORUS.
Come, come, come un - to Me, Wea - ry and sore dis - tressed;
Come, come, come un - to Me, Come un - to Me and rest.

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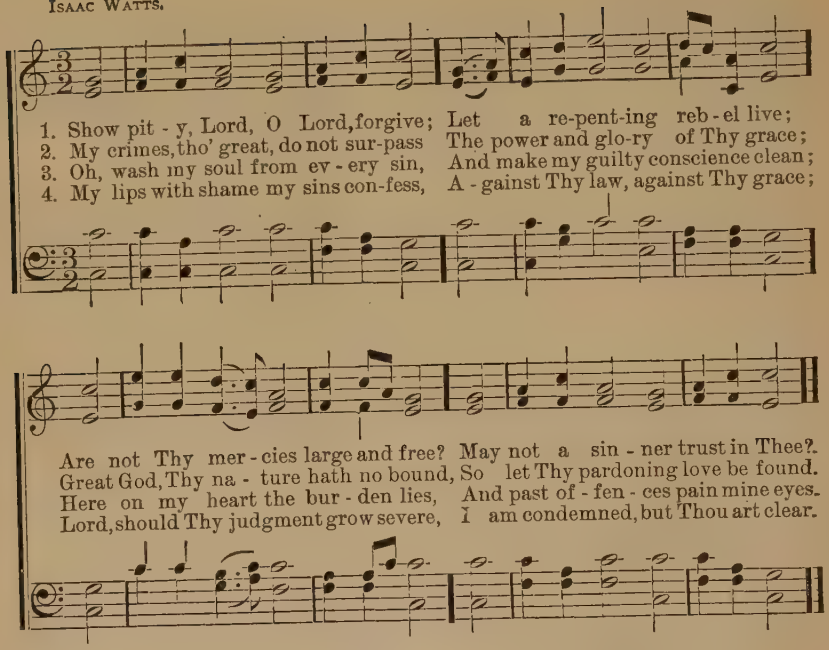
Pity. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. "Old American Air."


1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes, tho' great, do not sur-pass The power and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3. Oh, wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;
4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess, A - gainst Thy law, against Thy grace;
Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain mine eyes.
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

205 L. M.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Isaac Watts.

206 L. M.

1 Trembling before Thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; Thy blood must heal the strife!

2 In Thee I trust!—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
Thy voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

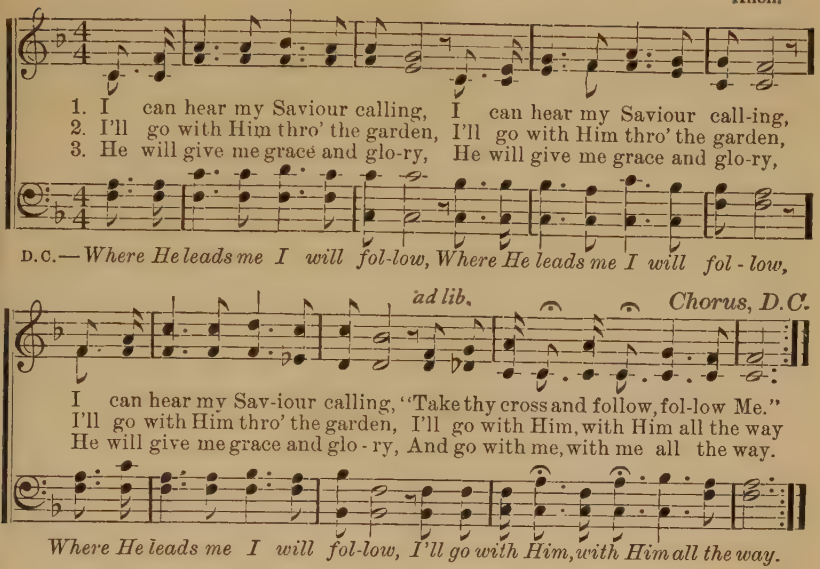
3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

A. L. Hillhouse.

Where He Leads Me. P. M.

E. W. BLANDLY. Anon.


1. I can hear my Saviour calling, I can hear my Saviour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib.
Chorus, D.C.
I can hear my Sav-iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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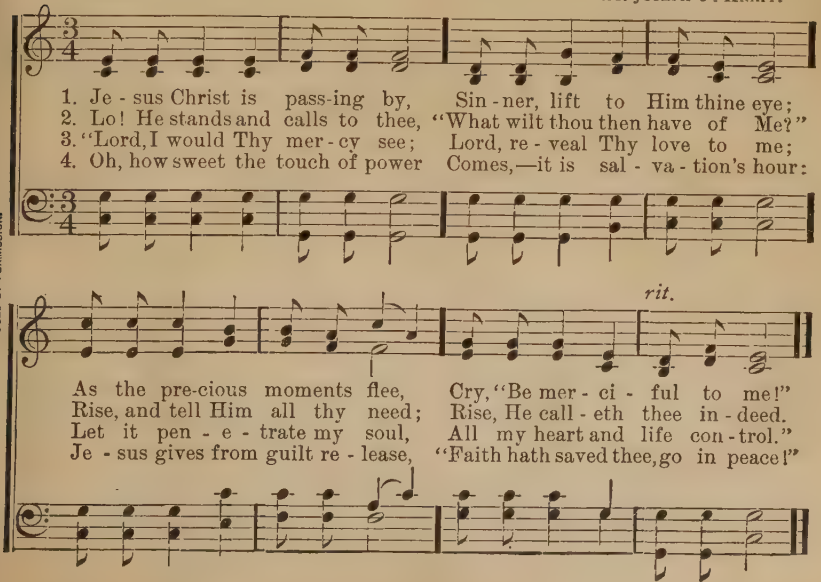
Jesus Christ is Passing By. 208

J. DENHAM SMITH. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Je-sus Christ is pass-ing by, Sin-ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer-cy see; Lord, re-veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—it is sal-va-tion's hour:
rit.
As the pre-cious moments flee, Cry, "Be mer-ci-ful to me!"
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call-eth thee in-deed.
Let it pen-e-trate my soul, All my heart and life con-trol."
Je-sus gives from guilt re-lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

USED BY PERMISSION.

Are You Washed in the Blood?

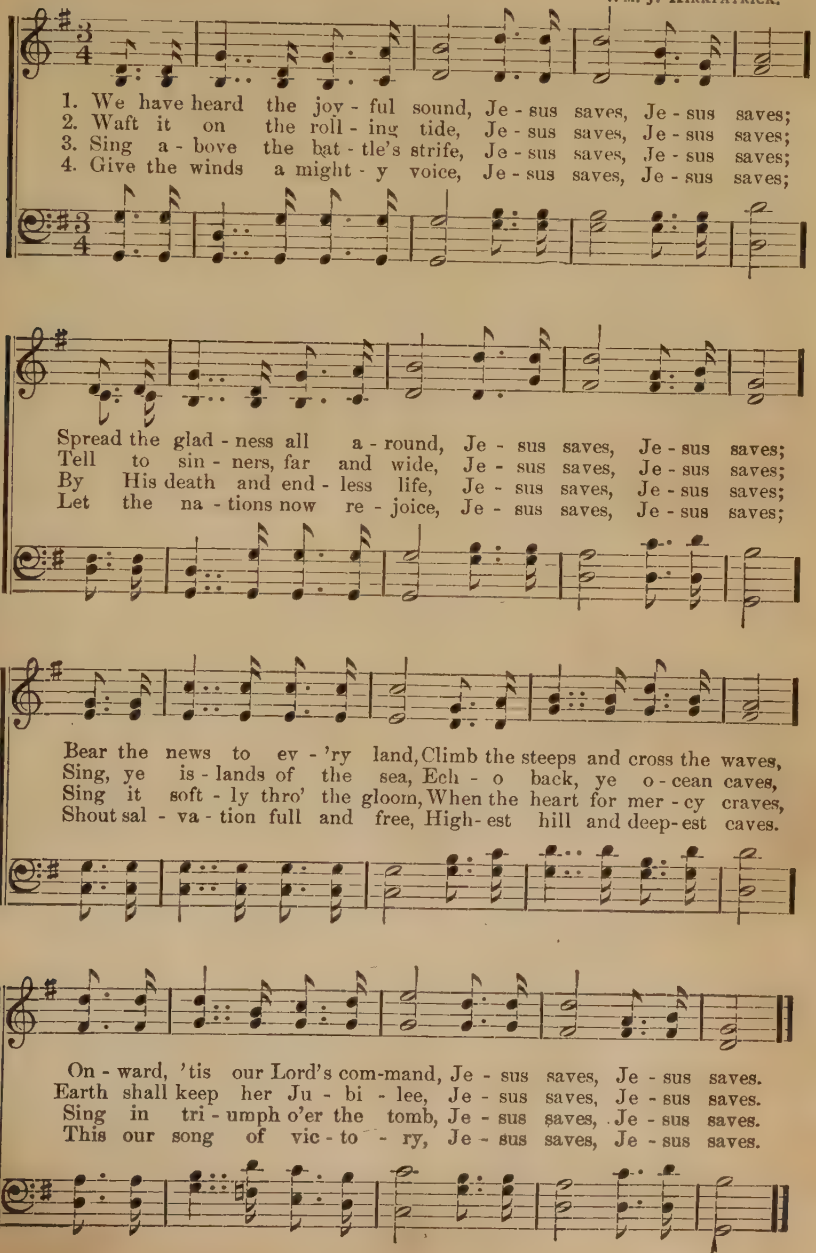
E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trusting in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright,
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul un-clean,
CHORUS.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb,
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

BY PERMISSION OF E. A. HOFFMAN.

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves.
On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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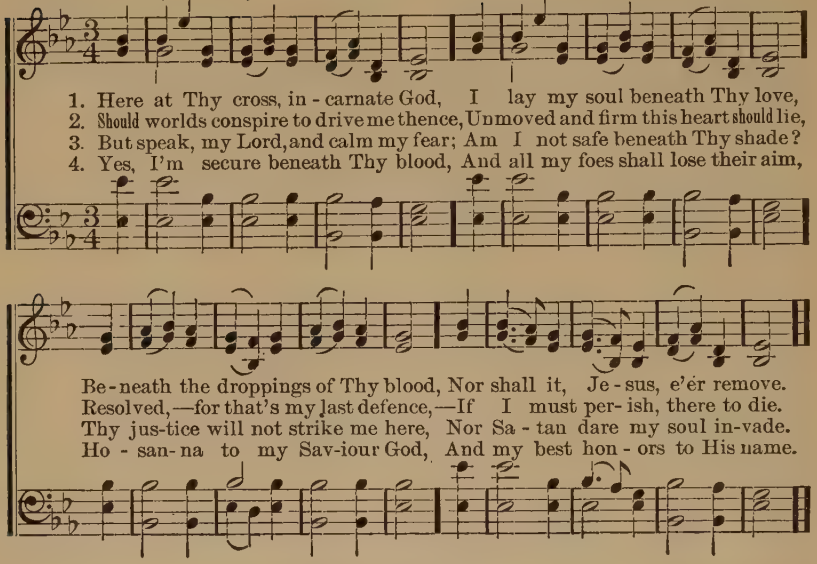
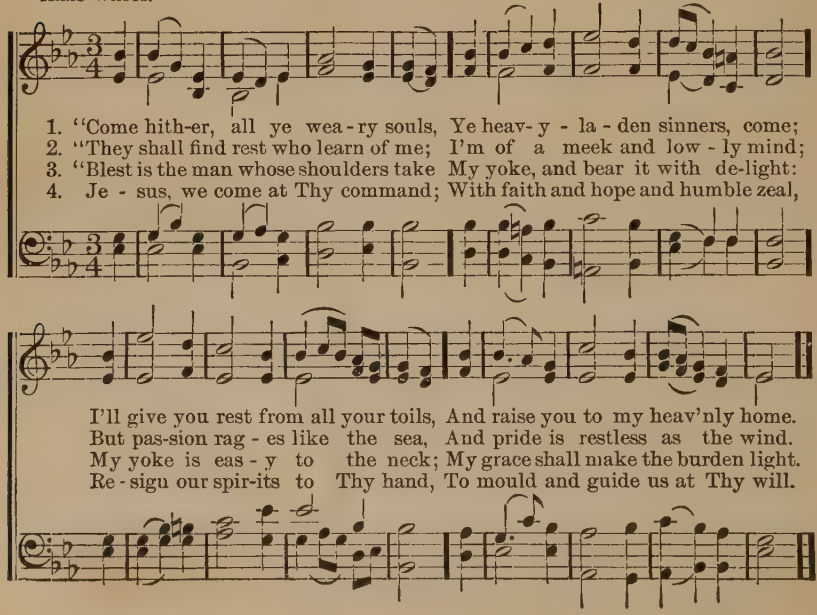
211 Gratitude. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Here at Thy cross, in - carnate God, I lay my soul beneath Thy love,
2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Unmoved and firm this heart should lie,
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear; Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?
4. Yes, I'm secure beneath Thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Be - neath the droppings of Thy blood, Nor shall it, Je - sus, e'er remove.
Resolved,—for that's my last defence,—If I must per - ish, there to die.
Thy jus-tice will not strike me here, Nor Sa - tan dare my soul in-vade.
Ho - san - na to my Sav-iour God, And my best hon - ors to His name.

212 Sillick. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. "Come hith-er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav- y - la - den sinners, come;
2. "They shall find rest who learn of me; I'm of a meek and low - ly mind;
3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de-light:
4. Je - sus, we come at Thy command; With faith and hope and humble zeal,
I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home.
But pas-sion rag - es like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.
My yoke is eas - y to the neck; My grace shall make the burden light.
Re - sign our spir-its to Thy hand, To mould and guide us at Thy will.

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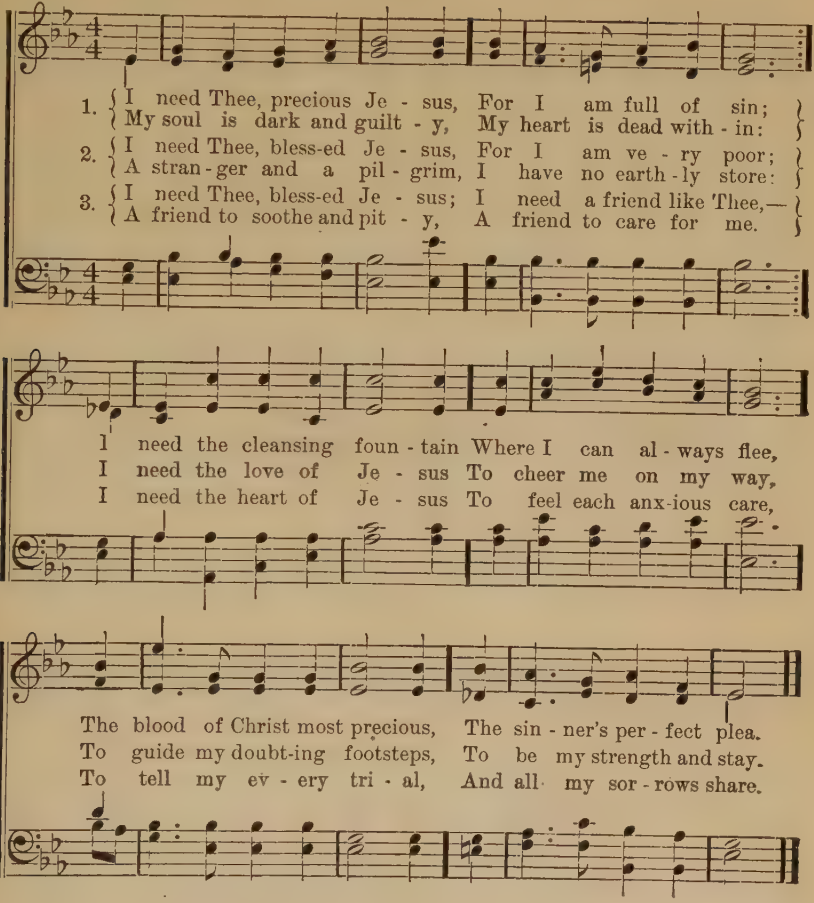
Selborne. 7s, 6s. D.

FRED'K WHITFIELD. E. L. WHITE.


1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in:
2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ve - ry poor;
A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:
3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus; I need a friend like Thee,—
A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.
I need the cleansing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx-ious care,
The blood of Christ most precious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt-ing footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.

7s, 6s. D. 214

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us,
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

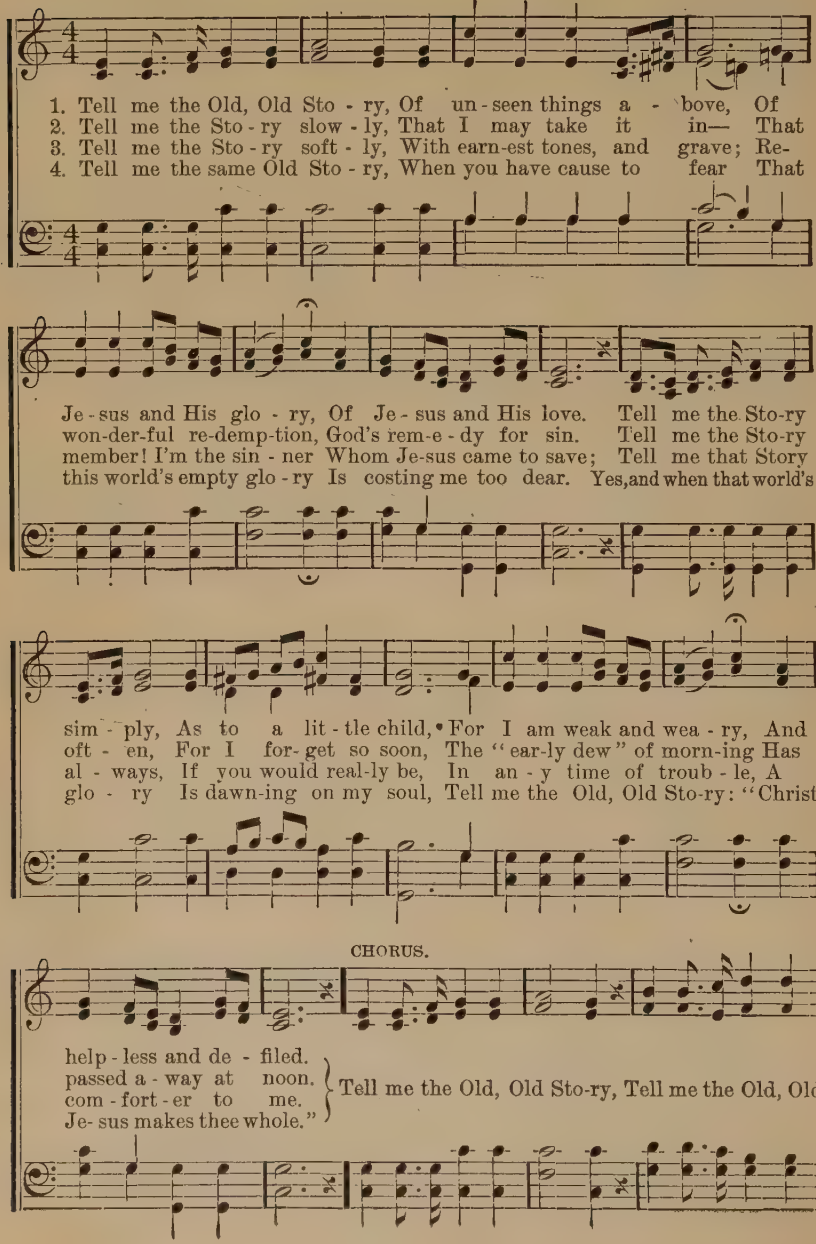
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

Horatius Bonar

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto-ry oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has
3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With earn-est tones, and grave; Re- member! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me that Story al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
4. Tell me the same Old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is costing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon.
com - fort - er to me.
Je- sus makes thee whole."
Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old

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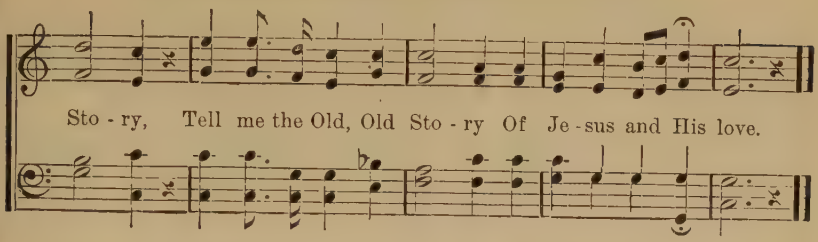
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—*Concluded.*



Even Me. P. M. 216

ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
I am long - ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

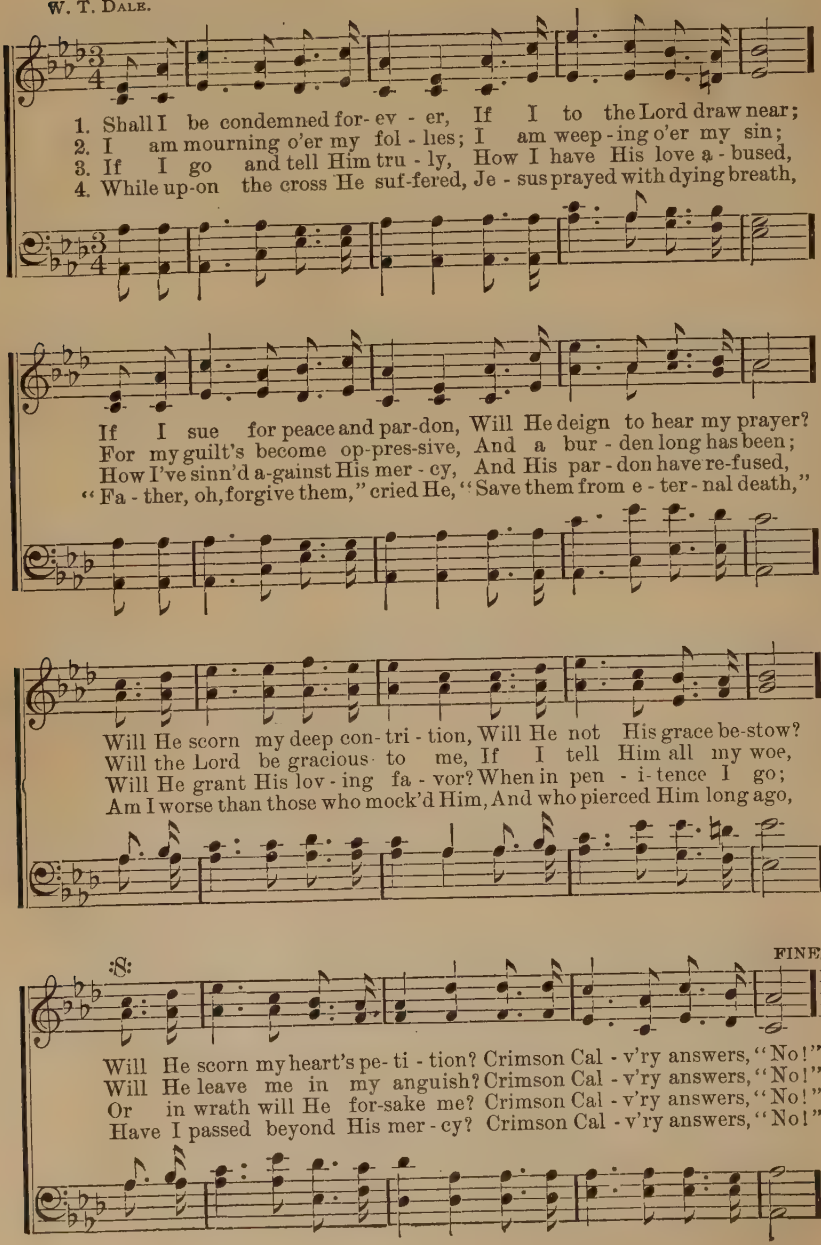
6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

217

Crimson Calvary Answers, "No!"

W. T. DALE.

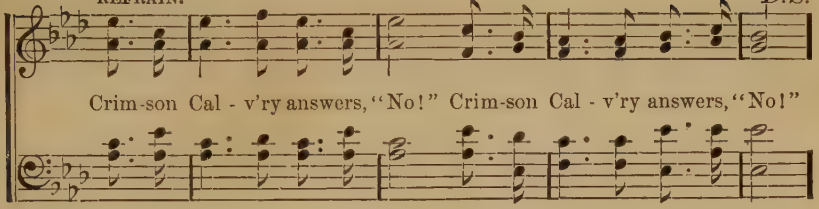
W. T. DALE.


1. Shall I be condemned for-ev - er, If I to the Lord draw near;
2. I am mourning o'er my fol - lies; I am weep-ing o'er my sin;
3. If I go and tell Him tru - ly, How I have His love a - bused,
4. While up-on the cross He suf-fered, Je - sus prayed with dying breath,
If I sue for peace and par-don, Will He deign to hear my prayer?
For my guilt's become op-pres-sive, And a bur - den long has been;
How I've sinn'd a-gainst His mer - cy, And His par - don have re-fused,
"Fa - ther, oh, forgive them," cried He, "Save them from e - ter - nal death,"
Will He scorn my deep con-tri - tion, Will He not His grace be-stow?
Will the Lord be gracious to me, If I tell Him all my woe,
Will He grant His lov - ing fa - vor? When in pen - i-tence I go;
Am I worse than those who mock'd Him, And who pierced Him long ago,
FINE.
Will He scorn my heart's pe-ti - tion? Crimson Cal - v'ry answers, "No!"
Will He leave me in my anguish? Crimson Cal - v'ry answers, "No!"
Or in wrath will He for-sake me? Crimson Cal - v'ry answers, "No!"
Have I passed beyond His mer - cy? Crimson Cal - v'ry answers, "No!"

FROM HYMNS OF CALVARY BY PER. OF REV. W. T. DALE AUTHOR.

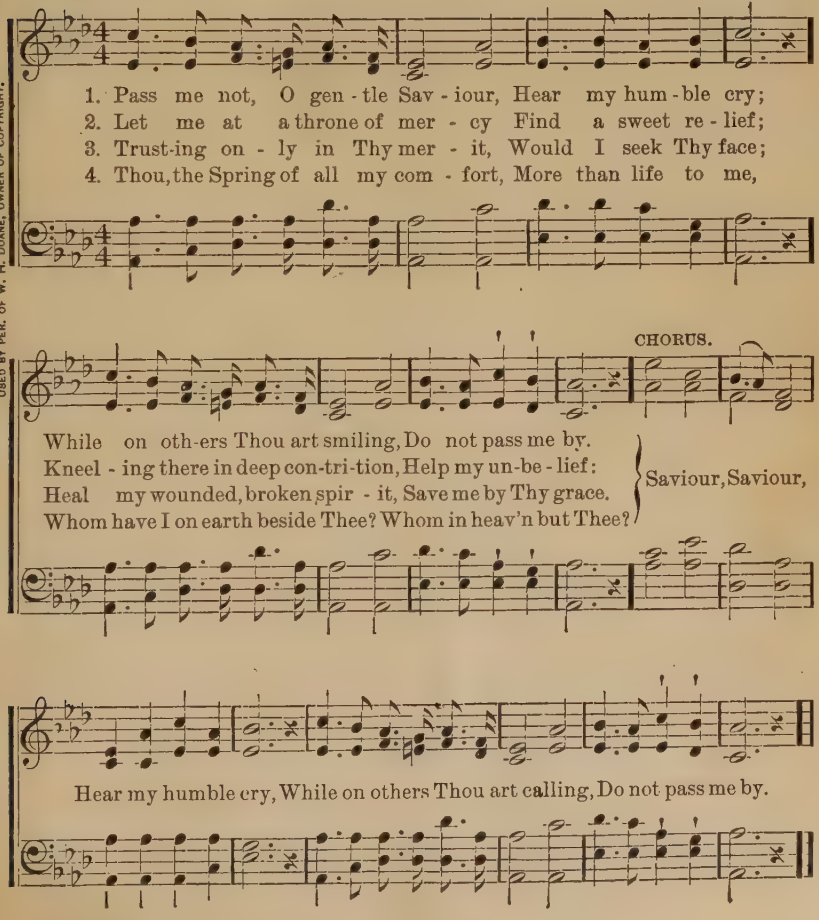
Crimson Calvary.—*Concluded.*

REFRAIN. D.S.



Pass Me Not. 218

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,
CHORUS.
While on oth-ers Thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be - lief:
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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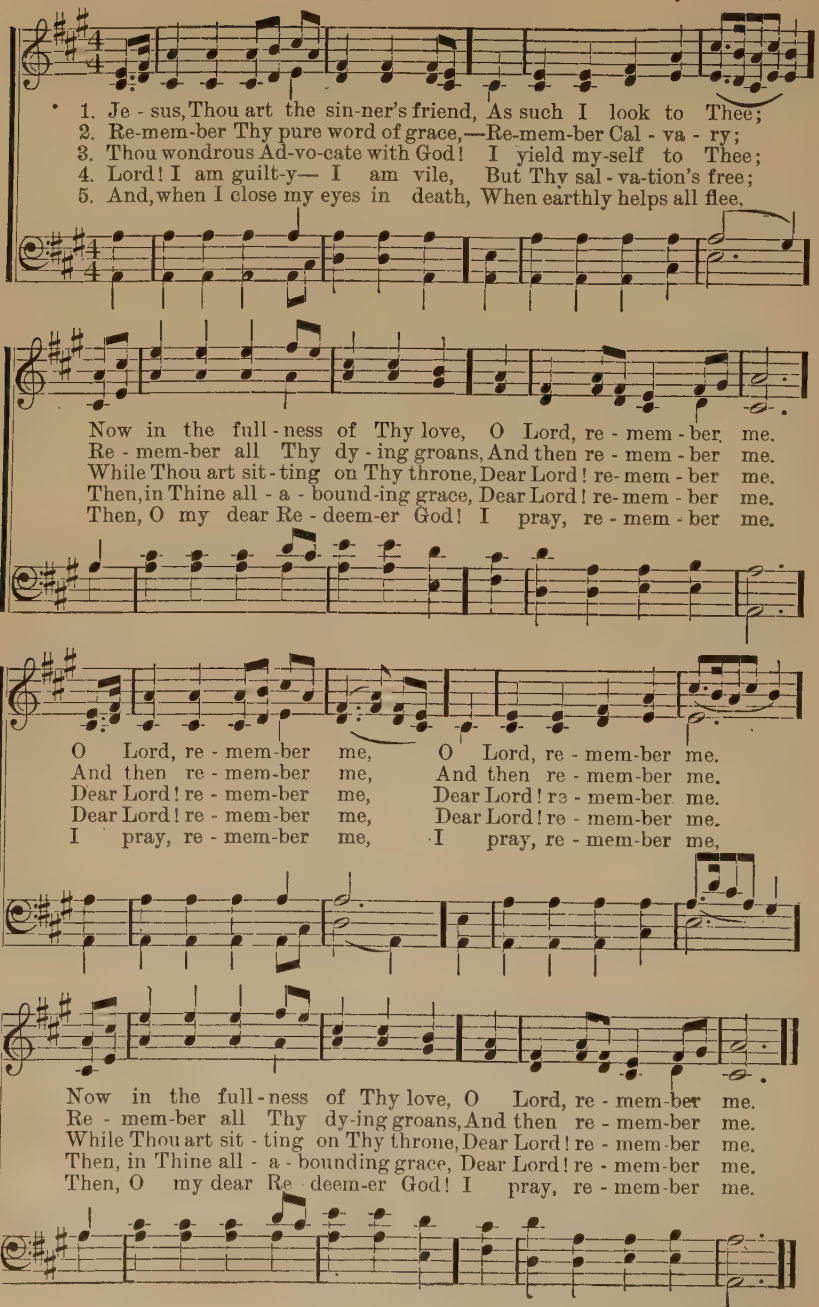
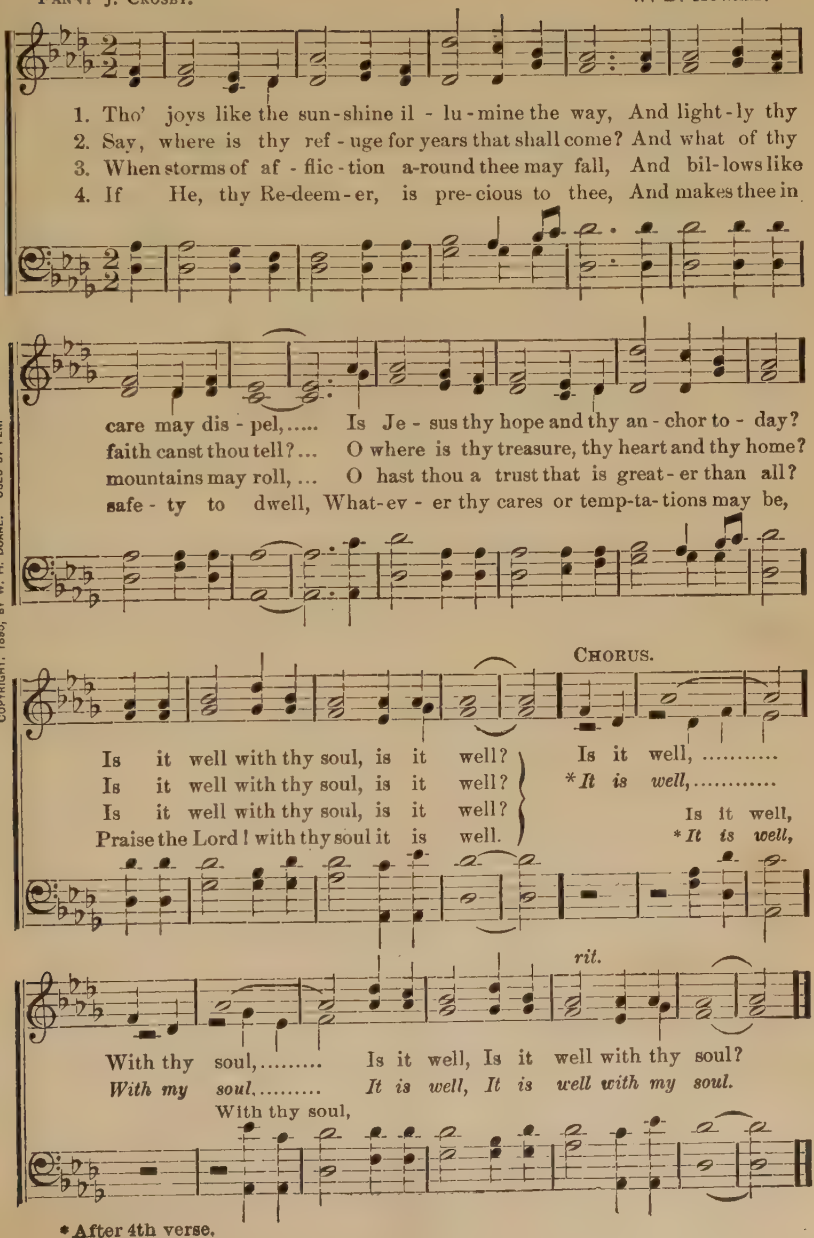
R. BURNHAM. **Pisgah. C. M.** J. C. LOWRY.


1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin-ner's friend, As such I look to Thee;
2. Re-mem-ber Thy pure word of grace,—Re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry;
3. Thou wondrous Ad-vo-cate with God! I yield my-self to Thee;
4. Lord! I am guilt-y— I am vile, But Thy sal - va-tion's free;
5. And, when I close my eyes in death, When earthly helps all flee,
Now in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Re - mem-ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord! re - mem - ber me.
Then, in Thine all - a - bound-ing grace, Dear Lord! re - mem - ber me.
Then, O my dear Re - deem-er God! I pray, re - mem - ber me.
O Lord, re - mem-ber me, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.
And then re - mem-ber me, And then re - mem-ber me.
Dear Lord! re - mem-ber me, Dear Lord! re - mem-ber me.
Dear Lord! re - mem-ber me, Dear Lord! re - mem-ber me.
I pray, re - mem-ber me, I pray, re - mem-ber me,
Now in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.
Re - mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord! re - mem-ber me.
Then, in Thine all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord! re - mem-ber me.
Then, O my dear Re - deem-er God! I pray, re - mem-ber me.

Is It Well with Thy Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. D. HOWARD.


1. Tho' joys like the sun-shine il - lu-mine the way, And light-ly thy
2. Say, where is thy ref-uge for years that shall come? And what of thy
3. When storms of af-flic-tion a-round thee may fall, And bil-lows like
4. If He, thy Re-deem-er, is pre-cious to thee, And makes thee in
care may dis-pel,..... Is Je-sus thy hope and thy an-chor to-day?
faith canst thou tell?... O where is thy treasure, thy heart and thy home?
mountains may roll, ... O hast thou a trust that is great-er than all?
safe-ty to dwell, What-ev-er thy cares or temp-ta-tions may be,
CHORUS.
Is it well with thy soul, is it well?
Is it well with thy soul, is it well?
Is it well with thy soul, is it well?
Praise the Lord! with thy soul it is well.
Is it well, ...
*It is well, ...
Is it well,
*It is well,
rit.
With thy soul, ... Is it well, Is it well with thy soul?
With my soul, ... It is well, It is well with my soul.
With thy soul,

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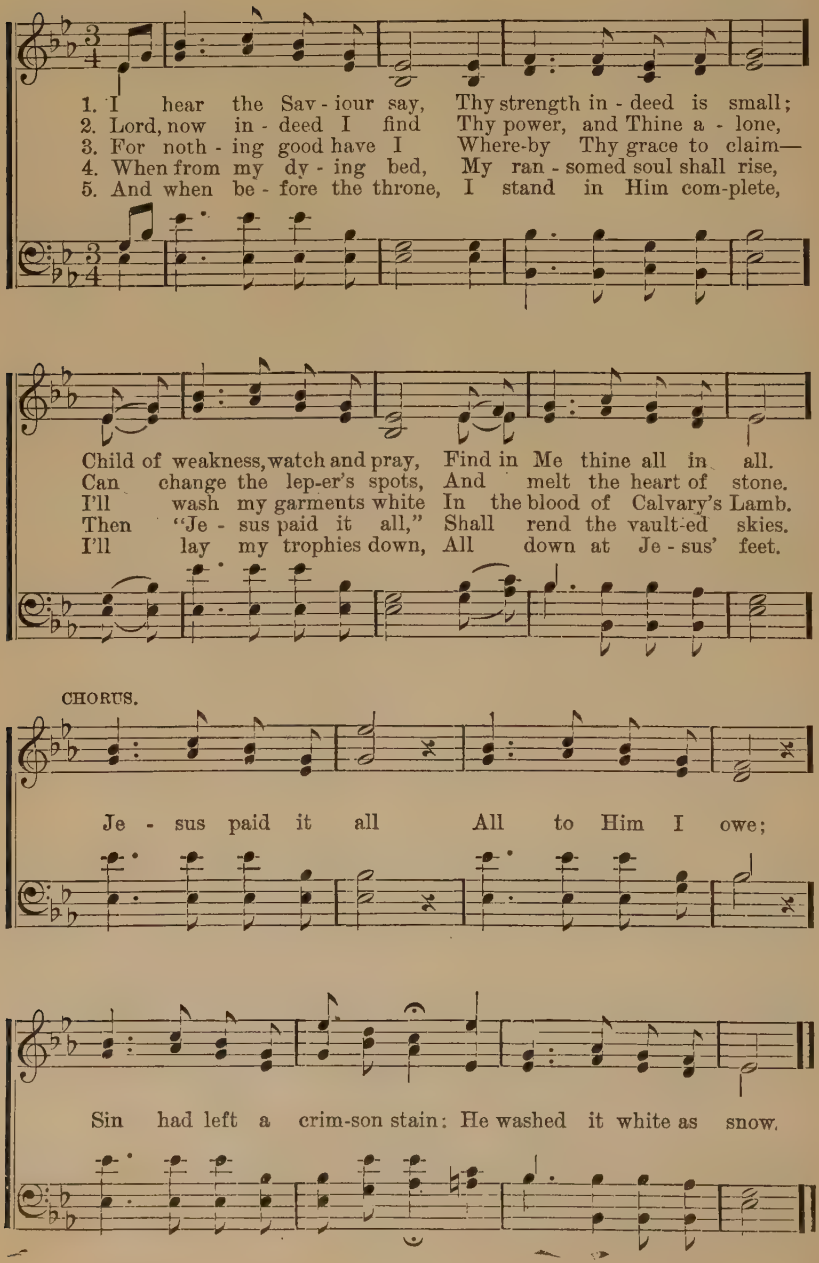
*After 4th verse.

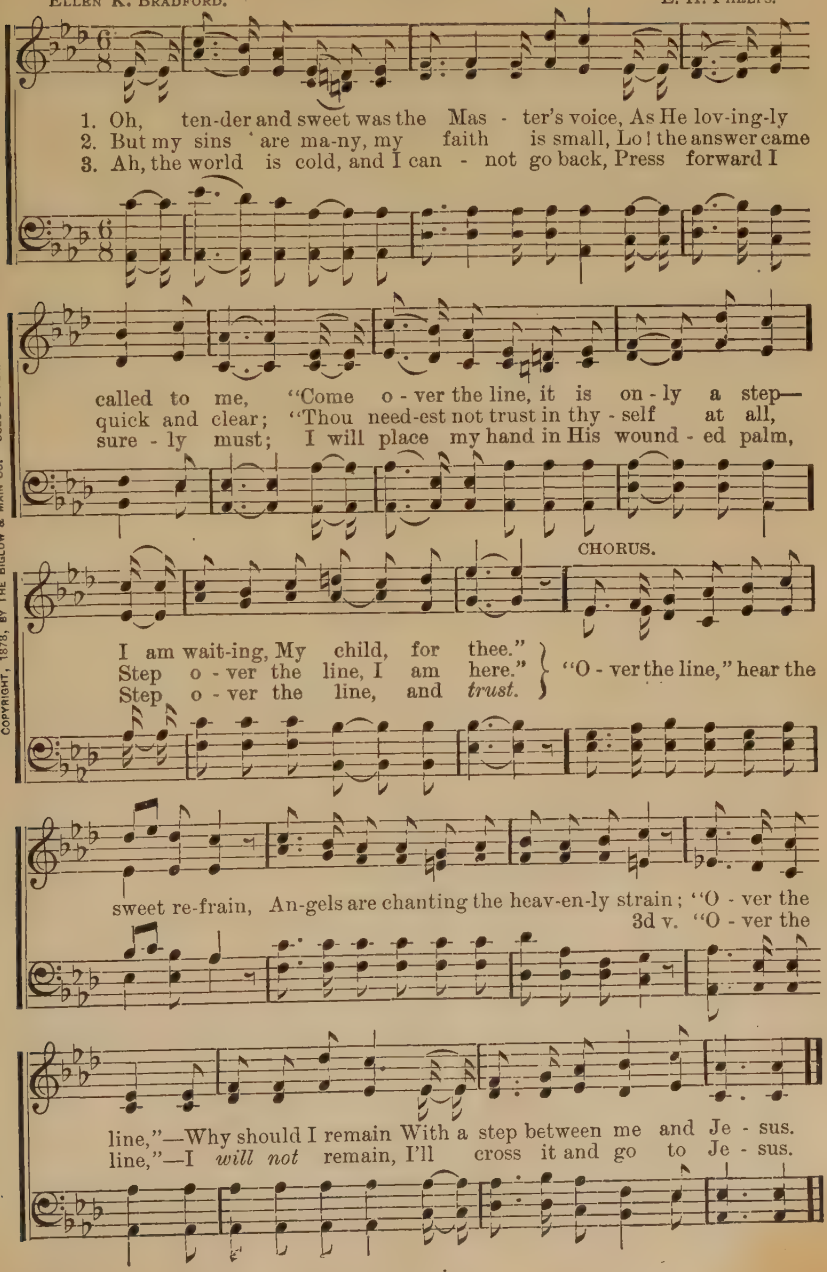
All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy - ing bed, My ran - somed soul shall rise,
5. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete,
Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Then "Je - sus paid it all," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS.


1. Oh, ten-der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice, As He lov-ing-ly
2. But my sins are ma-ny, my faith is small, Lo! the answer came
3. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press forward I
called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is on - ly a step—
quick and clear; "Thou need-est not trust in thy - self at all,
sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His wound - ed palm,
CHORUS.
I am wait-ing, My child, for thee."
Step o - ver the line, I am here."
Step o - ver the line, and *trust.*
"O - ver the line," hear the
sweet re-frain, An-gels are chanting the heav-en-ly strain; "O - ver the
3d v. "O - ver the
line,"—Why should I remain With a step between me and Je - sus.
line,"—I *will not* remain, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus.

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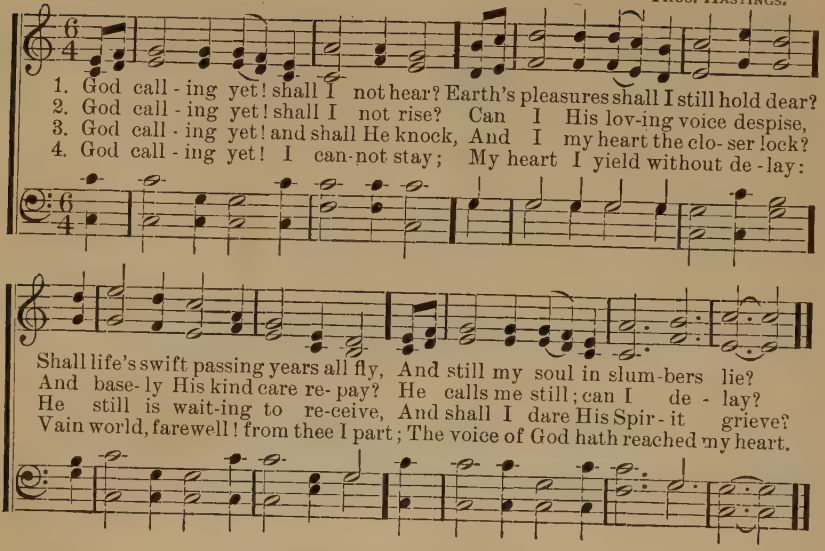
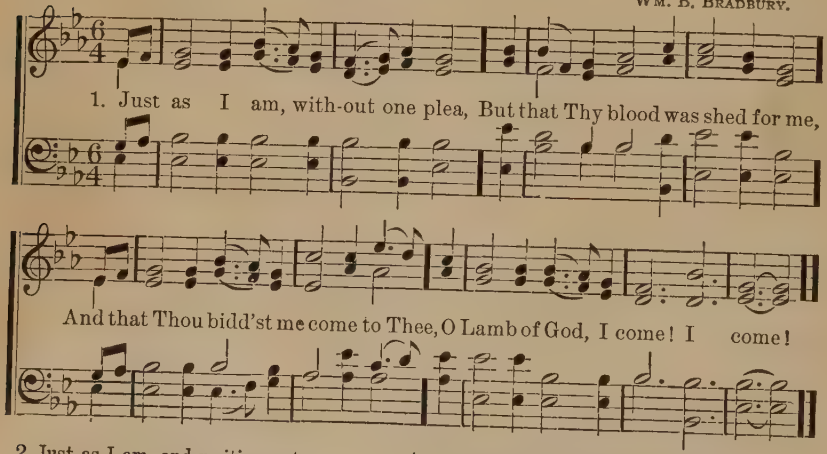
Retreat. L. M.

Tr. by S. B. FINDLATER. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice despise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo- ser lock?
4. God call - ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay:
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
And base- ly His kind care re- pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

224 Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

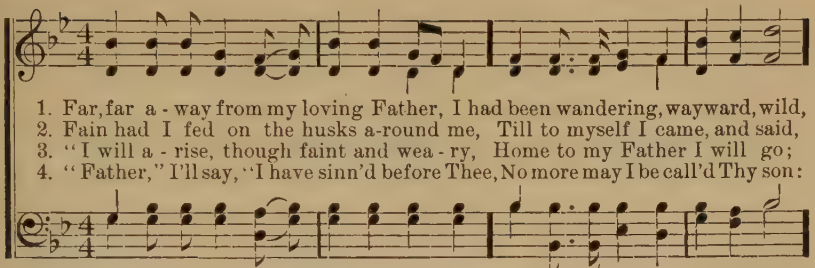
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

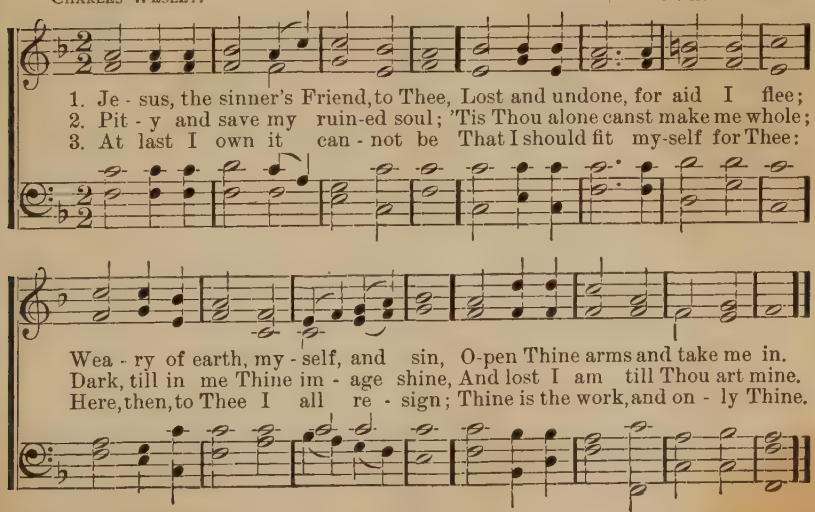
I Will Arise. P. M.

Har. by H. P. Weld.


1. Far, far a - way from my loving Father, I had been wandering, wayward, wild,
2. Fain had I fed on the husks a-round me, Till to myself I came, and said,
3. "I will a - rise, though faint and wea - ry, Home to my Father I will go;
4. "Father," I'll say, "I have sinn'd before Thee, No more may I be call'd Thy son:
Cho.— I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;
Fear - ing on - ly lest His an - ger O - ver - take His sin - ful child.
"Plen-ty have my Father's servants, Per - ish I for want of bread."
Woe is me that e'er I wandered: Ah, that I such need should know."
Make me on - ly as Thy ser-vant, Pit - y me, a wretch un - done!"
In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thousand charms.

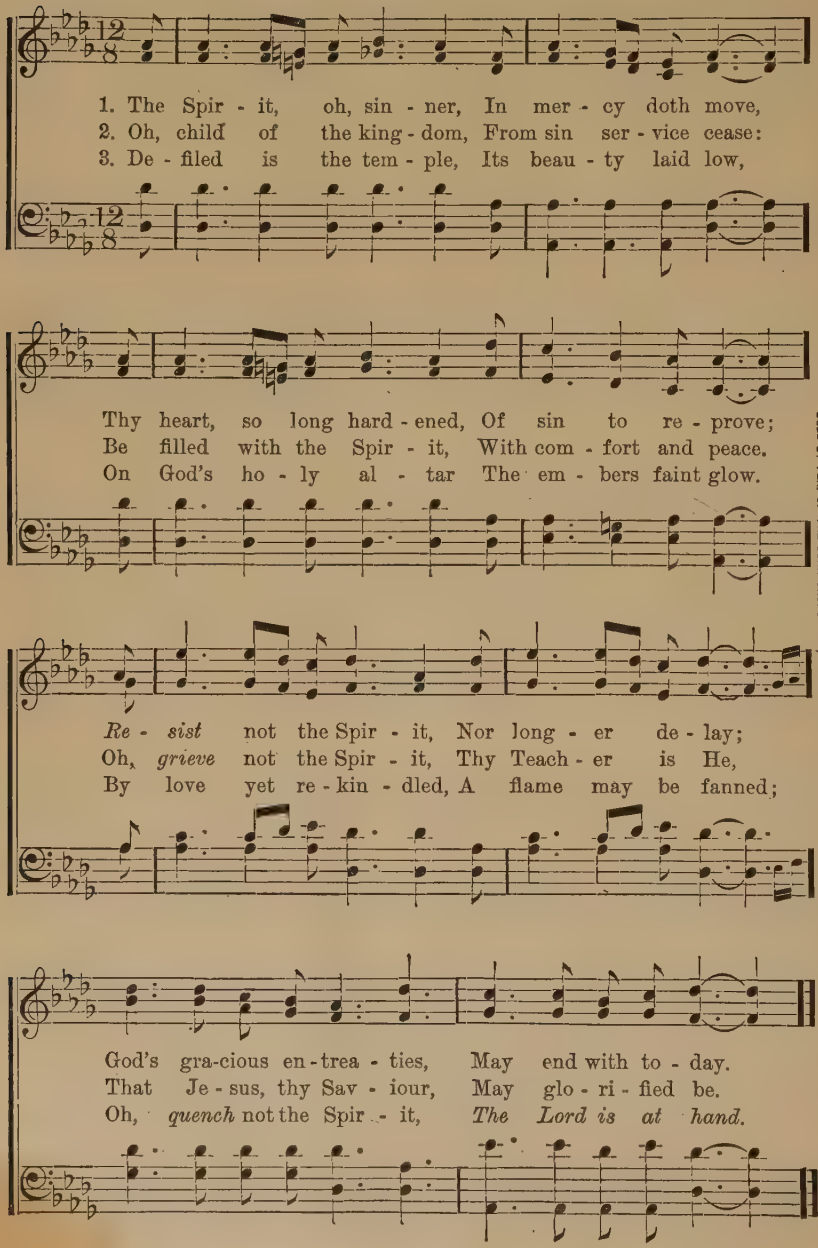
Federal Street. L. M. 226

Charles Wesley. H. K. Oliver.


1. Je - sus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
2. Pit - y and save my ruin-ed soul; 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my-self for Thee:
Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and sin, O-pen Thine arms and take me in.
Dark, till in me Thine im - age shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re - sign; Thine is the work, and on - ly Thine.

The Holy Spirit. 11s.

P. P. B. (WARNING.) P. P. Bliss.


1. The Spir - it, oh, sin - ner, In mer - cy doth move,
2. Oh, child of the king - dom, From sin ser - vice cease:
3. De - filed is the tem - ple, Its beau - ty laid low,
Thy heart, so long hard - ened, Of sin to re - prove;
Be filled with the Spir - it, With com - fort and peace.
On God's ho - ly al - tar The em - bers faint glow.
Re - sist not the Spir - it, Nor long - er de - lay;
Oh, *grieve* not the Spir - it, Thy Teach - er is He,
By love yet re - kin - dled, A flame may be fanned;
God's gra-cious en - trea - ties, May end with to - day.
That Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, May glo - ri - fied be.
Oh, *quench* not the Spir - it, *The Lord is at hand.*

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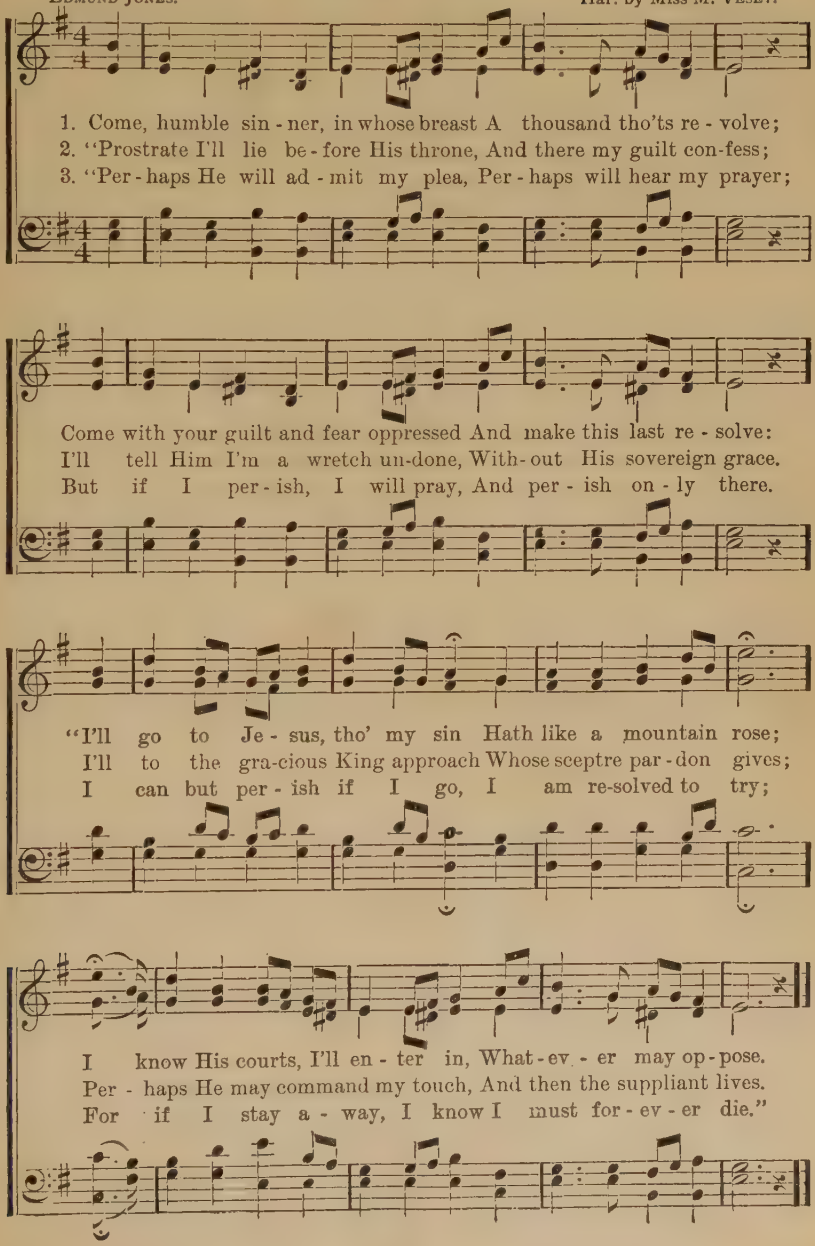
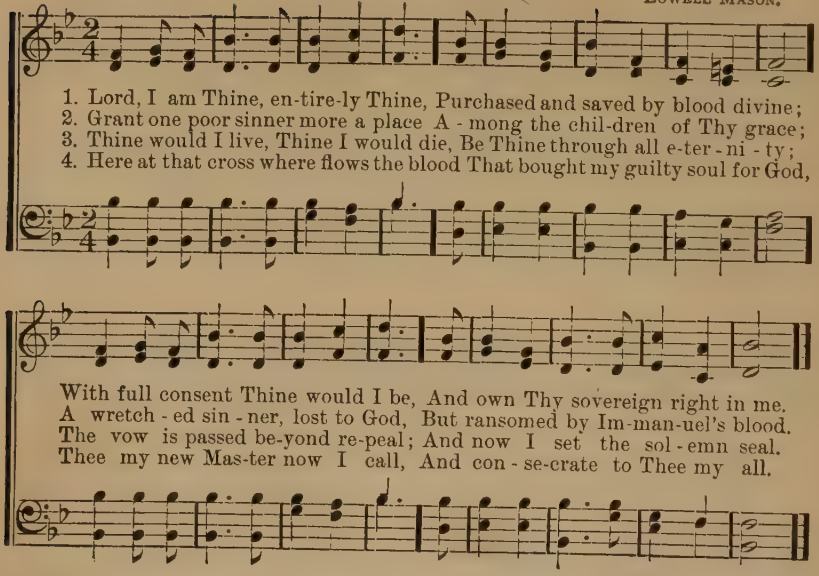
Come, Humble Sinner. C. M. D.

EDMUND JONES. Har. by Miss M. VESEY.


1. Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re - volve;
2. "Prostrate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
3. "Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed And make this last re - solve:
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With - out His sovereign grace.
But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
"I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose;
I'll to the gra-cious King approach Whose sceptre par - don gives;
I can but per - ish if I go, I am re-solved to try;
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die."

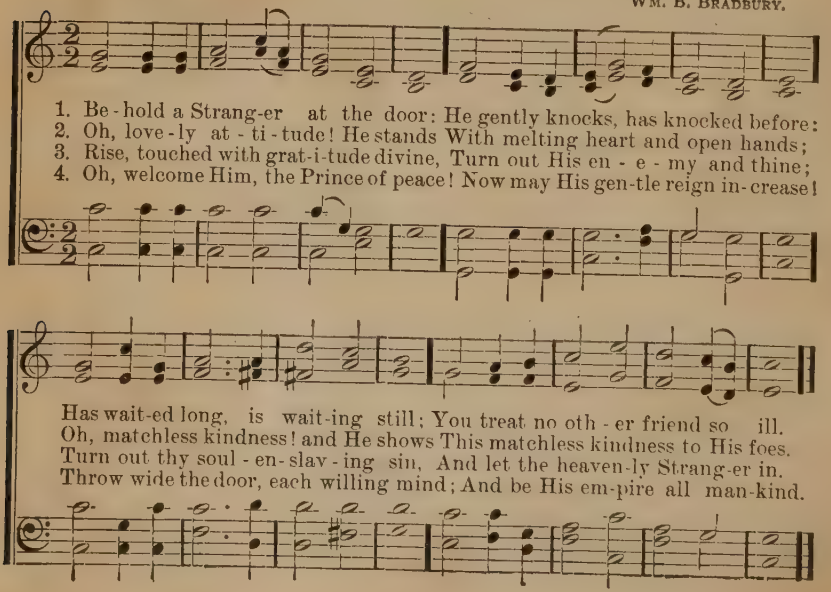
Orwell. L. M.

SAMUEL DAVIES. LOWELL MASON.


1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine;
2. Grant one poor sinner more a place A - mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine I would die, Be Thine through all e-ter - ni - ty;
4. Here at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God,
With full consent Thine would I be, And own Thy sovereign right in me.
A wretch - ed sin - ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.
The vow is passed be-yond re-peal; And now I set the sol - emn seal.
Thee my new Mas-ter now I call, And con - se-crate to Thee my all.

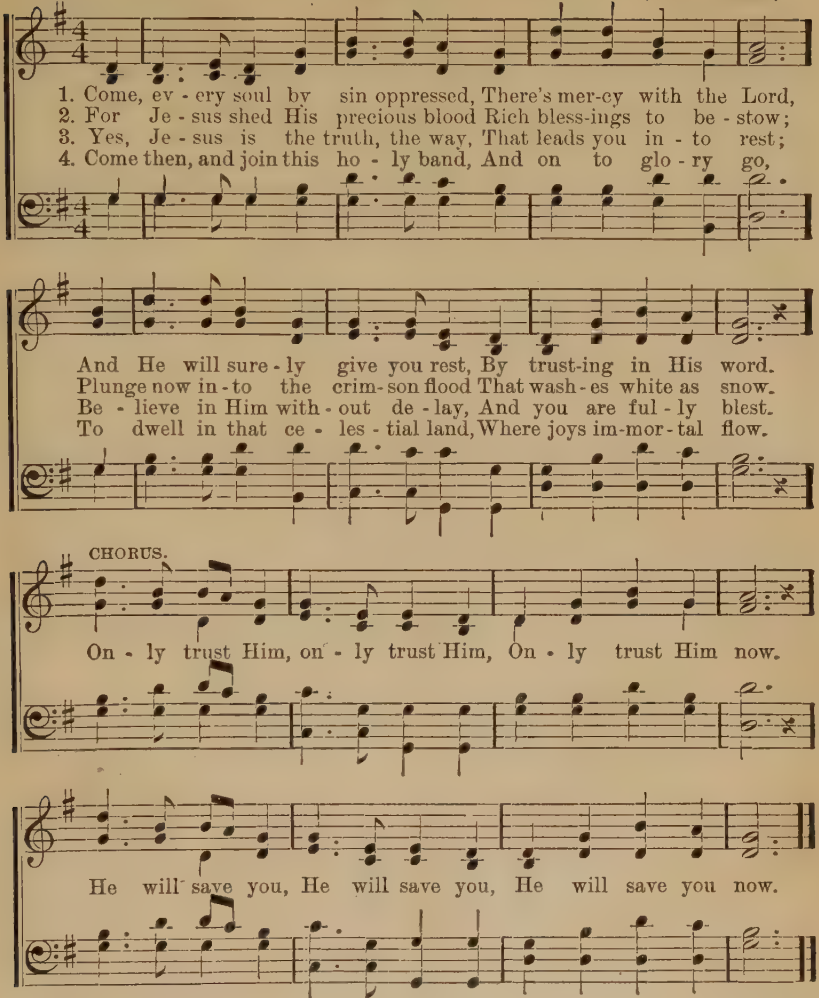
230 Zephyr. L. M.

JOS. GRIGG. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Be - hold a Strang-er at the door: He gently knocks, has knocked before:
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
4. Oh, welcome Him, the Prince of peace! Now may His gen-tle reign in-crease!
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Turn out thy soul - en-slav - ing sin, And let the heaven-ly Strang-er in.
Throw wide the door, each willing mind; And be His em-pire all man-kind.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - ery soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the truth, the way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim- son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Anne Steele.

Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross His bod - y o'ercame;
3. Fa- ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me—Wa - ter can not wash them a - way.
Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - er
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

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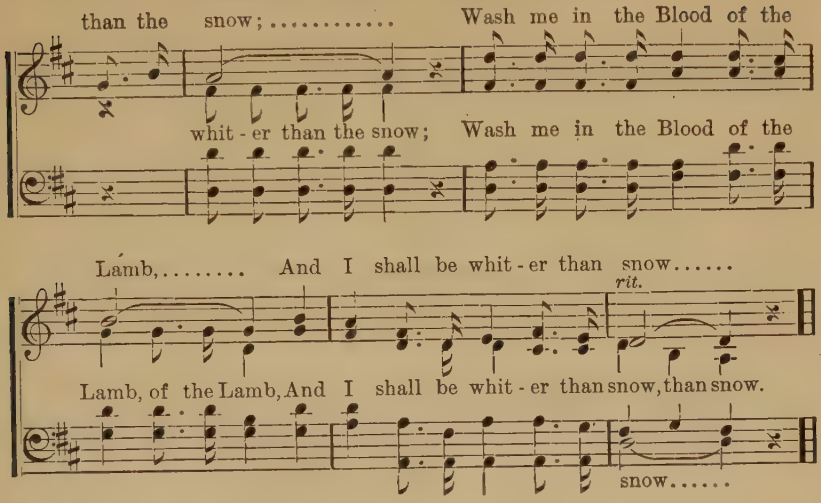
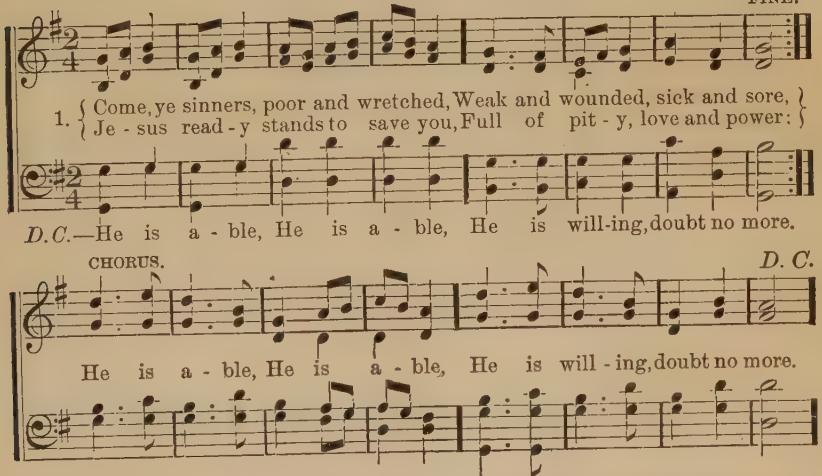
Blessed be the Fountain.—*Concluded.*


than the snow;.....
Wash me in the Blood of the
whit - er than the snow;
Wash me in the Blood of the
Lamb,.....
And I shall be whit - er than snow.....
rit.
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.
snow.....

Invitation. 8s, 7s, 4. 234

J. HART. JER. INGALLS.


FINE.
1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power: }
D.C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.
CHORUS.
D. C.
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

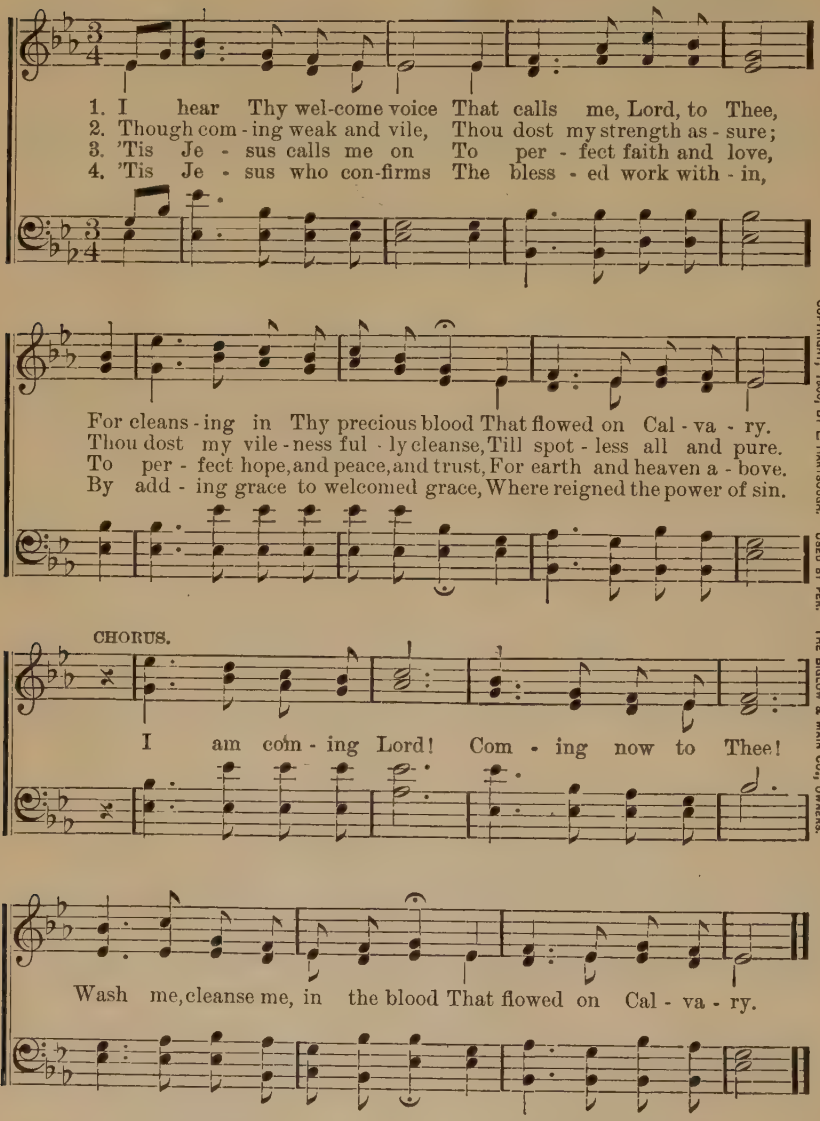
2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies:
"It is finished;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Welcome Voice. P. M.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
2. Though com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love,
4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in,
For cleans-ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
Thou dost my vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
To per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a-bove.
By add-ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
CHORUS.
I am com-ing Lord! Com-ing now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

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5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

(A) THE SOUL EXPRESSING TRUST

"Unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen." JUDE 24, 25.

HYMNS 236–271

Convention. 11s.

GEO. KEITH.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. In ev - ery con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health,
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed;
4. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
5. "When through fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth;
I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
The riv - ers of woe shall not thee o - ver - flow;
My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea,
I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless,
The flame shall not hurt thee;—I on - ly de - sign
You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
As your days may de - mand, shall your strength ev - er be.
Up - held by My right - eous, Om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.

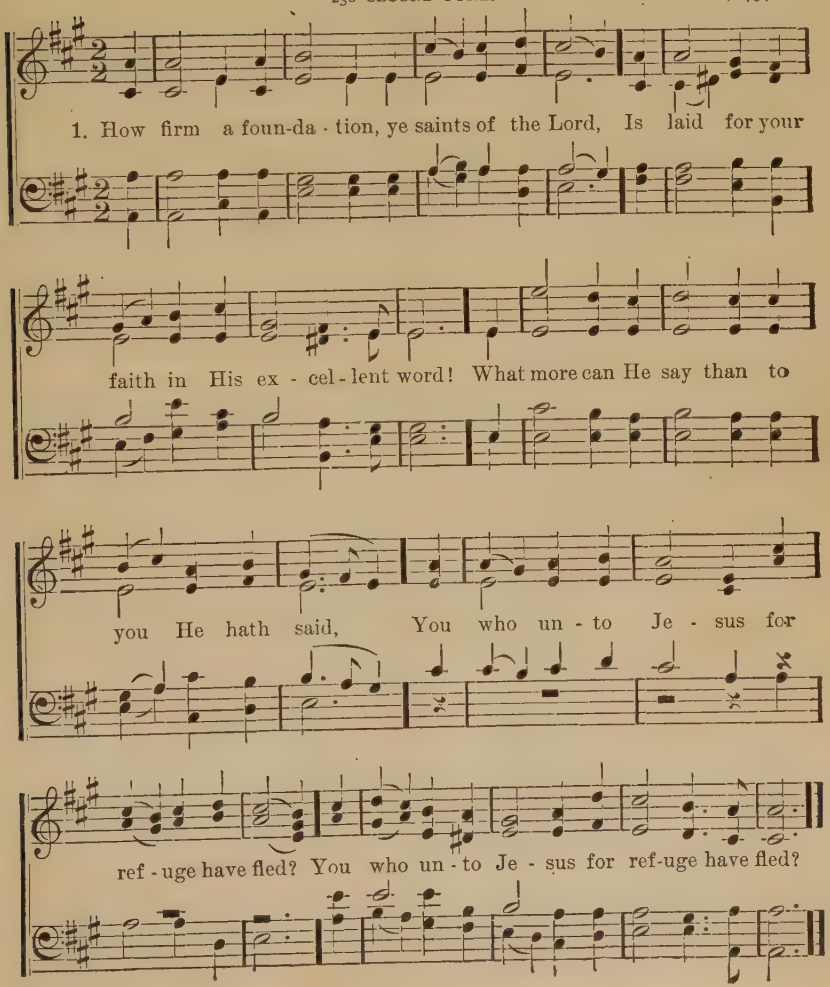
Convention.—*Concluded.*

6 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

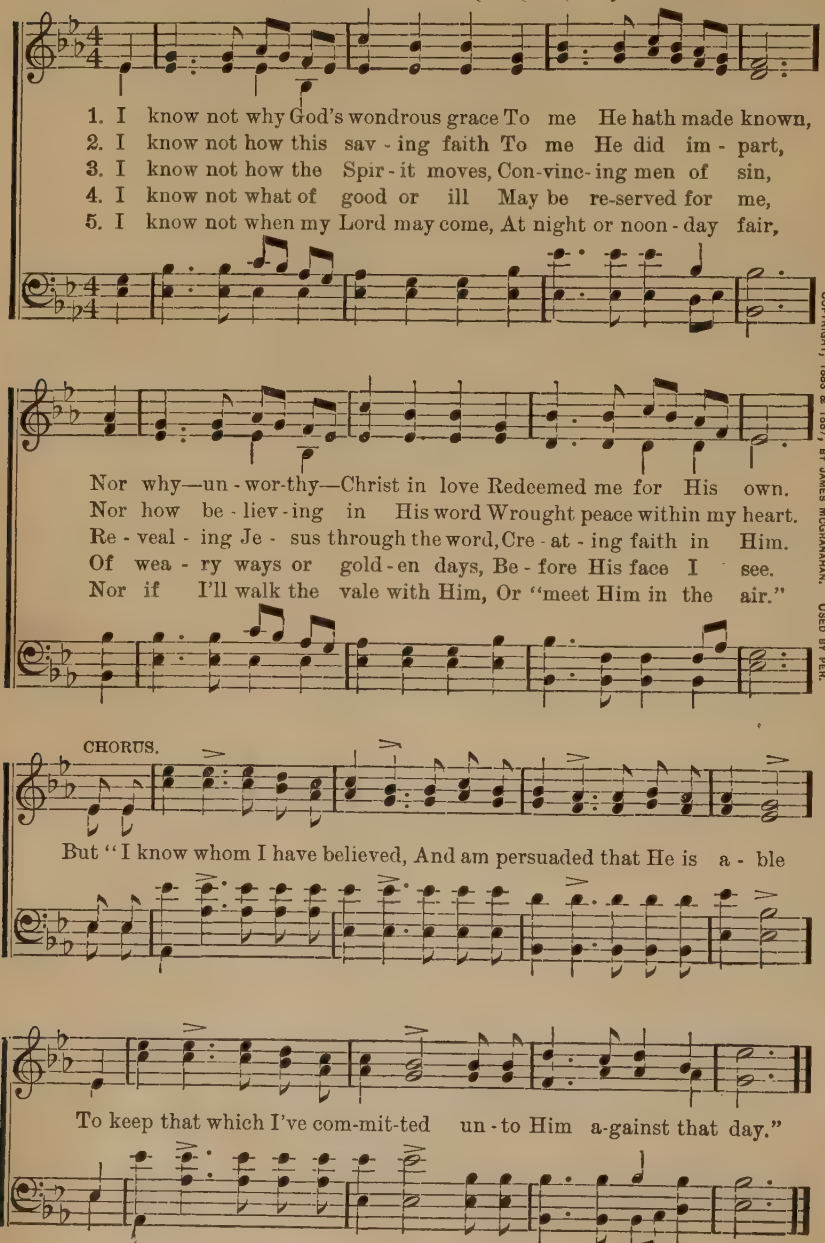
Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

236 SECOND TUNE. Anon, 1754.


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for
ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,
Nor why—un - wor-thy—Christ in love Redeemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've com-mit-ted un - to Him a-gainst that day."

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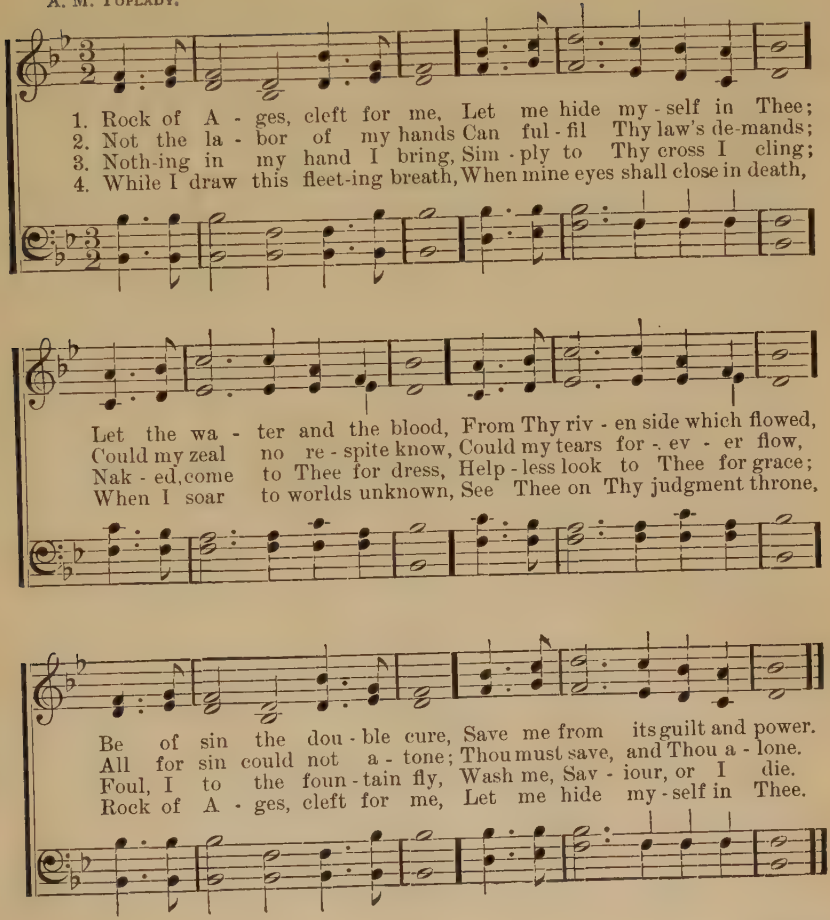
Toplady. 7s.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

7s. 239

1 Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine.

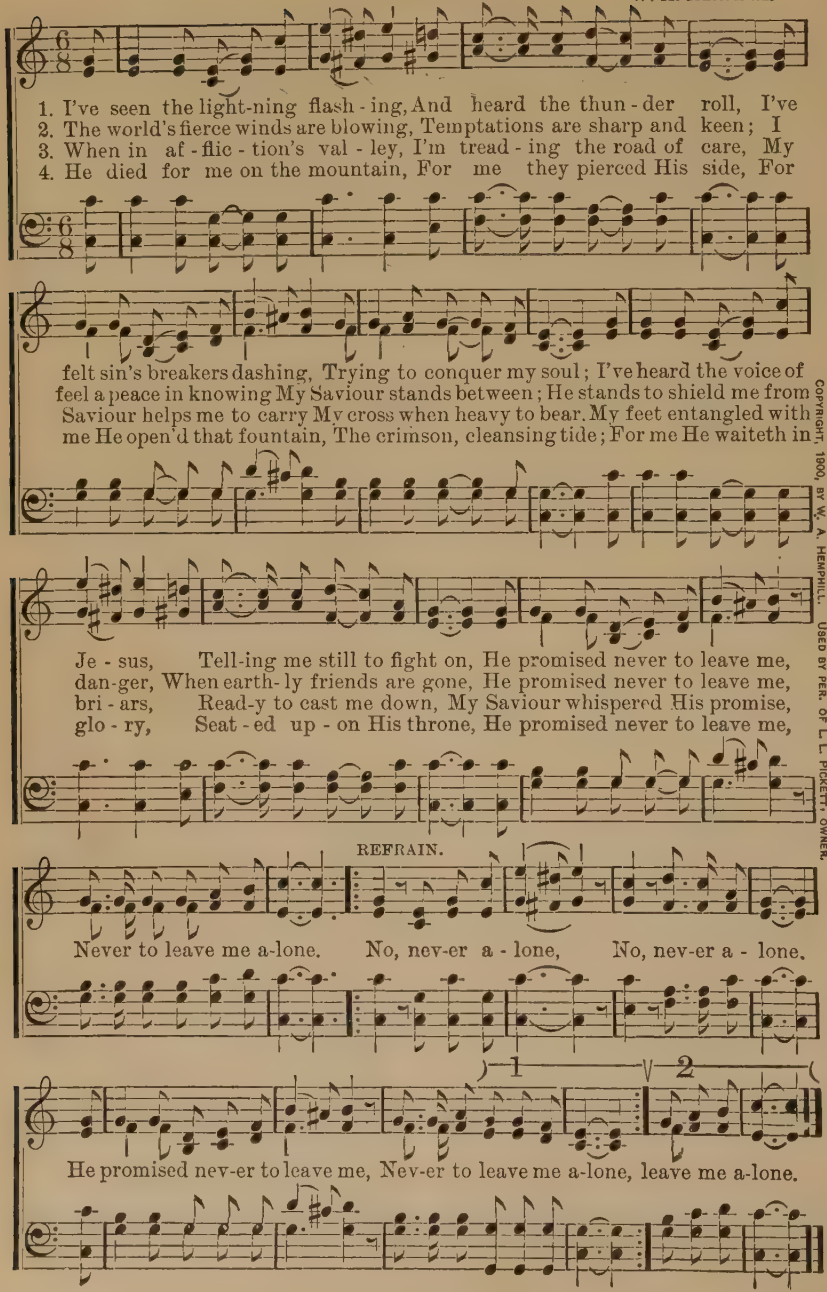
2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought Him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all-in-all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own;
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

Wm. McComb.

Never Alone.

W. A. HEMPHILL.


1. I've seen the light-ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll, I've felt sin's breakers dashing, Trying to conquer my soul; I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Tell-ing me still to fight on, He promised never to leave me,
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temptations are sharp and keen; I feel a peace in knowing My Saviour stands between; He stands to shield me from dan-ger, When earth-ly friends are gone, He promised never to leave me,
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread - ing the road of care, My Saviour helps me to carry My cross when heavy to bear. My feet entangled with bri - ars, Read-y to cast me down, My Saviour whispered His promise,
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side, For me He open'd that fountain, The crimson, cleansing tide; For me He waiteth in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne, He promised never to leave me,
REFRAIN.
Never to leave me a-lone. No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone.
1
2
He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone, leave me a-lone.

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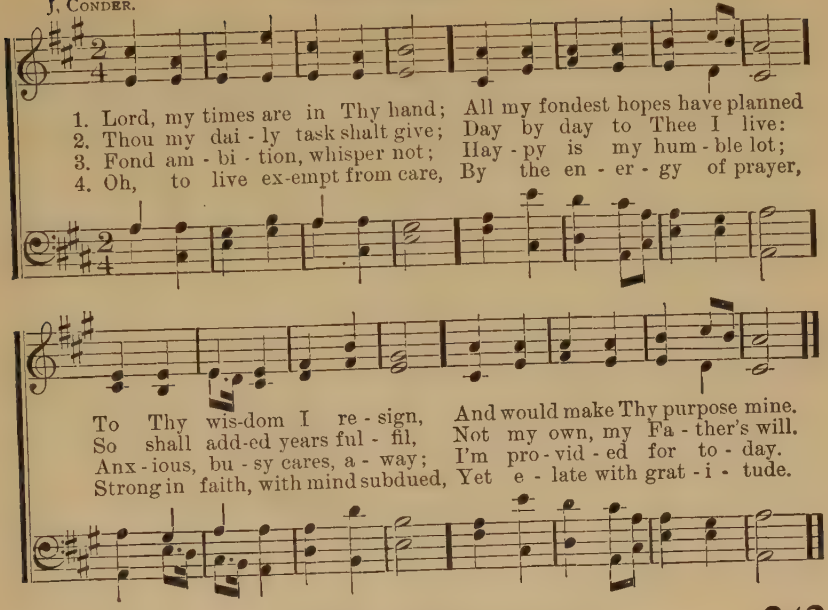
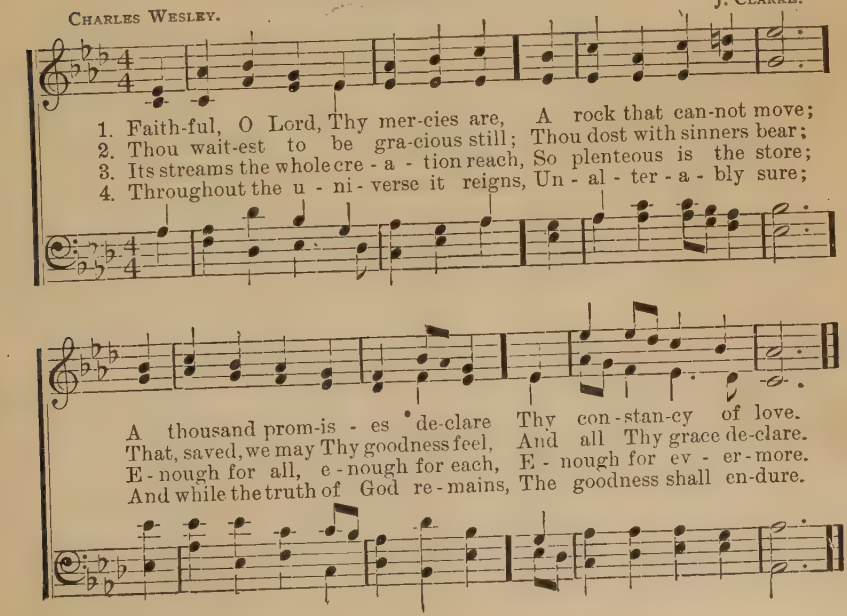
Nuremburg. 7s.

J. CONDER. J. H. AHLE.


1. Lord, my times are in Thy hand; All my fondest hopes have planned
2. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live:
3. Fond am - bi - tion, whisper not; Hay - py is my hum - ble lot;
4. Oh, to live ex-empt from care, By the en - er - gy of prayer,
To Thy wis-dom I re - sign, And would make Thy purpose mine.
So shall add-ed years ful - fil, Not my own, my Fa - ther's will.
Anx - ious, bu - sy cares, a - way; I'm pro - vid - ed for to - day.
Strong in faith, with mind subdued, Yet e - late with grat - i - tude.

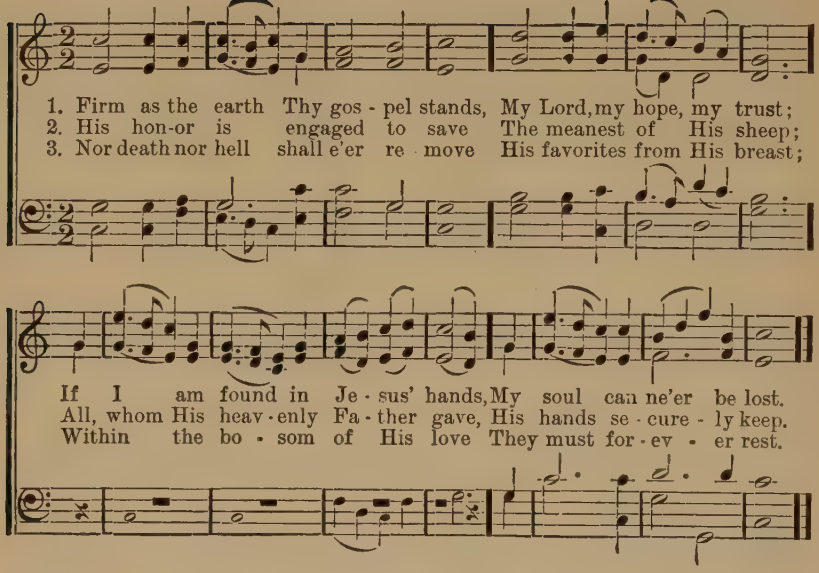
Nottingham. C. M. 242

CHARLES WESLEY. J. CLARKE.


1. Faith-ful, O Lord, Thy mer-cies are, A rock that can-not move;
2. Thou wait-est to be gra-cious still; Thou dost with sinners bear;
3. Its streams the whole cre - a - tion reach, So plenteous is the store;
4. Throughout the u - ni - verse it reigns, Un - al - ter - a - bly sure;
A thousand prom-is - es de-clare Thy con-stan-cy of love.
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel, And all Thy grace de-clare.
E - nough for all, e - nough for each, E - nough for ev - er - more.
And while the truth of God re - mains, The goodness shall en-dure.

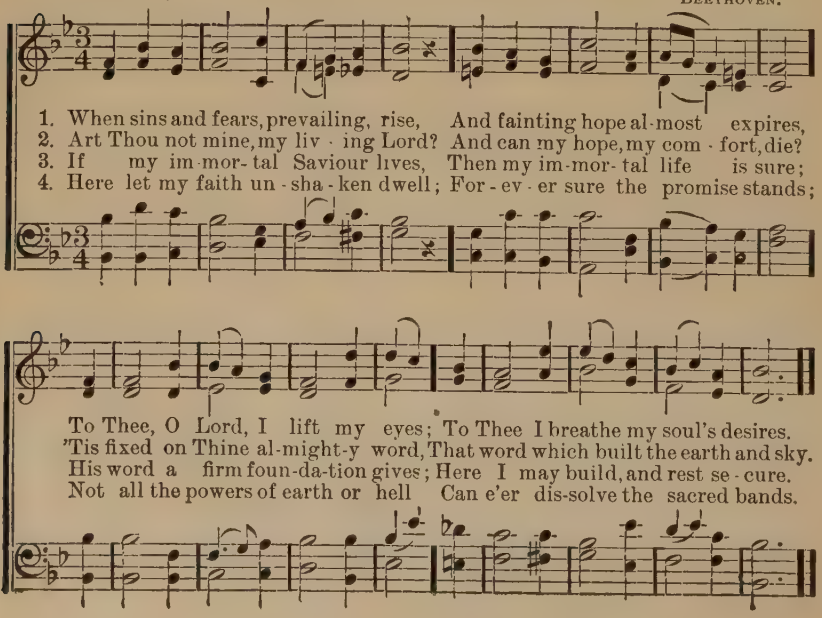
243 Henry. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. S. B. POND.


1. Firm as the earth Thy gos - pel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;
2. His hon-or is engaged to save The meanest of His sheep;
3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er re - move His favorites from His breast;
If I am found in Je - sus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.
All, whom His heav - enly Fa - ther gave, His hands se - cure - ly keep.
Within the bo - som of His love They must for - ev - er rest.

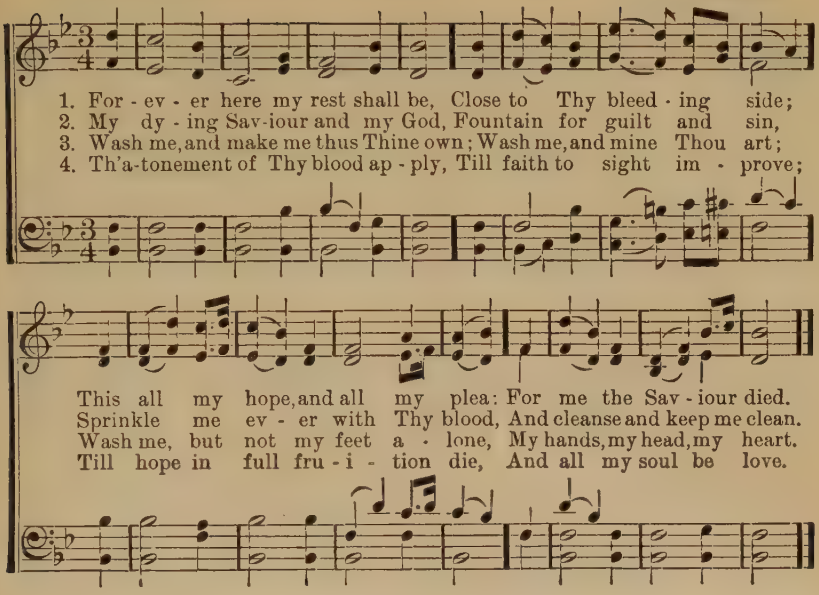
244 Germany. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. BEETHOVEN.


1. When sins and fears, prevailing, rise, And fainting hope al-most expires,
2. Art Thou not mine, my liv - ing Lord? And can my hope, my com - fort, die?
3. If my im-mor-tal Saviour lives, Then my im-mor-tal life is sure;
4. Here let my faith un - sha - ken dwell; For - ev - er sure the promise stands;
To Thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes; To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
'Tis fixed on Thine al-might-y word, That word which built the earth and sky.
His word a firm foun-da-tion gives; Here I may build, and rest se - cure.
Not all the powers of earth or hell Can e'er dis-solve the sacred bands.

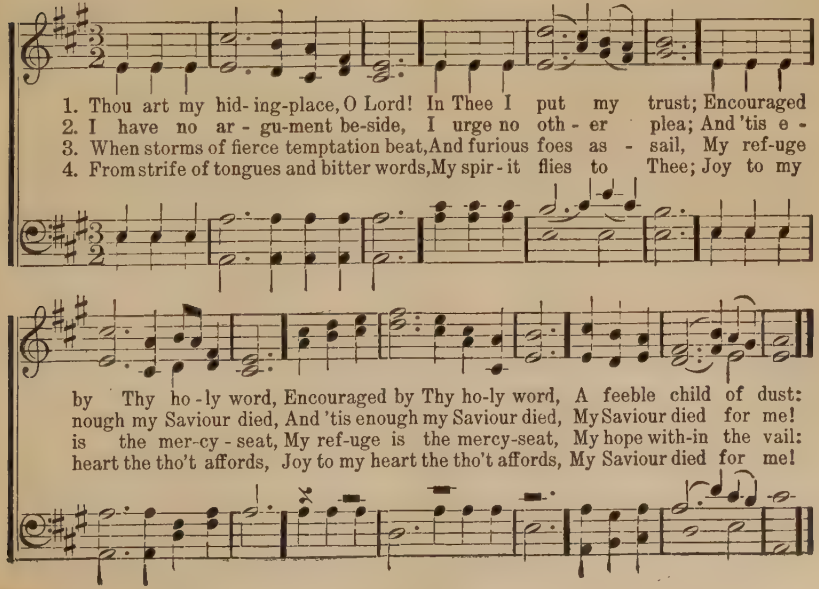
Bemerton. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. H. W. GREATOREX.


1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav-iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th'a-tonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;
This all my hope, and all my plea: For me the Sav - iour died.
Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

Tappan. C. M. 246

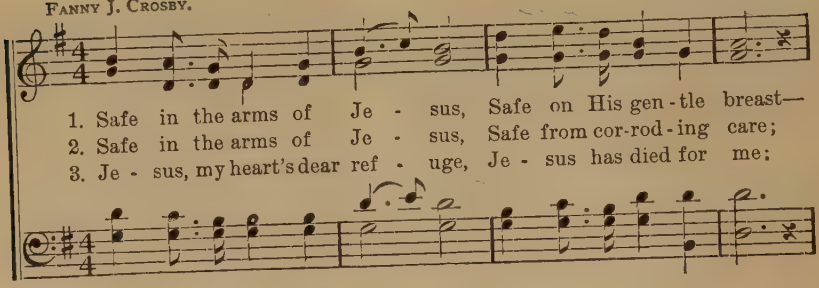
T. RAFFLES. GEO. KINGSLEY.

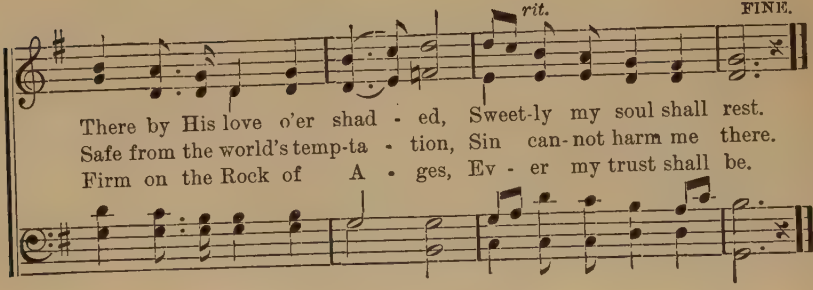

1. Thou art my hid- ing-place, O Lord! In Thee I put my trust; Encouraged
2. I have no ar - gu-ment be-side, I urge no oth - er plea; And 'tis e -
3. When storms of fierce temptation beat, And furious foes as - sail, My ref-uge
4. From strife of tongues and bitter words, My spir - it flies to Thee; Joy to my
by Thy ho - ly word, Encouraged by Thy ho-ly word, A feeble child of dust:
nough my Saviour died, And 'tis enough my Saviour died, My Saviour died for me!
is the mer-cy - seat, My ref-uge is the mercy-seat, My hope with-in the vail:
heart the tho't affords, Joy to my heart the tho't affords, My Saviour died for me!

247

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;


rit.
FINE.
There by His love o'er shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tion, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

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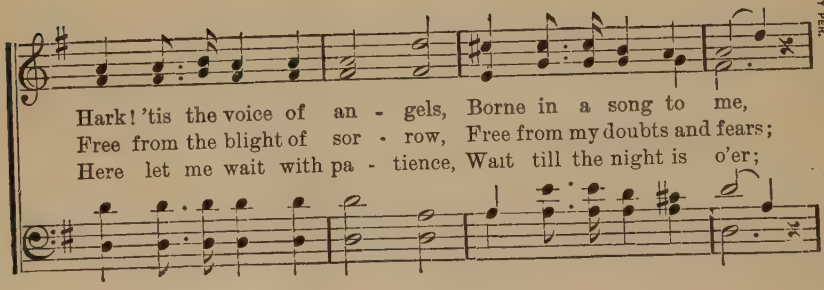
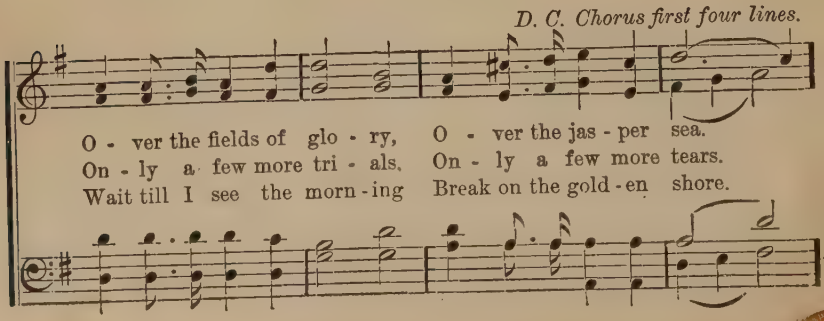
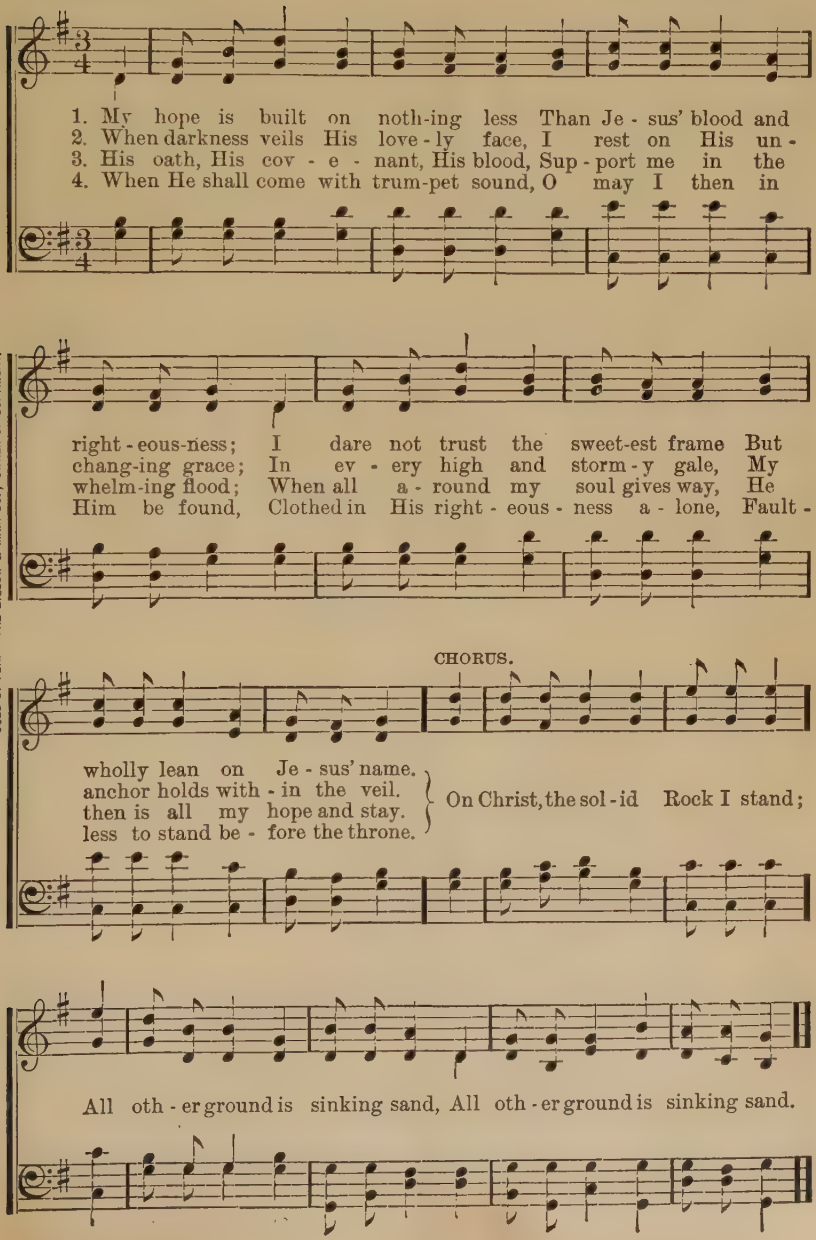

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;


D. C. Chorus first four lines.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un -
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in
right - eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame But
chang-ing grace; In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My
whelm-ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He
Him be found, Clothed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault -
CHORUS.
wholly lean on Je - sus' name.
anchor holds with - in the veil.
then is all my hope and stay.
less to stand be - fore the throne.
On Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand;
All oth - er ground is sinking sand, All oth - er ground is sinking sand.

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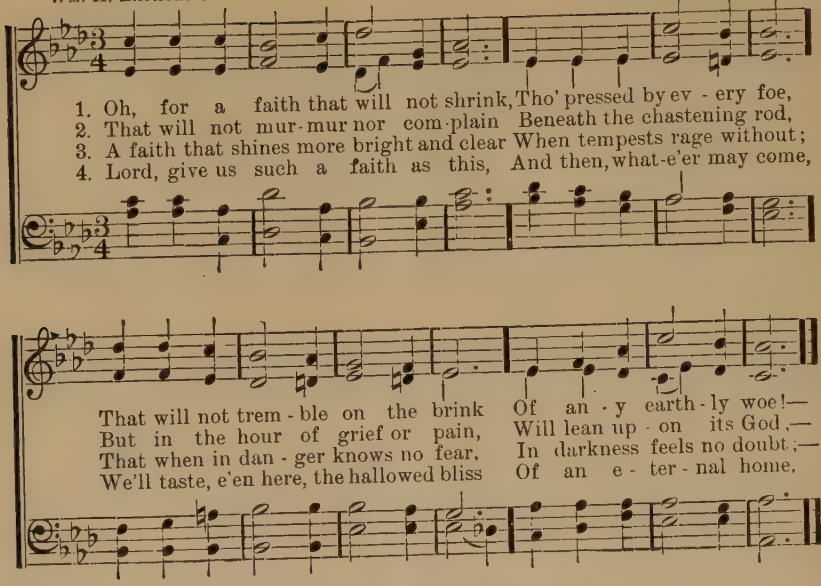
249

St. Agnes. C. M.

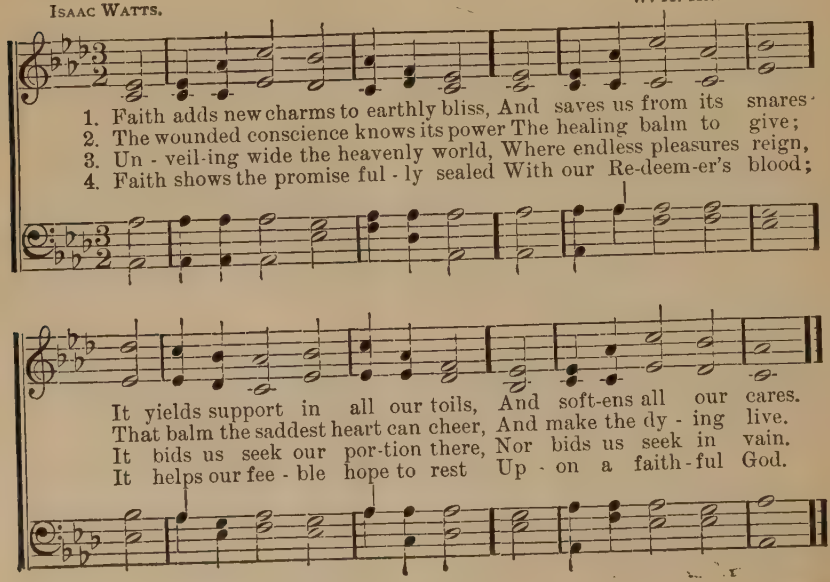
WM. H. BATHURST. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - ery foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain Beneath the chastening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!—
But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God,—
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt,—
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

250

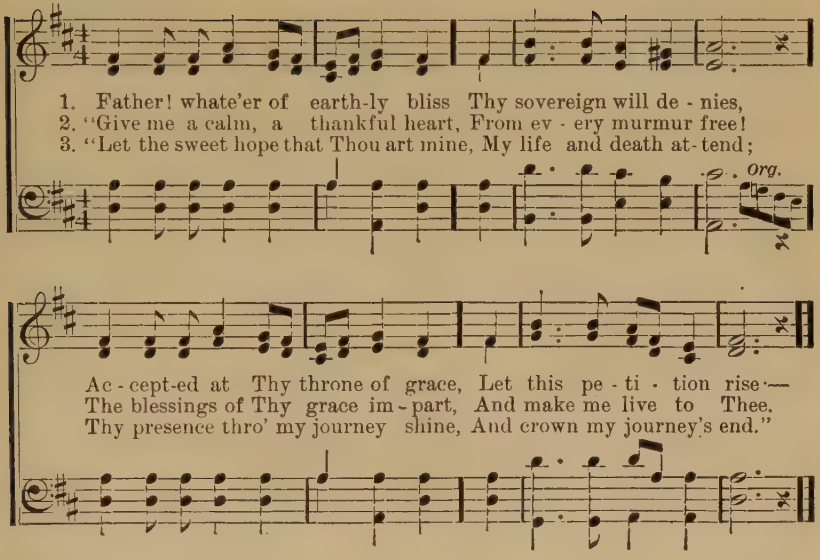
Evan. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. W. H. HAVERGAL.


1. Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss, And saves us from its snares
2. The wounded conscience knows its power The healing balm to give;
3. Un - veil - ing wide the heavenly world, Where endless pleasures reign,
4. Faith shows the promise ful - ly sealed With our Re-deem-er's blood;
It yields support in all our toils, And soft-ens all our cares.
That balm the saddest heart can cheer, And make the dy - ing live.
It bids us seek our por-tion there, Nor bids us seek in vain.
It helps our fee - ble hope to rest Up - on a faith - ful God.

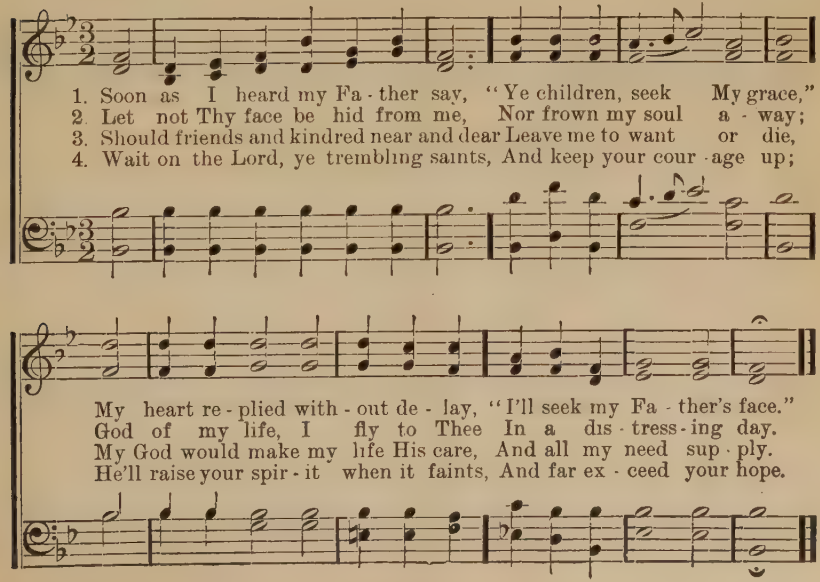
Naomi. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. LOWELL MASON.


1. Father! whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - ery murmur free!
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at-tend;
Org.
Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise·—
The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end."

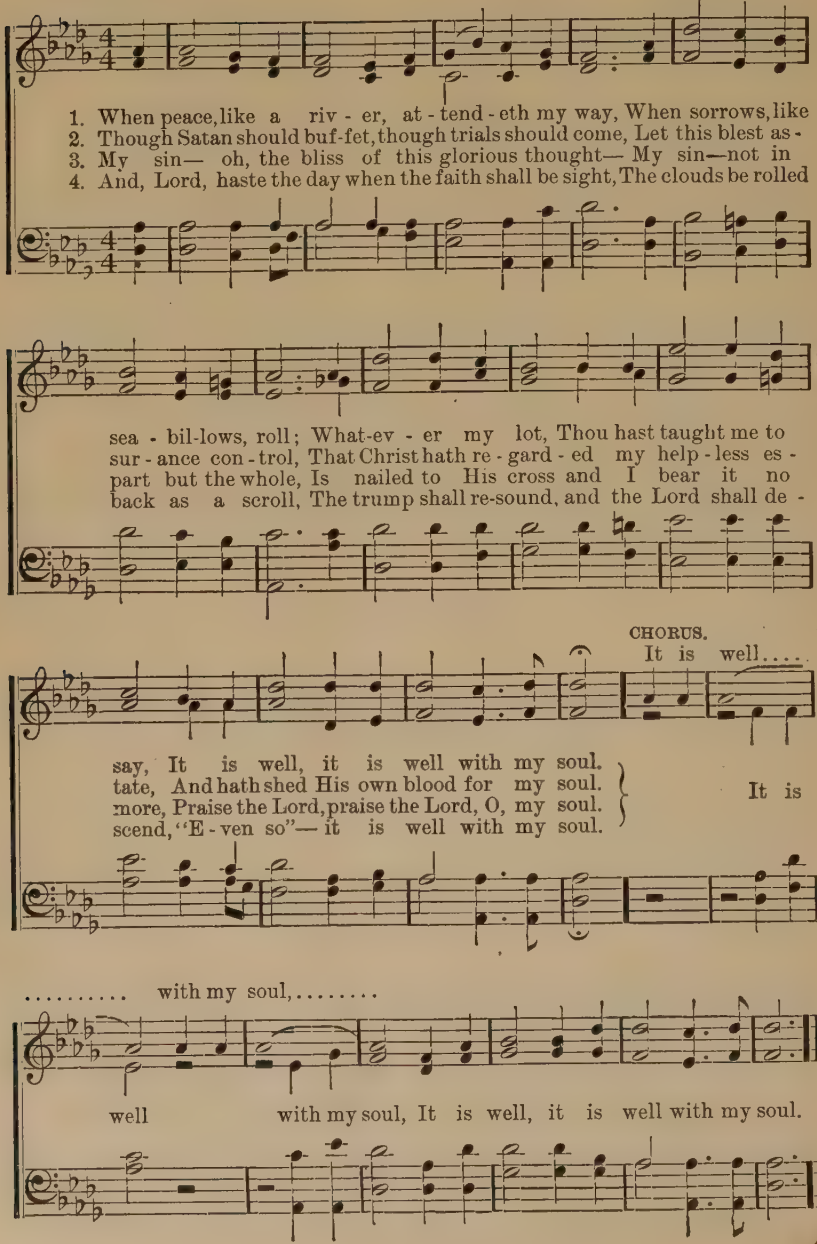
Hermon. C. M. 252

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Soon as I heard my Fa - ther say, "Ye children, seek My grace,"
2. Let not Thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a - way;
3. Should friends and kindred near and dear Leave me to want or die,
4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your cour - age up;
My heart re - plied with - out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa - ther's face."
God of my life, I fly to Thee In a dis - tress - ing day.
My God would make my life His care, And all my need sup - ply.
He'll raise your spir - it when it faints, And far ex - ceed your hope.

It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glorious thought— My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil-lows, roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de -
CHORUS.
It is well....
say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O, my soul.
scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
It is
..... with my soul,.....
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

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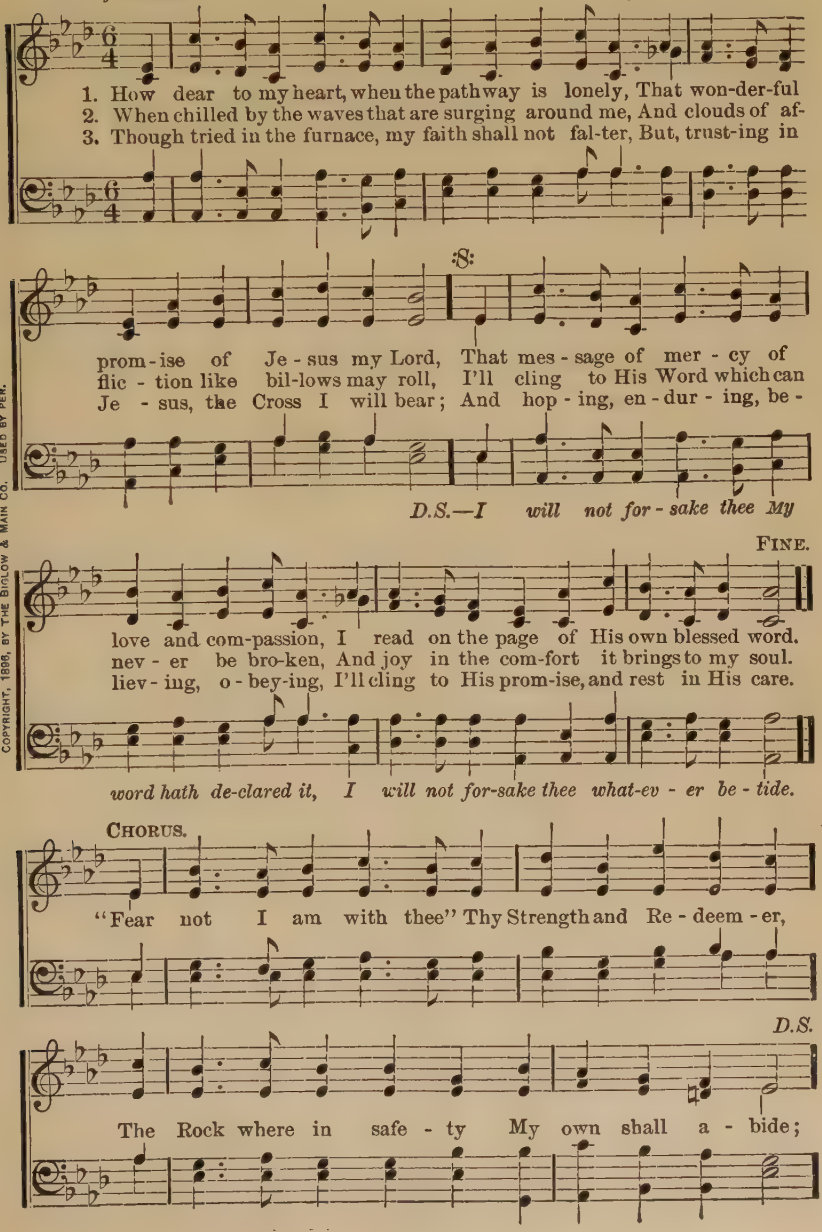
How Dear to My Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. How dear to my heart, when the pathway is lonely, That won-der-ful
2. When chilled by the waves that are surging around me, And clouds of af-
3. Though tried in the furnace, my faith shall not fal-ter, But, trust-ing in
prom-ise of Je-sus my Lord, That mes-sage of mer-cy of
flic-tion like bil-lows may roll, I'll cling to His Word which can
Je-sus, the Cross I will bear; And hop-ing, en-dur-ing, be-
D.S.—I will not for-sake thee My
FINE.
love and com-passion, I read on the page of His own blessed word.
nev-er be bro-ken, And joy in the com-fort it brings to my soul.
liev-ing, o-bey-ing, I'll cling to His prom-ise, and rest in His care.
word hath de-clared it, I will not for-sake thee what-ev-er be-tide.
CHORUS.
"Fear not I am with thee" Thy Strength and Re-deem-er,
D.S.
The Rock where in safe-ty My own shall a-bide;

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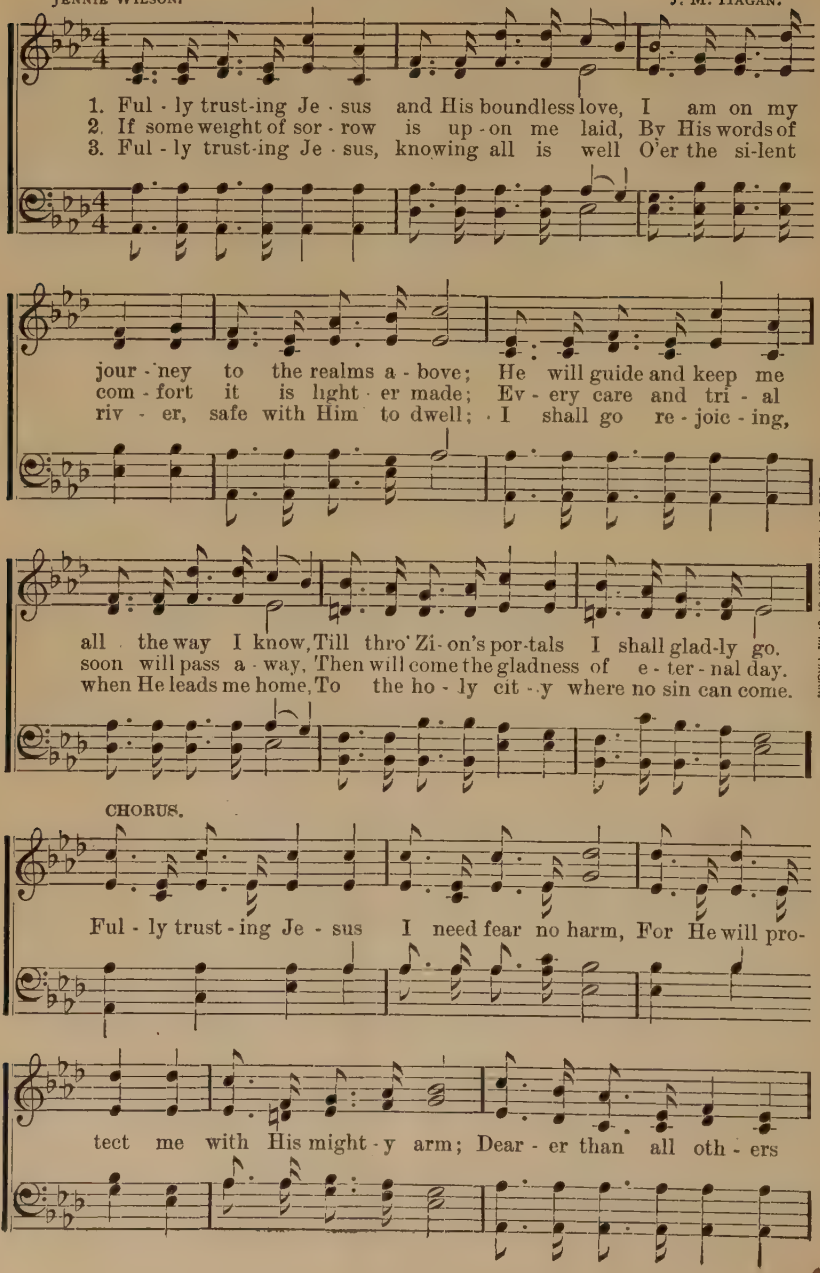
Fully Trusting Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. J. M. HAGAN.


1. Ful - ly trust-ing Je - sus and His boundless love, I am on my
2. If some weight of sor - row is up - on me laid, By His words of
3. Ful - ly trust-ing Je - sus, knowing all is well O'er the si-lent
jour - ney to the realms a - bove; He will guide and keep me
com - fort it is light - er made; Ev - ery care and tri - al
riv - er, safe with Him to dwell; I shall go re - joic - ing,
all the way I know, Till thro' Zi - on's por-tals I shall glad-ly go.
soon will pass a - way, Then will come the gladness of e - ter - nal day.
when He leads me home, To the ho - ly cit - y where no sin can come.
CHORUS.
Ful - ly trust - ing Je - sus I need fear no harm, For He will pro-
tect me with His might - y arm; Dear - er than all oth - ers

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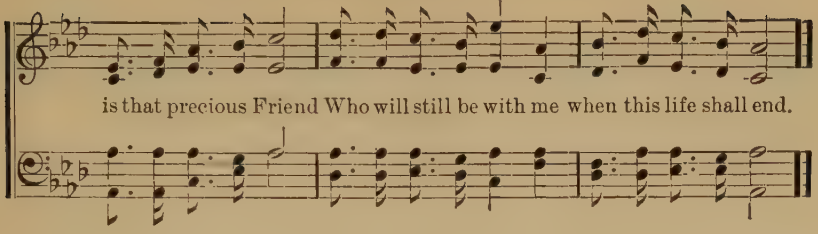
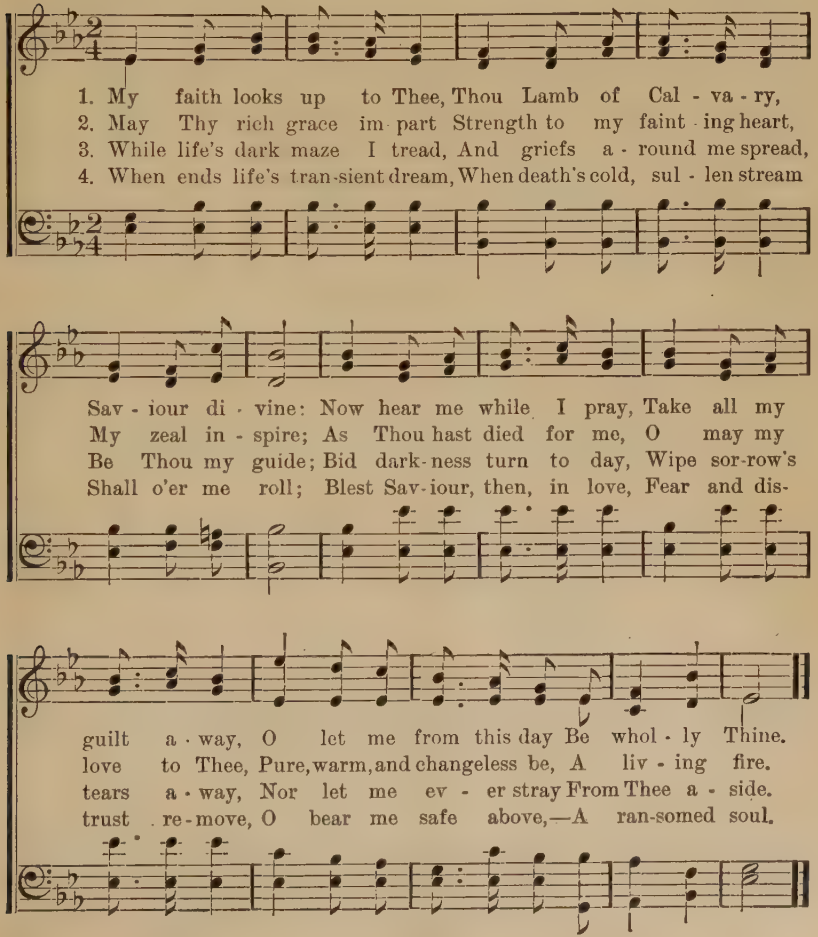
Fully Trusting Jesus.—*Concluded.*



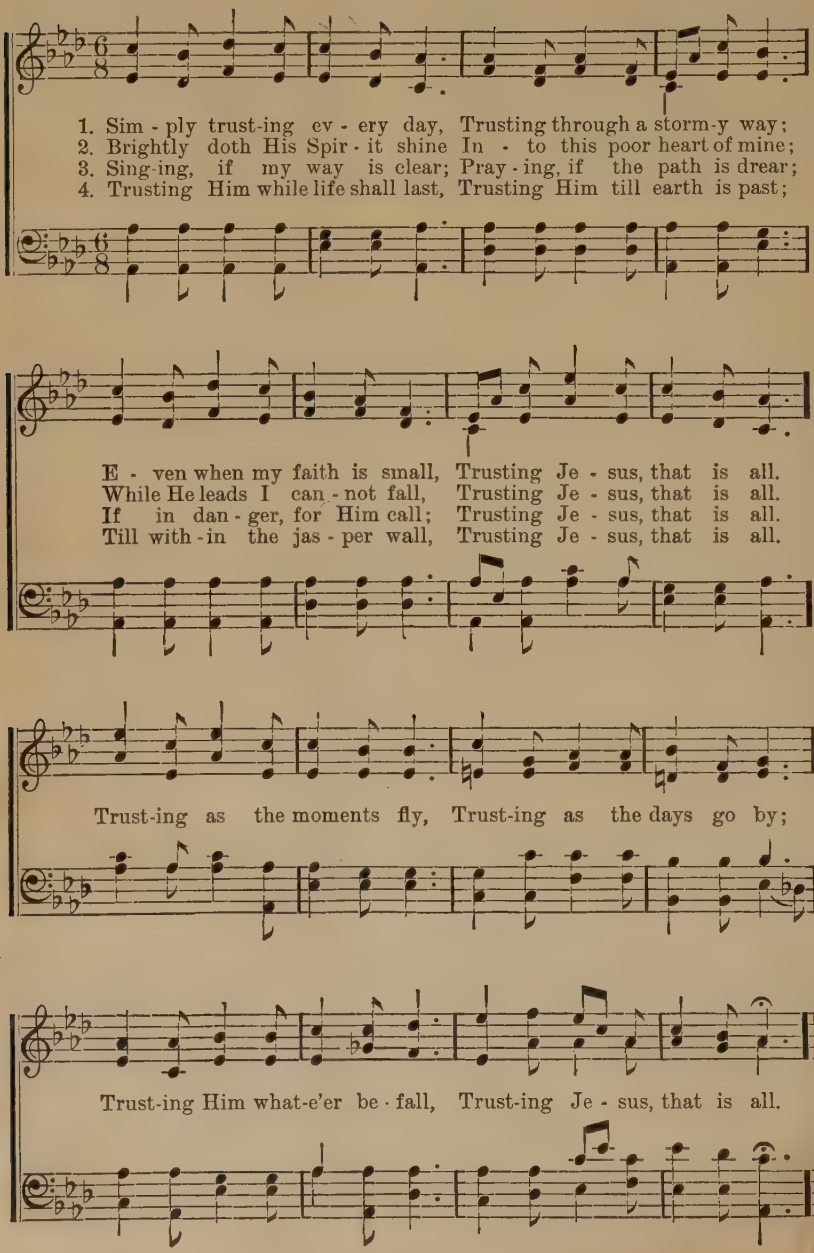
Olivet. 6s, 4s. 256

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move, O bear me safe above,—A ran-somed soul.

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR P. STITES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Sim - ply trust-ing ev - ery day, Trusting through a storm-y way;
2. Brightly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;
Trust-ing Him what-e'er be - fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

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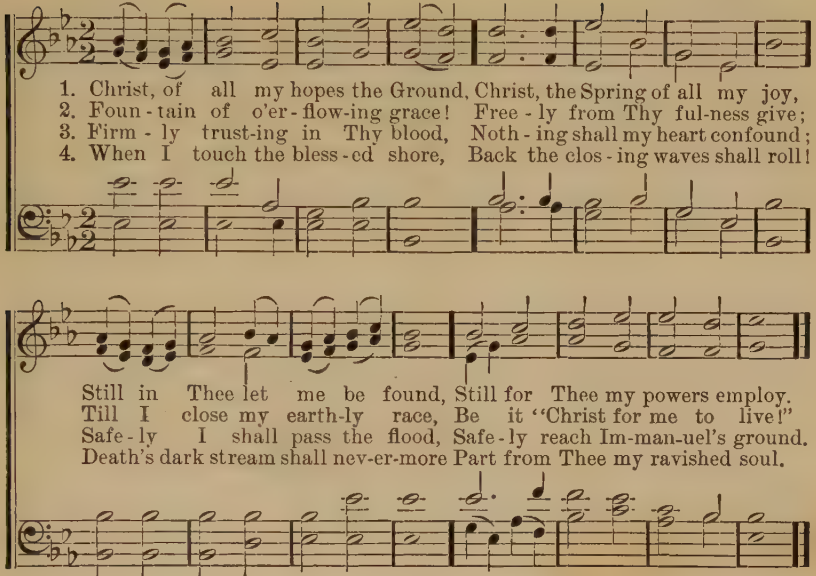
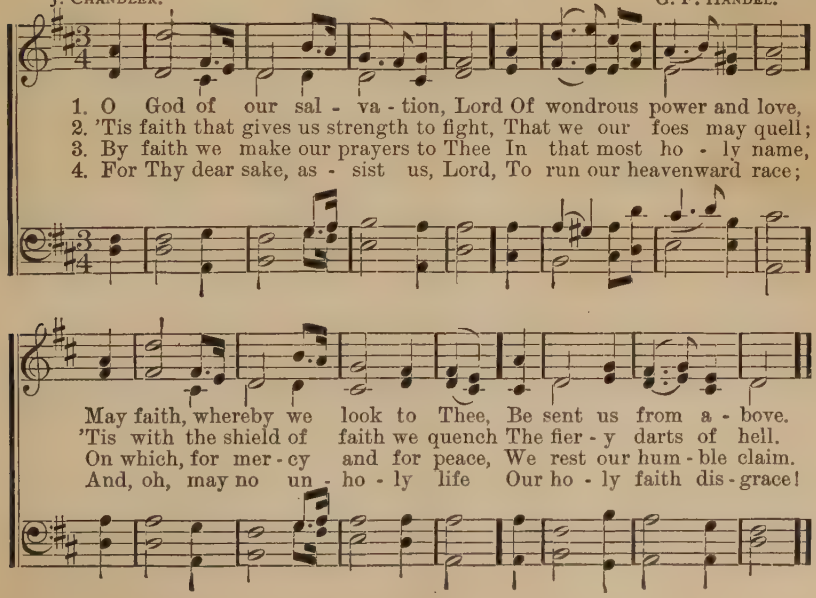
Messiah. 7s.

R. WARDLAW. J. NETHERCLIFT.


1. Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
2. Foun - tain of o'er - flow-ing grace! Free - ly from Thy ful-ness give;
3. Firm - ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Noth - ing shall my heart confound;
4. When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the clos - ing waves shall roll!
Still in Thee let me be found, Still for Thee my powers employ.
Till I close my earth-ly race, Be it "Christ for me to live!"
Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.
Death's dark stream shall nev-er-more Part from Thee my ravished soul.

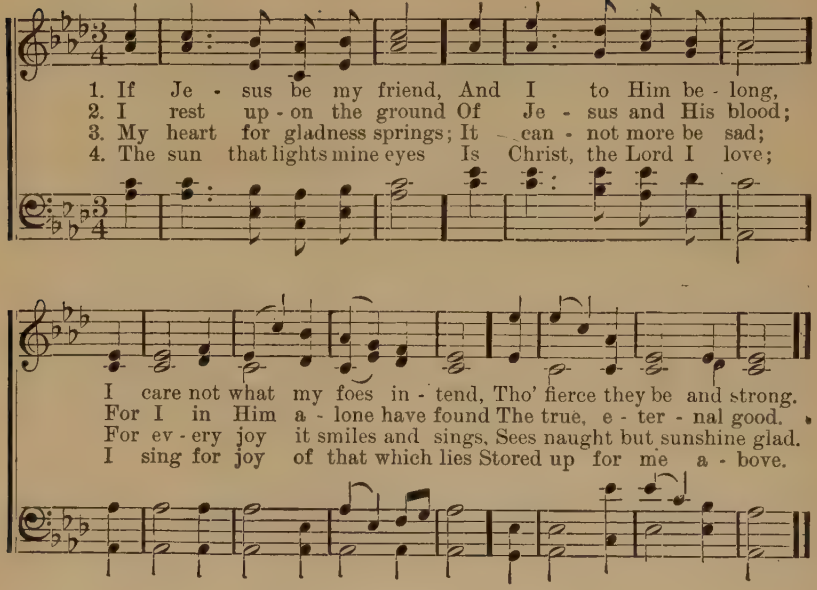
Bradford. C. M. 259

J. CHANDLER. G. F. HANDEL.


1. O God of our sal - va - tion, Lord Of wondrous power and love,
2. 'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight, That we our foes may quell;
3. By faith we make our prayers to Thee In that most ho - ly name,
4. For Thy dear sake, as - sist us, Lord, To run our heavenward race;
May faith, whereby we look to Thee, Be sent us from a - bove.
'Tis with the shield of faith we quench The fier - y darts of hell.
On which, for mer - cy and for peace, We rest our hum - ble claim.
And, oh, may no un - ho - ly life Our ho - ly faith dis - grace!

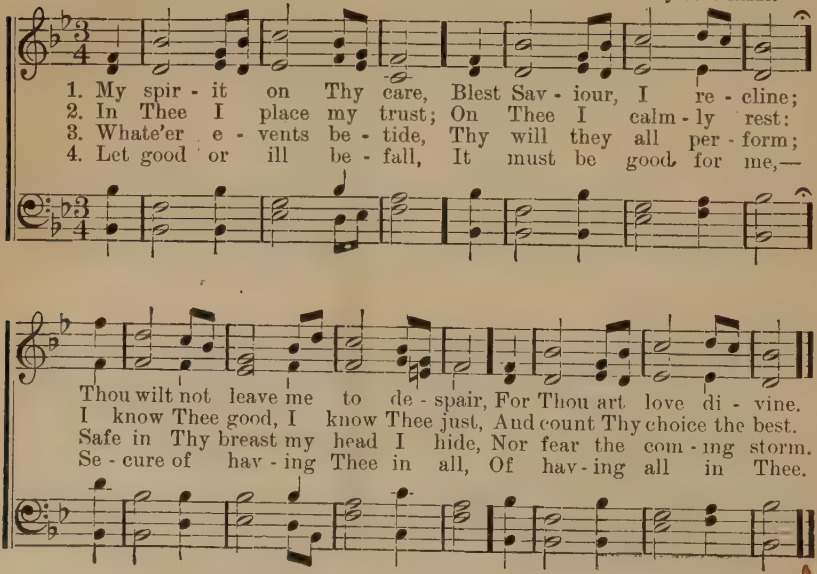
Ahira. S. M.

Tr. by C. Winkworth. H. W. Greatorex.


1. If Je - sus be my friend, And I to Him be - long,
2. I rest up - on the ground Of Je - sus and His blood;
3. My heart for gladness springs; It can - not more be sad;
4. The sun that lights mine eyes Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I care not what my foes in - tend, Tho' fierce they be and strong.
For I in Him a - lone have found The true, e - ter - nal good.
For ev - ery joy it smiles and sings, Sees naught but sunshine glad.
I sing for joy of that which lies Stored up for me a - bove.

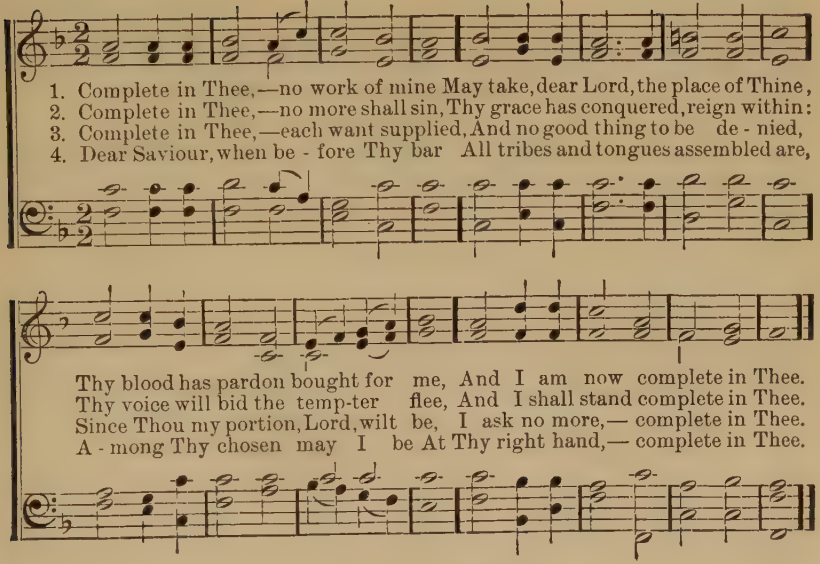
261 Kentucky. S. M.

H. F. Lyte. Jer. Ingalls.


1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I re - cline;
2. In Thee I place my trust; On Thee I calm - ly rest:
3. Whate'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all per - form;
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me,—
Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art love di - vine.
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.
Se - cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee.

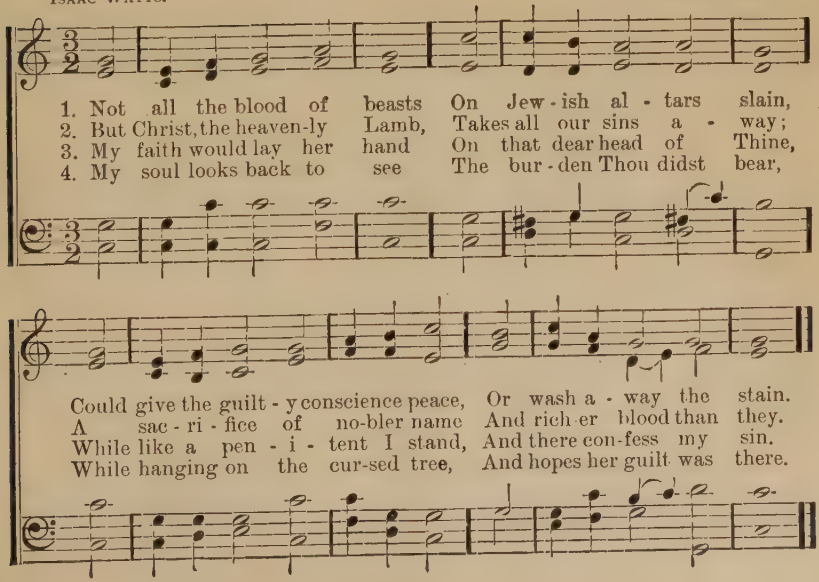
Federal Street. L. M.

A. R. Wolfe. H. K. Oliver.


1. Complete in Thee,—no work of mine May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine,
2. Complete in Thee,—no more shall sin, Thy grace has conquered, reign within:
3. Complete in Thee,—each want supplied, And no good thing to be de - nied,
4. Dear Saviour, when be - fore Thy bar All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Thy blood has pardon bought for me, And I am now complete in Thee.
Thy voice will bid the temp-ter flee, And I shall stand complete in Thee.
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be, I ask no more,— complete in Thee.
A - mong Thy chosen may I be At Thy right hand,— complete in Thee.

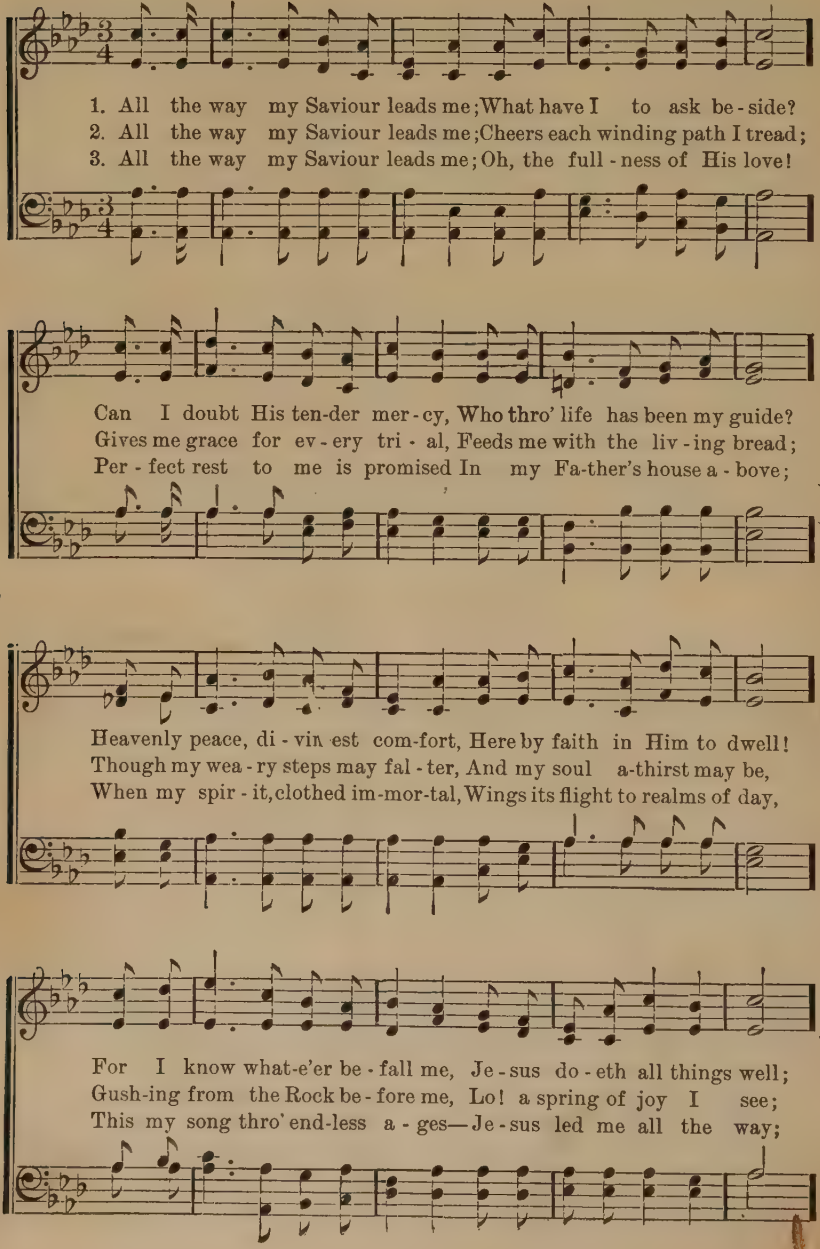
Boylston. S. M. 263

Isaac Watts. Lowell Mason.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heaven-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou didst bear,
Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no-bler name And rich - er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
While hanging on the cur-sed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.

All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;
Heavenly peace, di-vin est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;

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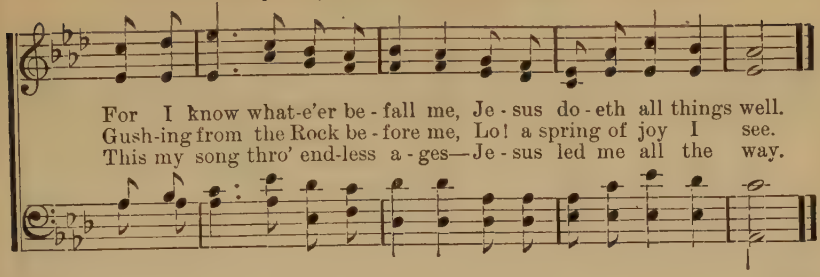
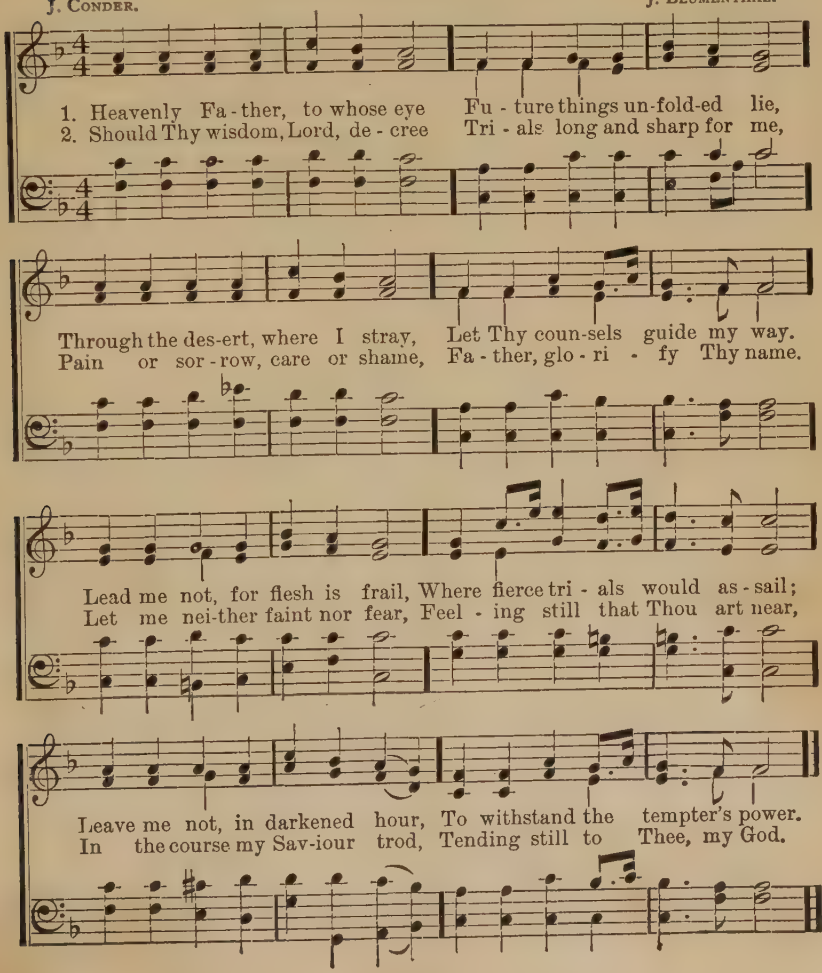
All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.—*Concluded.*


For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.

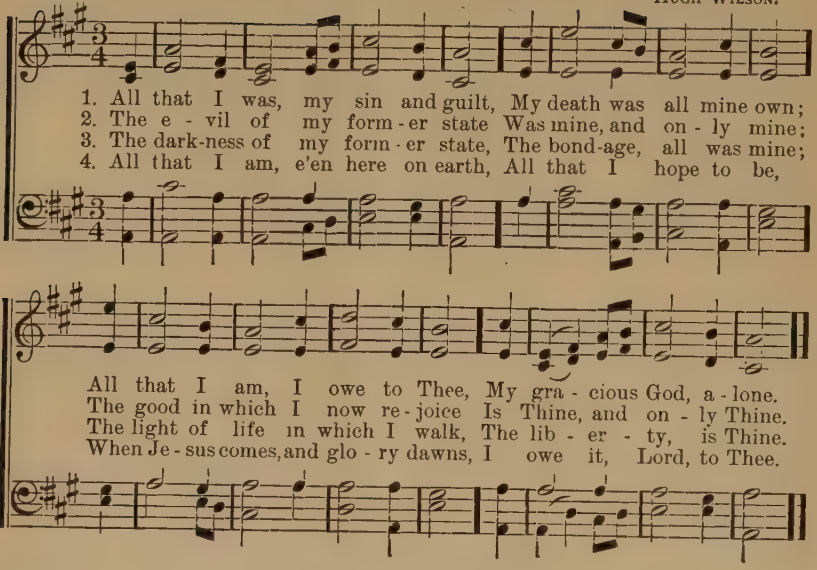
Blumenthal. 7s. D. 265

J. Conder. J. Blumenthal.


1. Heavenly Fa - ther, to whose eye Fu - ture things un-fold-ed lie,
2. Should Thy wisdom, Lord, de - cree Tri - als long and sharp for me,
Through the des-ert, where I stray, Let Thy coun-sels guide my way.
Pain or sor - row, care or shame, Fa - ther, glo - ri - fy Thy name.
Lead me not, for flesh is frail, Where fierce tri - als would as - sail;
Let me nei-ther faint nor fear, Feel - ing still that Thou art near,
Leave me not, in darkened hour, To withstand the tempter's power.
In the course my Sav-iour trod, Tending still to Thee, my God.

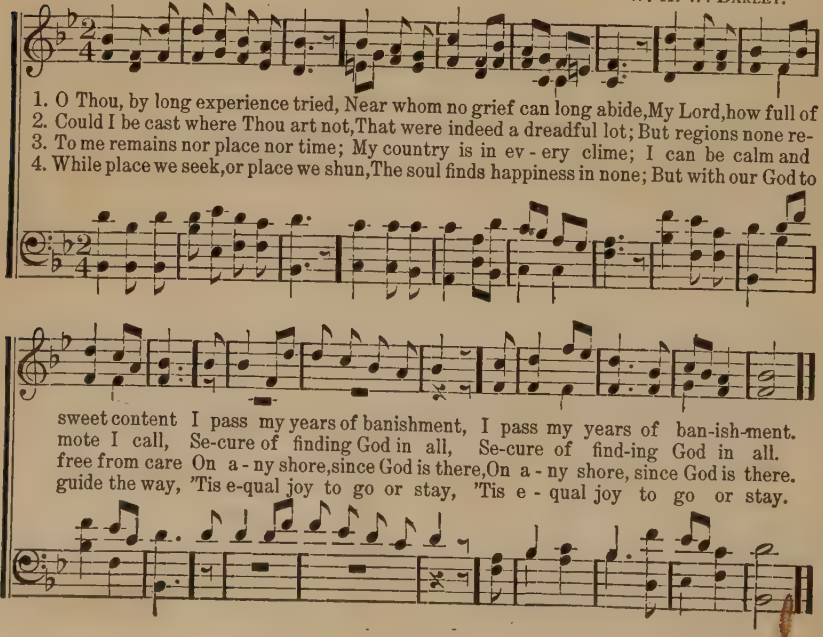
Avon. C. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. HUGH WILSON.


1. All that I was, my sin and guilt, My death was all mine own;
2. The e - vil of my form - er state Was mine, and on - ly mine;
3. The dark-ness of my form - er state, The bond-age, all was mine;
4. All that I am, e'en here on earth, All that I hope to be,
All that I am, I owe to Thee, My gra - cious God, a - lone.
The good in which I now re - joice Is Thine, and on - ly Thine.
The light of life in which I walk, The lib - er - ty, is Thine.
When Je - sus comes, and glo - ry dawns, I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

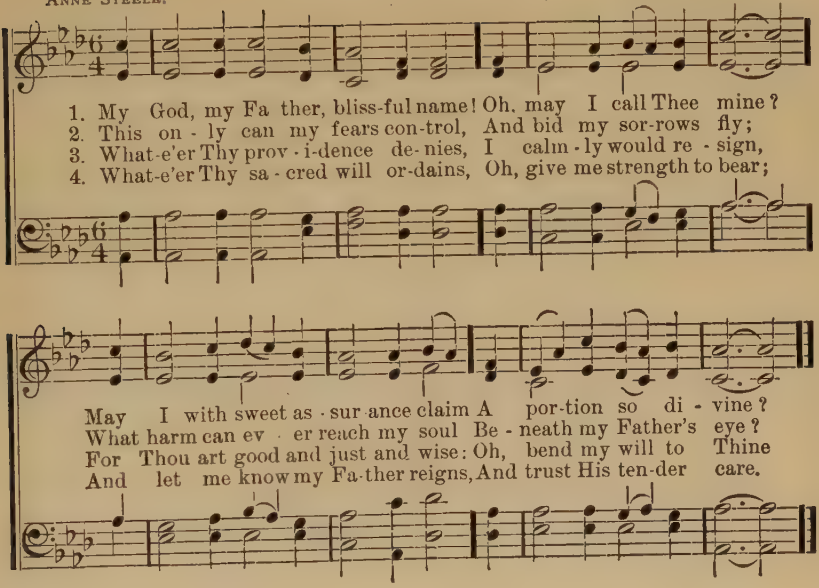
267 Darley. L. M.

JENNIE M. GUYON. W. H. W. DARLEY.


1. O Thou, by long experience tried, Near whom no grief can long abide, My Lord, how full of
2. Could I be cast where Thou art not, That were indeed a dreadful lot; But regions none re-
3. To me remains nor place nor time; My country is in ev - ery clime; I can be calm and
4. While place we seek, or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with our God to
sweet content I pass my years of banishment, I pass my years of ban-ish-ment.
mote I call, Se-cure of finding God in all, Se-cure of find-ing God in all.
free from care On a - ny shore, since God is there, On a - ny shore, since God is there.
guide the way, 'Tis e-qual joy to go or stay, 'Tis e - qual joy to go or stay.

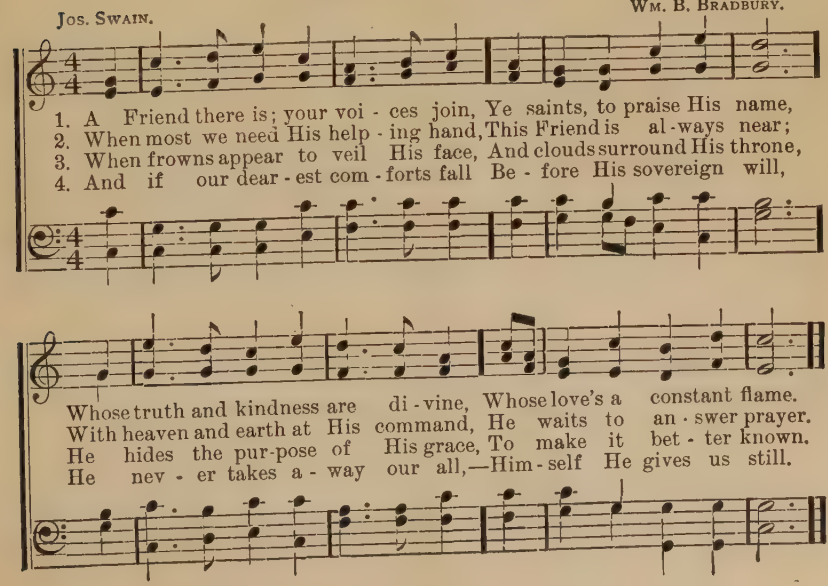
Helena. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. My God, my Fa ther, bliss-ful name! Oh, may I call Thee mine?
2. This on - ly can my fears con-trol, And bid my sor-rows fly;
3. What-e'er Thy prov - i-dence de-nies, I calm - ly would re - sign,
4. What-e'er Thy sa - cred will or-dains, Oh, give me strength to bear;
May I with sweet as - sur-ance claim A por-tion so di - vine?
What harm can ev - er reach my soul Be - neath my Father's eye?
For Thou art good and just and wise: Oh, bend my will to Thine
And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust His ten-der care.

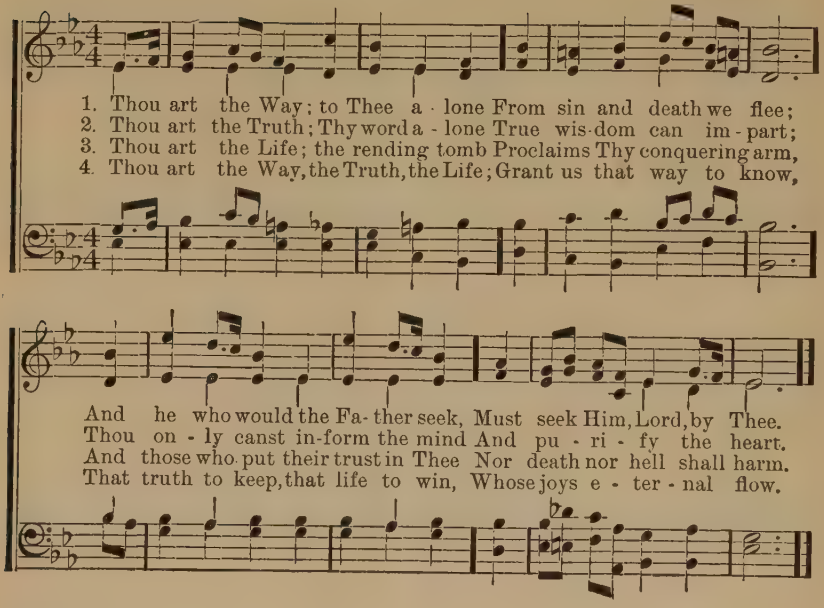
Brown. C. M. 269

JOS. SWAIN. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. A Friend there is; your voi - ces join, Ye saints, to praise His name,
2. When most we need His help - ing hand, This Friend is al - ways near;
3. When frowns appear to veil His face, And clouds surround His throne,
4. And if our dear - est com - forts fall Be - fore His sovereign will,
Whose truth and kindness are di - vine, Whose love's a constant flame.
With heaven and earth at His command, He waits to an - swer prayer.
He hides the pur-pose of His grace, To make it bet - ter known.
He nev - er takes a - way our all,—Him - self He gives us still.

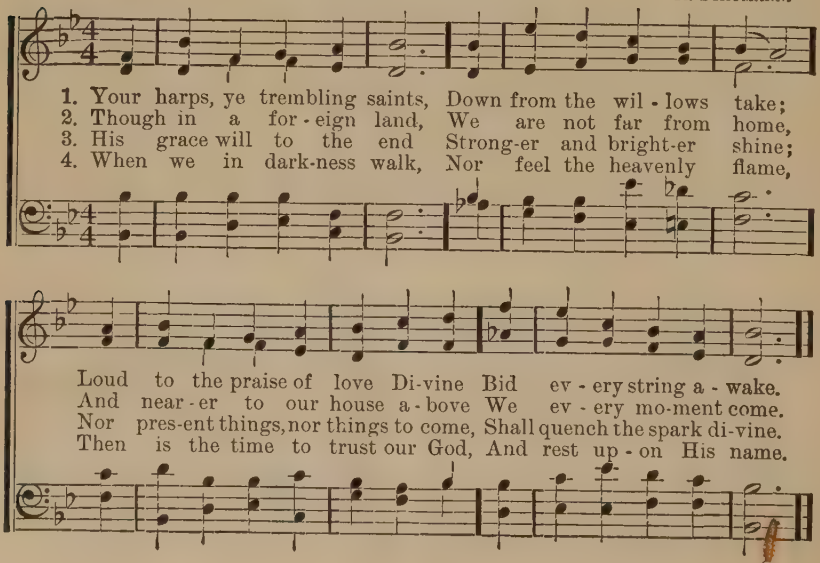
Burlington. C. M.

G. W. Doane. John F. Burrowes.


1. Thou art the Way; to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth; Thy word a - lone True wis-dom can im - part;
3. Thou art the Life; the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know,
And he who would the Fa- ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
Thou on - ly canst in-form the mind And pu - ri - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

271 Schumann. S. M.

A. M. Toplady. R. Schumann.


1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home,
3. His grace will to the end Strong-er and bright-er shine;
4. When we in dark-ness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Loud to the praise of love Di-vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake.
And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - ery mo-ment come.
Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di-vine.
Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on His name.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

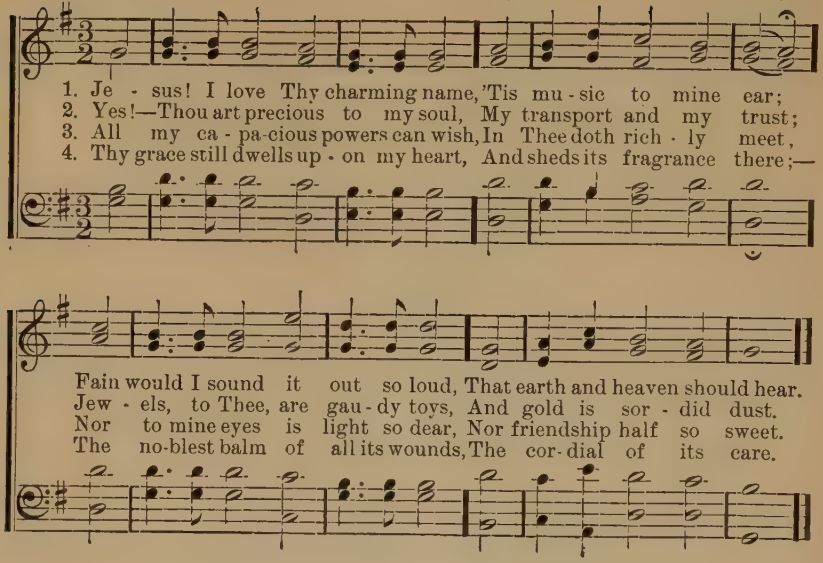
(B) THE SOUL DECLARING LOVE

"I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses."
ISAIAH LXIII: 7.

HYMNS 272–299

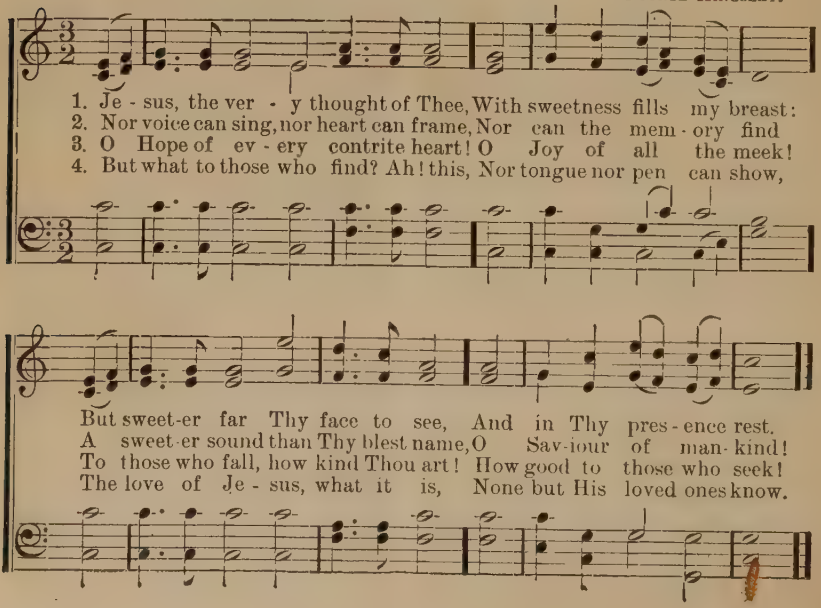
Arlington. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. T. A. ARNE.


1. Je - sus! I love Thy charming name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
2. Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust;
3. All my ca - pa-cious powers can wish, In Thee doth rich - ly meet,
4. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fragrance there;—
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven should hear.
Jew - els, to Thee, are gau - dy toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
The no-blest balm of all its wounds, The cor-dial of its care.

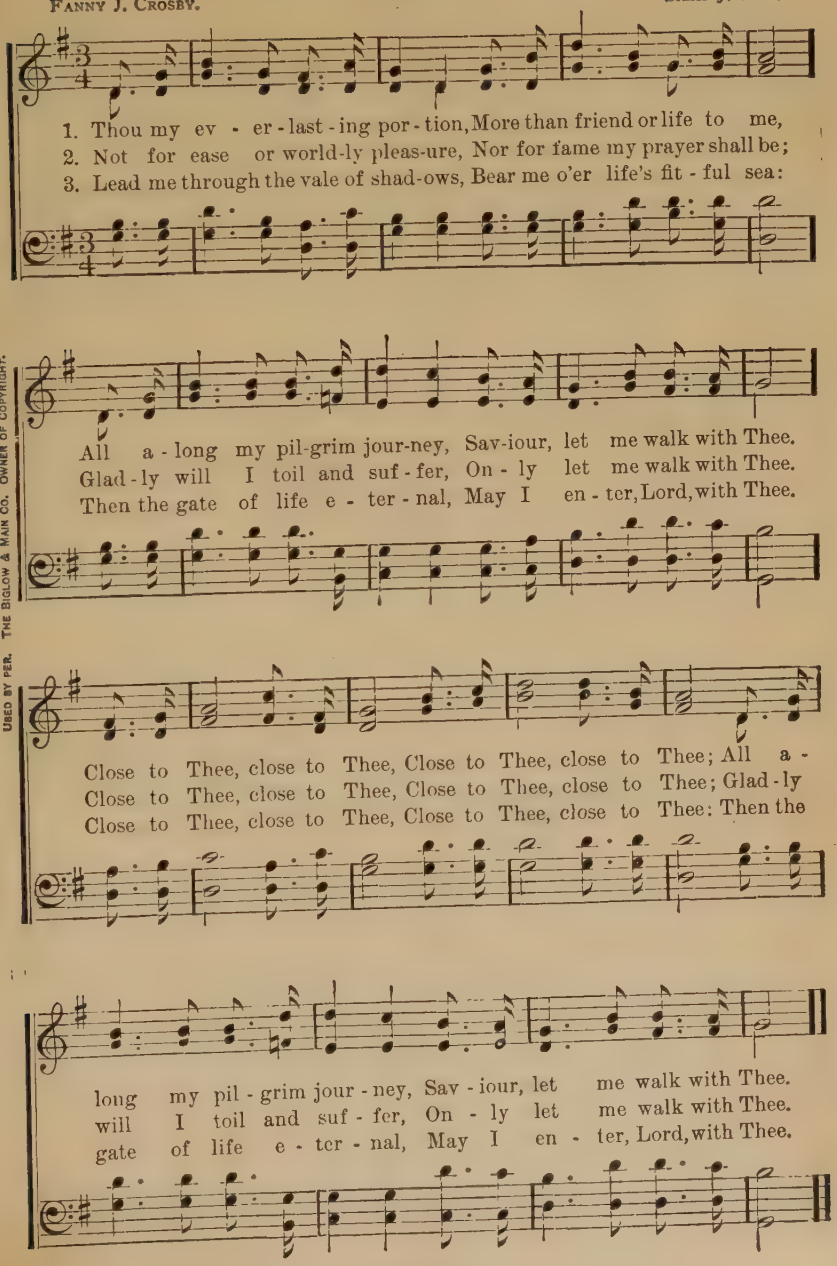
273 Heber. C. M.

Tr. EDW. CASWALL. GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast:
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
3. O Hope of ev - ery contrite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this, Nor tongue nor pen can show,
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.

Close to Thee. P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.


1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me through the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee: Then the
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

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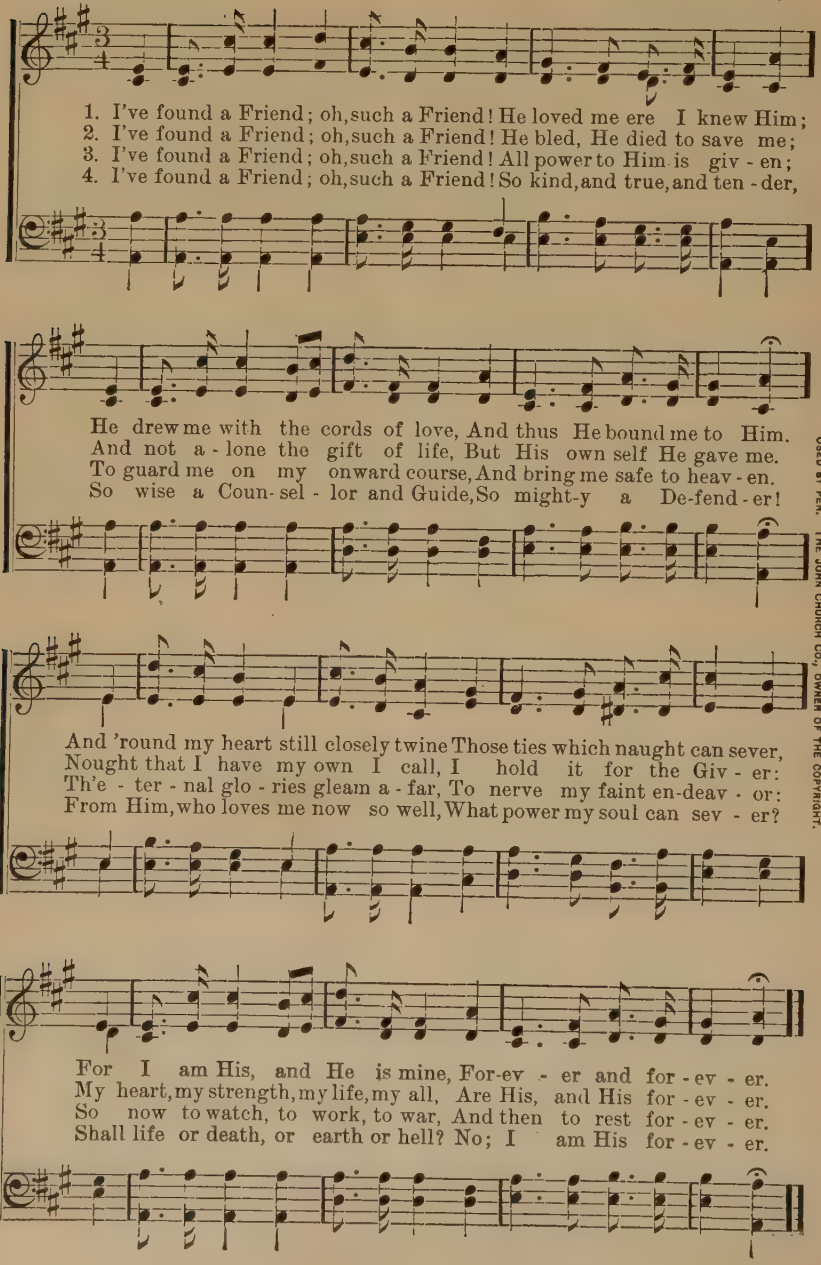
I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!
And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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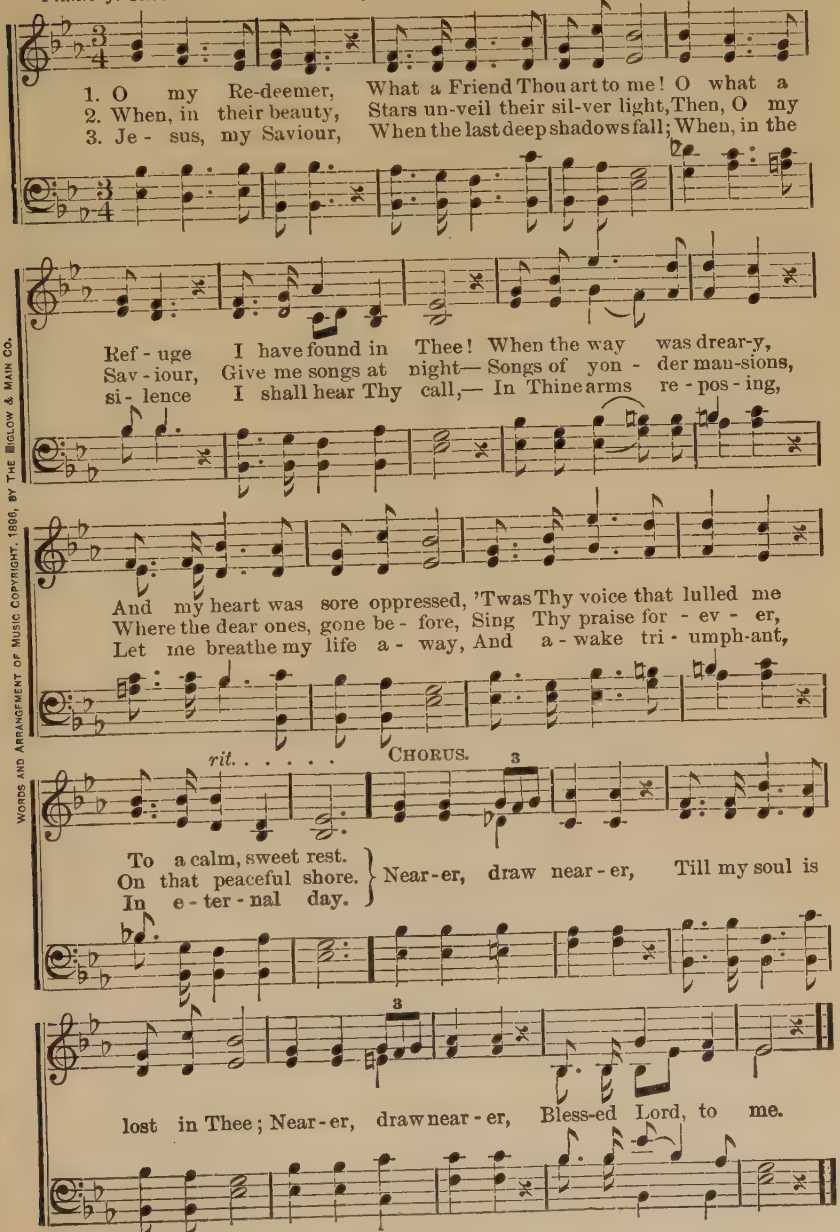
O My Redeemer.

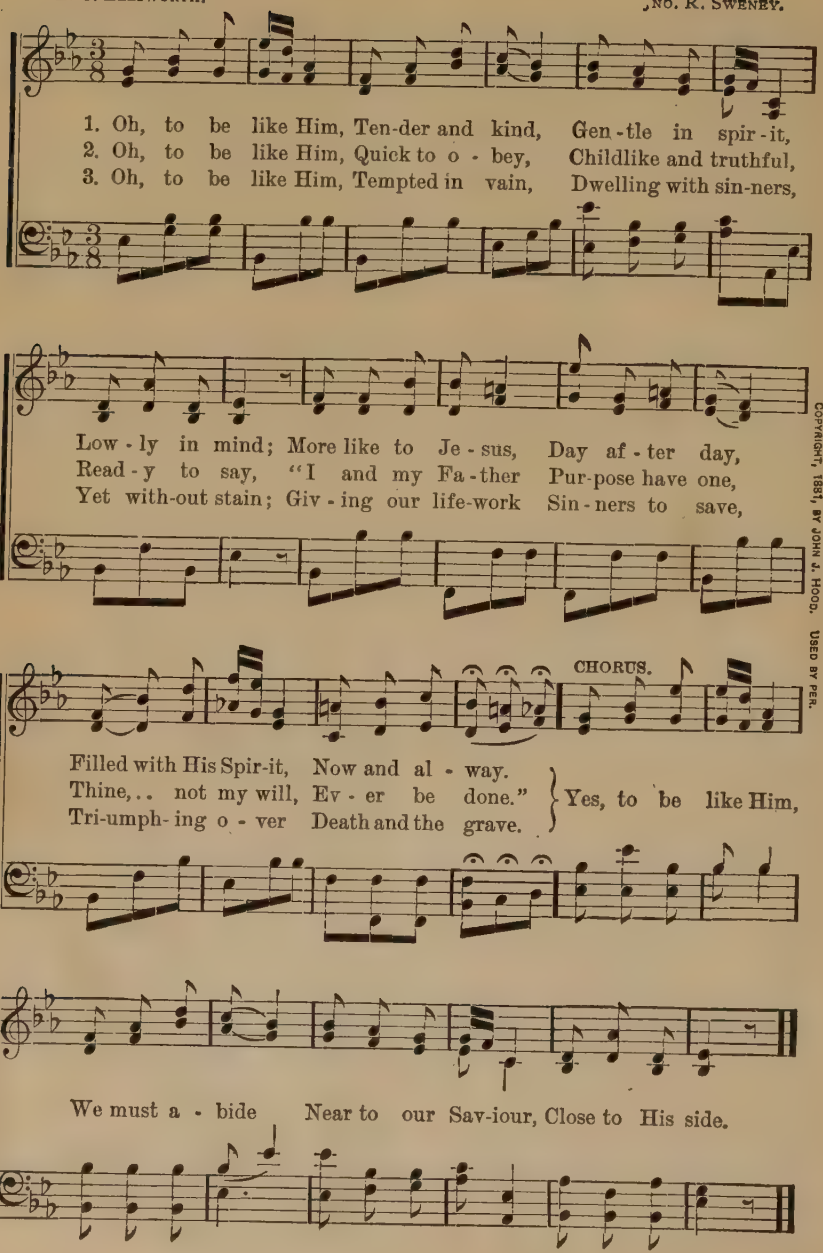
FANNY J. CROSBY. (JUANITA.) Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. O my Re-deemer, What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a
2. When, in their beauty, Stars un-veil their sil-ver light, Then, O my
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the
Ref - uge I have found in Thee! When the way was drear-y,
Sav - iour, Give me songs at night— Songs of yon - der man-sions,
si - lence I shall hear Thy call,— In Thine arms re - pos - ing,
And my heart was sore oppressed, 'Twas Thy voice that lulled me
Where the dear ones, gone be - fore, Sing Thy praise for - ev - er,
Let me breathe my life a - way, And a - wake tri - umph-ant,
rit. . . . . CHORUS.
To a calm, sweet rest.
On that peaceful shore.
In e - ter - nal day.
Near-er, draw near - er, Till my soul is
lost in Thee; Near-er, draw near - er, Bless-ed Lord, to me.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT OF MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Oh, to be Like Him.

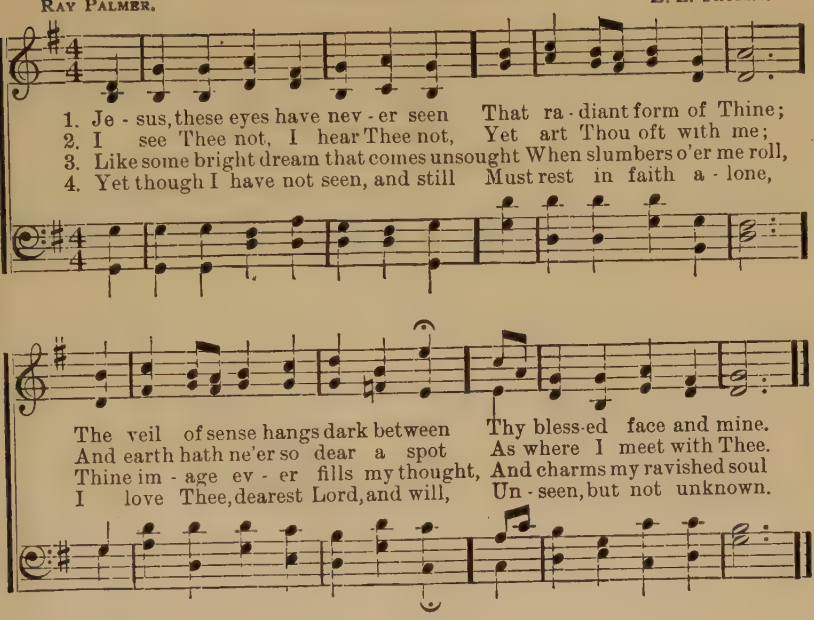
E. C. ELLSWORTH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, to be like Him, Ten-der and kind, Gen-tle in spir-it,
2. Oh, to be like Him, Quick to o - bey, Childlike and truthful,
3. Oh, to be like Him, Tempted in vain, Dwelling with sin-ners,
Low-ly in mind; More like to Je-sus, Day af-ter day,
Read-y to say, "I and my Fa-ther Pur-pose have one,
Yet with-out stain; Giv-ing our life-work Sin-ners to save,
CHORUS.
Filled with His Spir-it, Now and al - way.
Thine,.. not my will, Ev - er be done."
Tri-umph-ing o - ver Death and the grave.
Yes, to be like Him,
We must a - bide Near to our Sav-iour, Close to His side.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER.

Edgar. C. M.

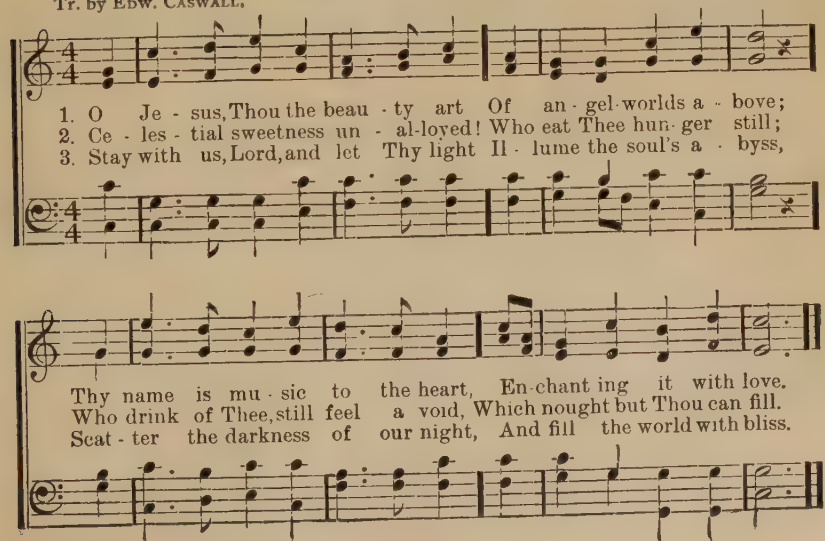
RAY PALMER. E. L. THOMAS.


1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;
2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me;
3. Like some bright dream that comes unsought When slumbers o'er me roll,
4. Yet though I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith a - lone,
The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless-ed face and mine.
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot As where I meet with Thee.
Thine im - age ev - er fills my thought, And charms my ravished soul
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will, Un - seen, but not unknown.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Brown. C. M. 279

TR. BY EDW. CASWALL. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. O Je - sus, Thou the beau - ty art Of an - gel-worlds a - bove;
2. Ce - les - tial sweetness un - al-loyed! Who eat Thee hun - ger still;
3. Stay with us, Lord, and let Thy light Il - lume the soul's a - byss,
Thy name is mu - sic to the heart, En-chant ing it with love.
Who drink of Thee, still feel a void, Which nought but Thou can fill.
Scat - ter the darkness of our night, And fill the world with bliss.

I Love to Tell the Story. P. M.

KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat,
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
It sat - is-fies my long-ings As noth - ing else can do.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long!
REFRAIN.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

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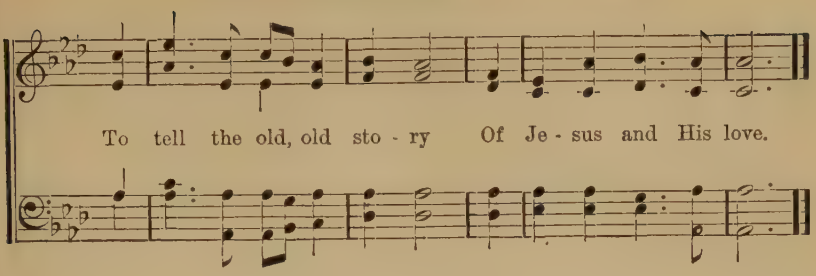
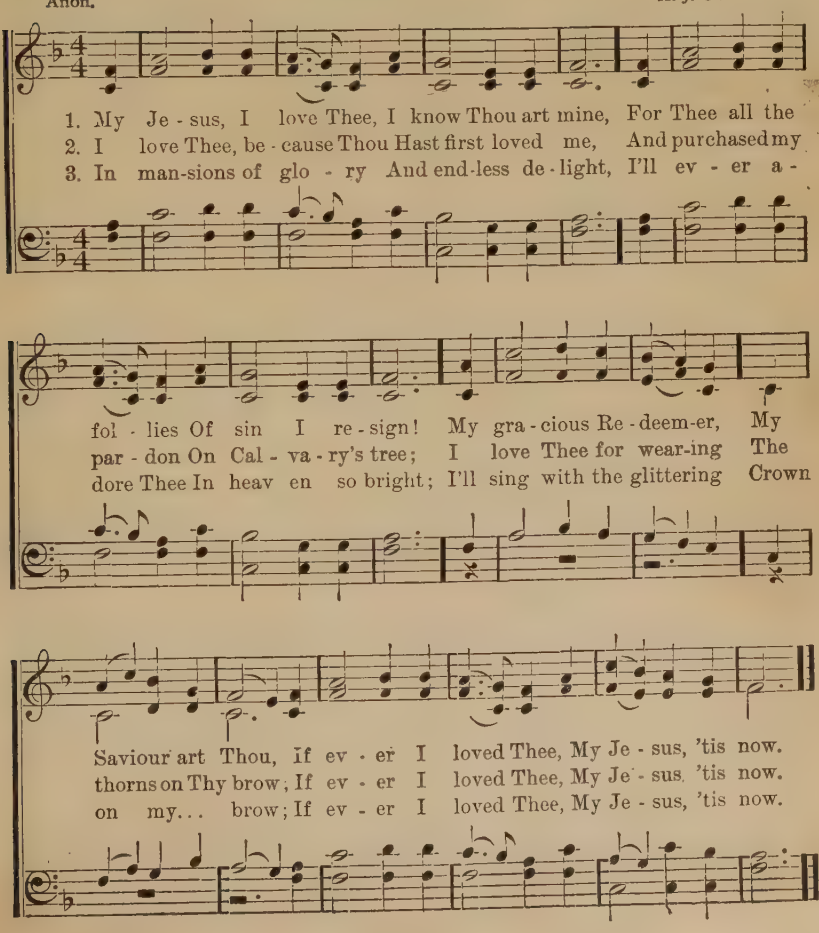
I Love to Tell the Story.—*Concluded.*



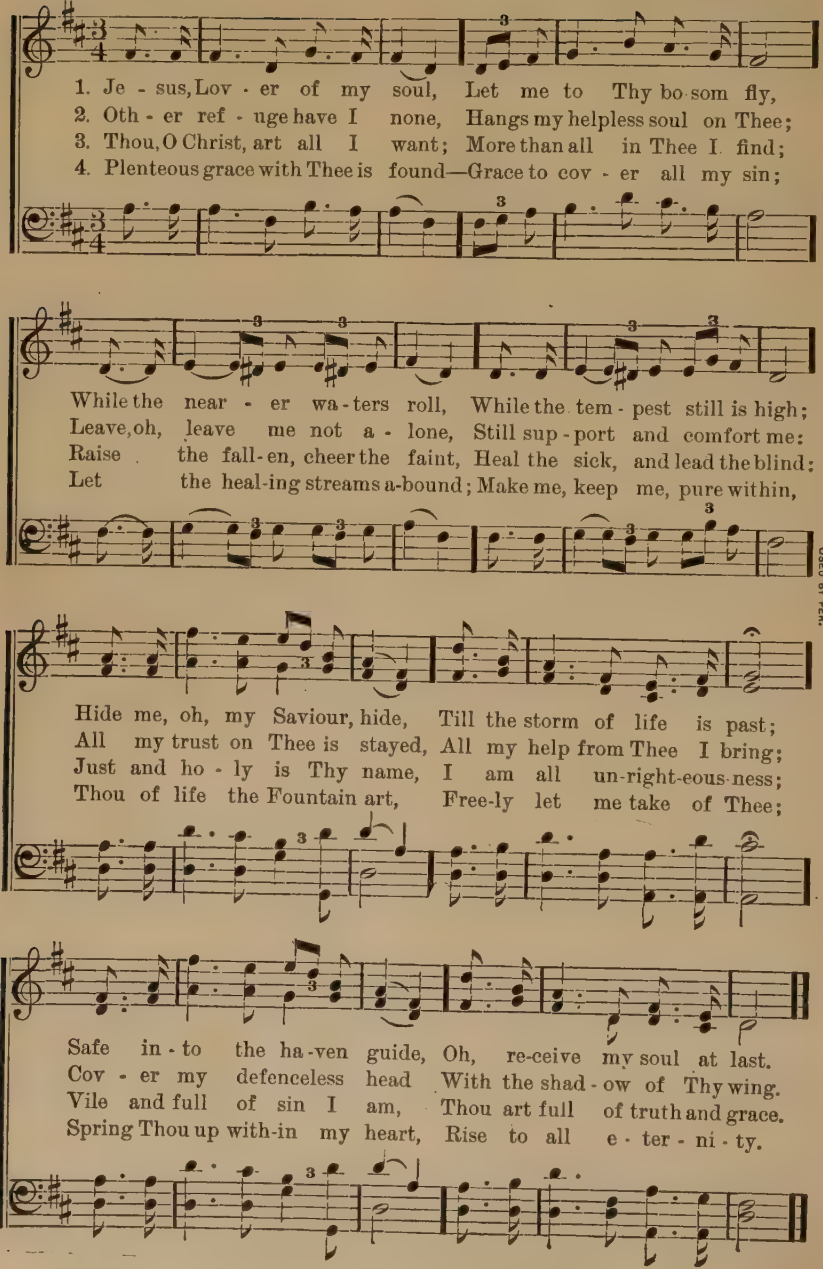
Gordon, P. M. 281

Anon. A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou Hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. In man-sions of glo - ry And end-less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies Of sin I re - sign! My gra - cious Re - deem-er, My
par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing The
dore Thee In heav en so bright; I'll sing with the glittering Crown
Saviour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
on my... brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

Refuge. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me:
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound; Make me, keep me, pure within,
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my defenceless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

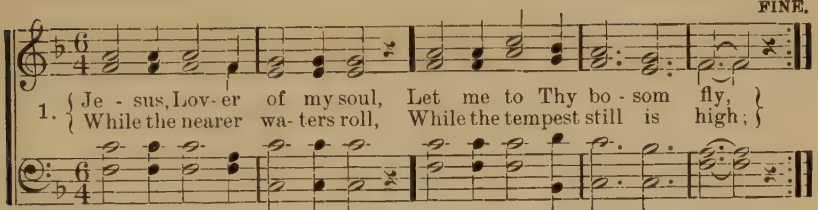
USED BY PER.

Martyn. 7s. D.

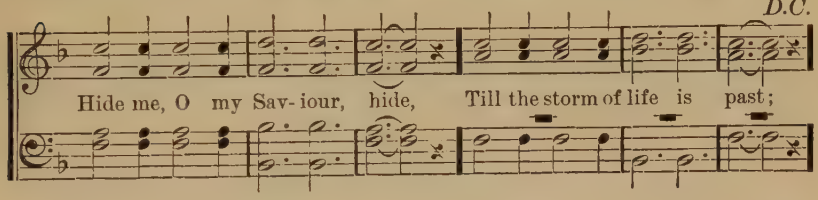
282 SECOND TUNE.

CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

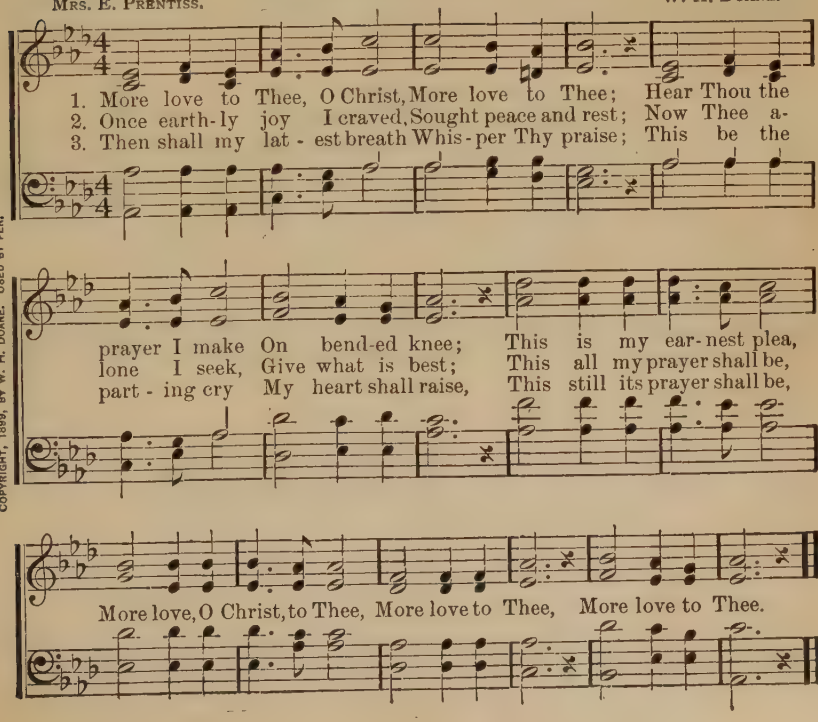

1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

D.C.



More Love to Thee. 283

MRS. E. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

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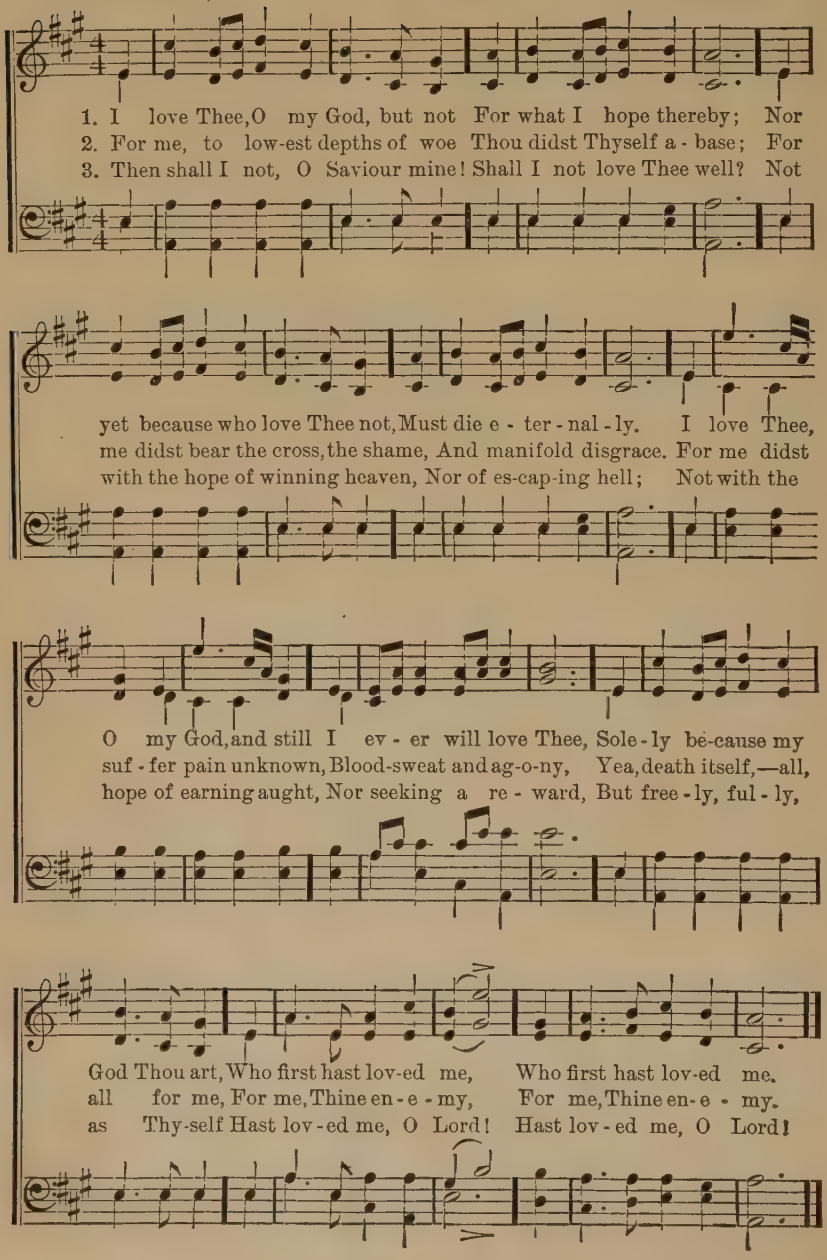
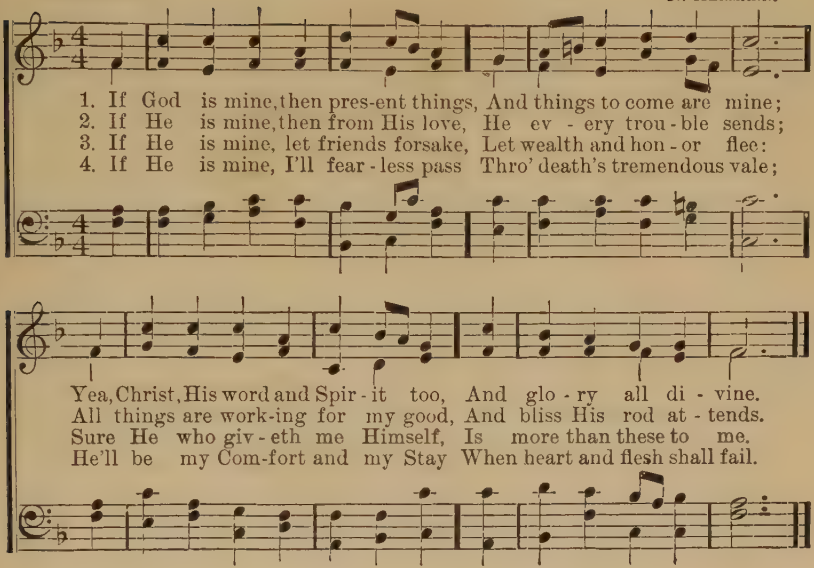
Iddo. C. M. Double.

FRANCIS XAVIER, Tr. H. G. NAGELI.


1. I love Thee, O my God, but not For what I hope thereby; Nor
2. For me, to low-est depths of woe Thou didst Thyself a-base; For
3. Then shall I not, O Saviour mine! Shall I not love Thee well? Not
yet because who love Thee not, Must die e-ter-nal-ly. I love Thee,
me didst bear the cross, the shame, And manifold disgrace. For me didst
with the hope of winning heaven, Nor of es-cap-ing hell; Not with the
O my God, and still I ev-er will love Thee, Sole-ly be-cause my
suf-fer pain unknown, Blood-sweat and ag-o-ny, Yea, death itself,—all,
hope of earning aught, Nor seeking a re-ward, But free-ly, ful-ly,
God Thou art, Who first hast lov-ed me, Who first hast lov-ed me.
all for me, For me, Thine en-e-my, For me, Thine en-e-my.
as Thy-self Hast lov-ed me, O Lord! Hast lov-ed me, O Lord!

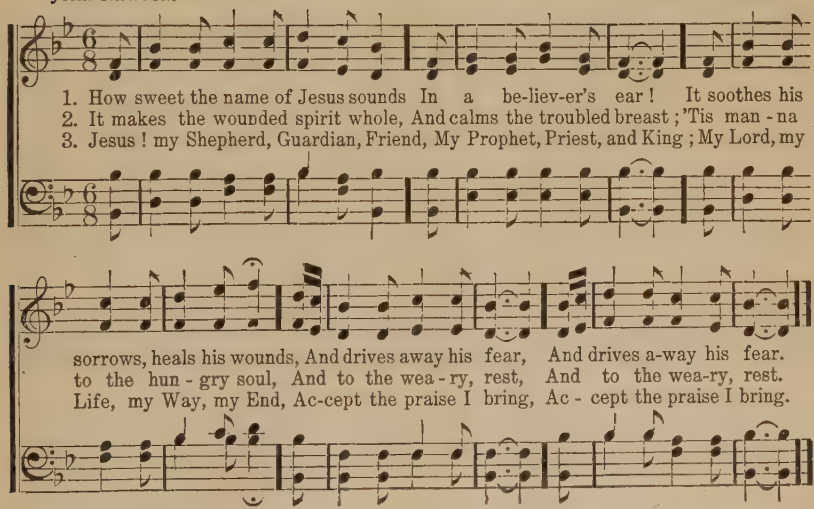
Hermann. C. M.

B. Beddome. N. Hermann.


1. If God is mine, then pres-ent things, And things to come are mine;
2. If He is mine, then from His love, He ev - ery trou - ble sends;
3. If He is mine, let friends forsake, Let wealth and hon - or flee:
4. If He is mine, I'll fear - less pass Thro' death's tremendous vale;
Yea, Christ, His word and Spir - it too, And glo - ry all di - vine.
All things are work-ing for my good, And bliss His rod at - tends.
Sure He who giv - eth me Himself, Is more than these to me.
He'll be my Com-fort and my Stay When heart and flesh shall fail.

Ortonville. C. M. 286

John Newton. Thos. Hastings.


1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man - na
3. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my
sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest, And to the wea-ry, rest.
Life, my Way, my End, Ac-cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

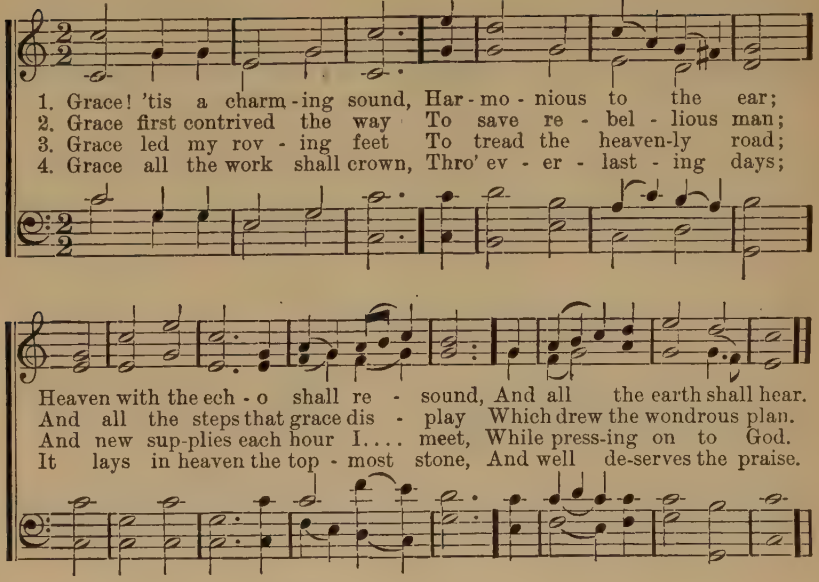
4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

287

Silver Street. S. M.

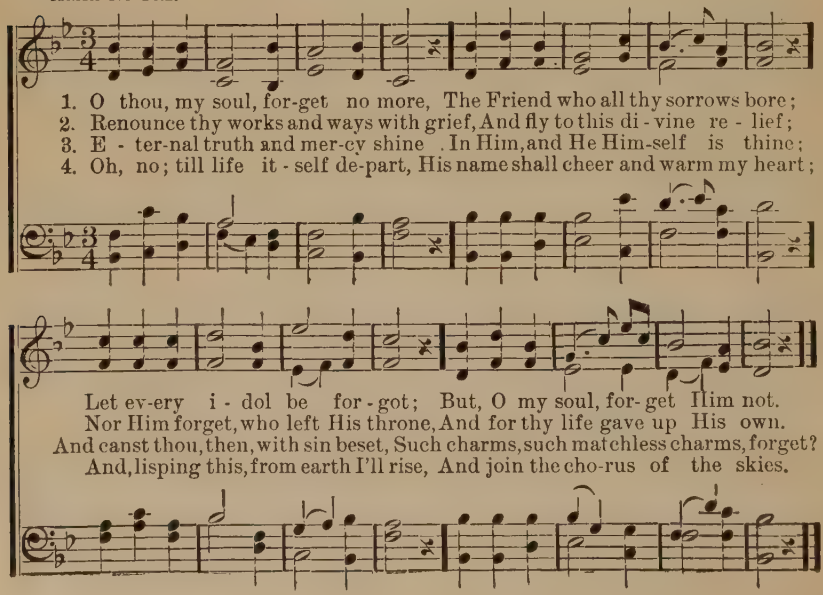
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. I. SMITH.


1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear;
2. Grace first contrived the way To save re-bel-lious man;
3. Grace led my rov-ing feet To tread the heaven-ly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev-er-last-ing days;
Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the wondrous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour I.... meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well de-serves the praise.

288

Mendon. L. M.

KRISH NU PAL. GERMAN.


1. O thou, my soul, for-get no more, The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
2. Renounce thy works and ways with grief, And fly to this di-vine re-lief;
3. E-ter-nal truth and mer-cy shine In Him, and He Him-self is thine;
4. Oh, no; till life it-self de-part, His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
Let ev-ery i-dol be for-got; But, O my soul, for-get Him not.
Nor Him forget, who left His throne, And for thy life gave up His own.
And canst thou, then, with sin beset, Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise, And join the cho-rus of the skies.

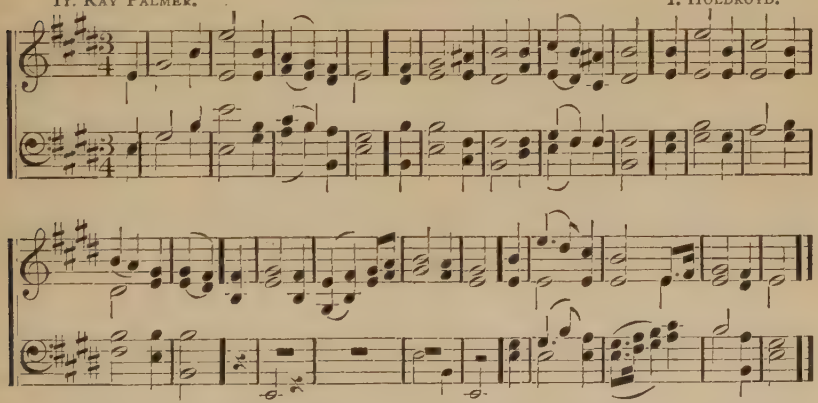
Melody. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. A. CHAPIN.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart, and see;
2. Is not Thy name me-lo-dious still To mine at-ten-tive ear?
3. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock I would disdain to feed?
4. Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord; But oh! I long to soar
And turn the dear-est i-dol out That dares to ri-val Thee.
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?
Far from the sphere of mor-tal joys, And learn to love Thee more.

Rothwell. L. M. 290

TR. RAY PALMER. I. HOLDROYD.



1 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

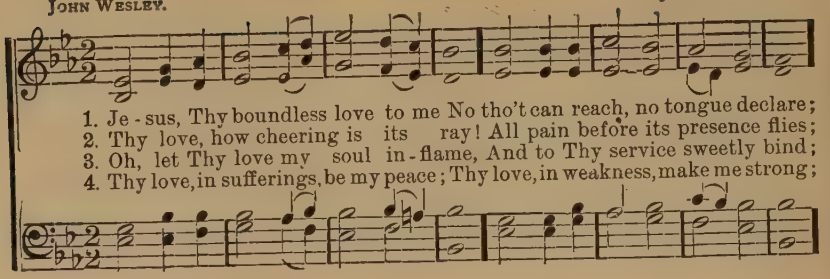
3 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

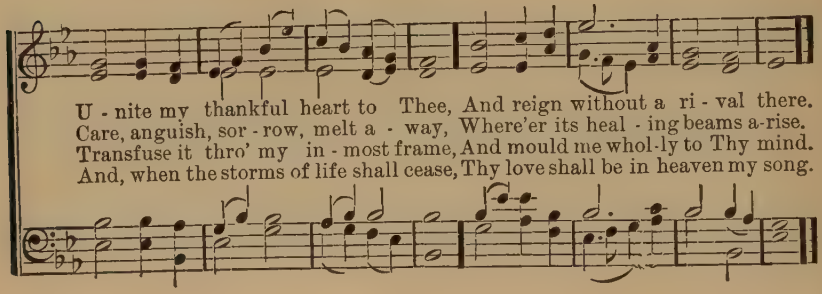
4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

291

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN WESLEY. JOHN HATTON.

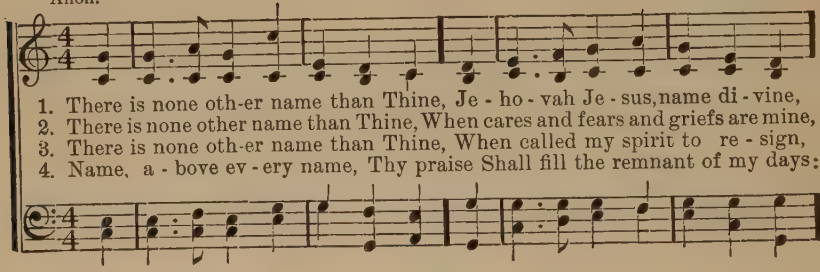

1. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue declare;
2. Thy love, how cheering is its ray! All pain before its presence flies;
3. Oh, let Thy love my soul in - flame, And to Thy service sweetly bind;
4. Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace; Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;

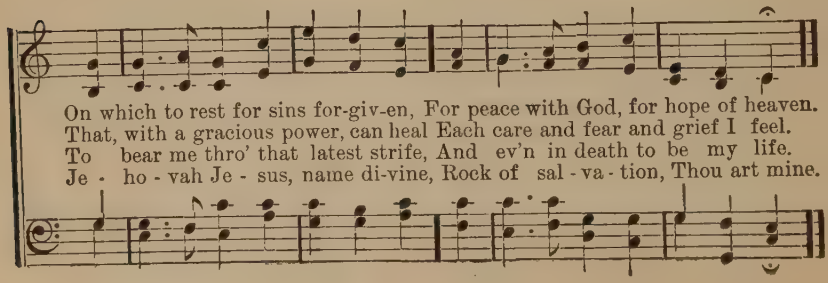

U - nite my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there.
Care, anguish, sor - row, melt a - way, Where'er its heal - ing beams a-rise.
Transfuse it thro' my in - most frame, And mould me whol-ly to Thy mind.
And, when the storms of life shall cease, Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

292

Alstone. L. M.

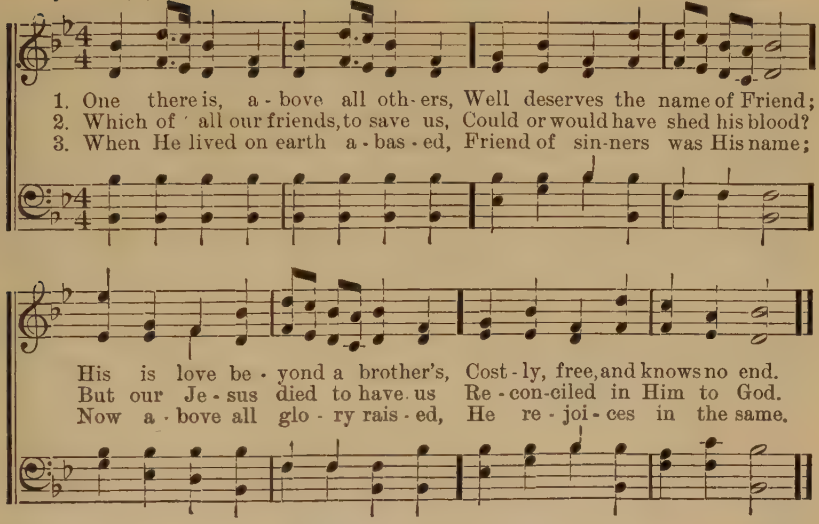
Anon. C. E. WILLING.


1. There is none oth-er name than Thine, Je - ho - vah Je - sus, name di - vine,
2. There is none other name than Thine, When cares and fears and griefs are mine,
3. There is none oth-er name than Thine, When called my spirit to re - sign,
4. Name, a - bove ev - ery name, Thy praise Shall fill the remnant of my days:


On which to rest for sins for-giv-en, For peace with God, for hope of heaven.
That, with a gracious power, can heal Each care and fear and grief I feel.
To bear me thro' that latest strife, And ev'n in death to be my life.
Je - ho - vah Je - sus, name di-vine, Rock of sal - va - tion, Thou art mine.

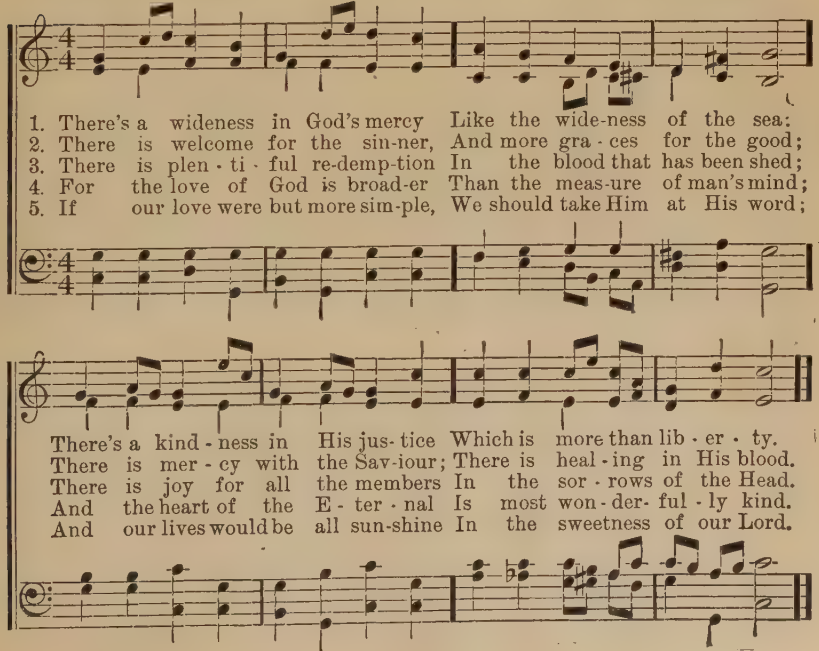
Wilmot. 8s, 7s.

J. Newton. C. M. Von Weber.


1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
3. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin-ners was His name;
His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
But our Je - sus died to have us Re - con-ciled in Him to God.
Now a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same.

Wellesley. 8s, 7s. 294

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjée.


1. There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the members In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

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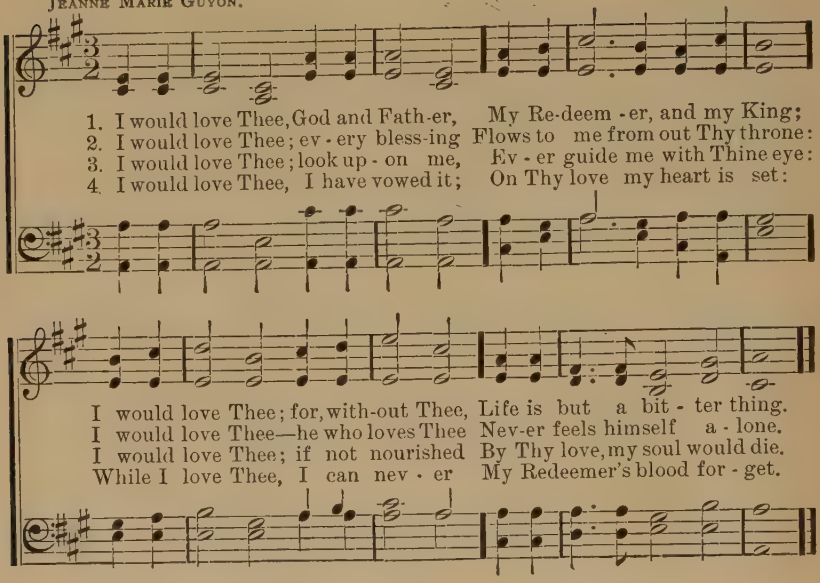
295

Ovio. 8s, 7s.

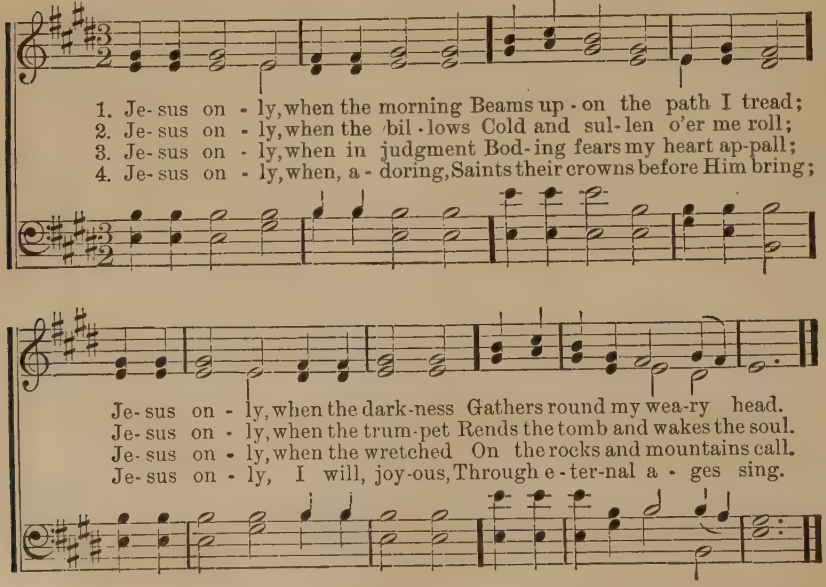
JEANNE MARIE GUYON. LOWELL MASON.


1. I would love Thee, God and Fath-er, My Re-deem-er, and my King;
2. I would love Thee; ev-ery bless-ing Flows to me from out Thy throne:
3. I would love Thee; look up-on me, Ev-er guide me with Thine eye:
4. I would love Thee, I have vowed it; On Thy love my heart is set:
I would love Thee; for, with-out Thee, Life is but a bit-ter thing.
I would love Thee—he who loves Thee Nev-er feels himself a-lone.
I would love Thee; if not nourished By Thy love, my soul would die.
While I love Thee, I can nev-er My Redeemer's blood for-get.

296

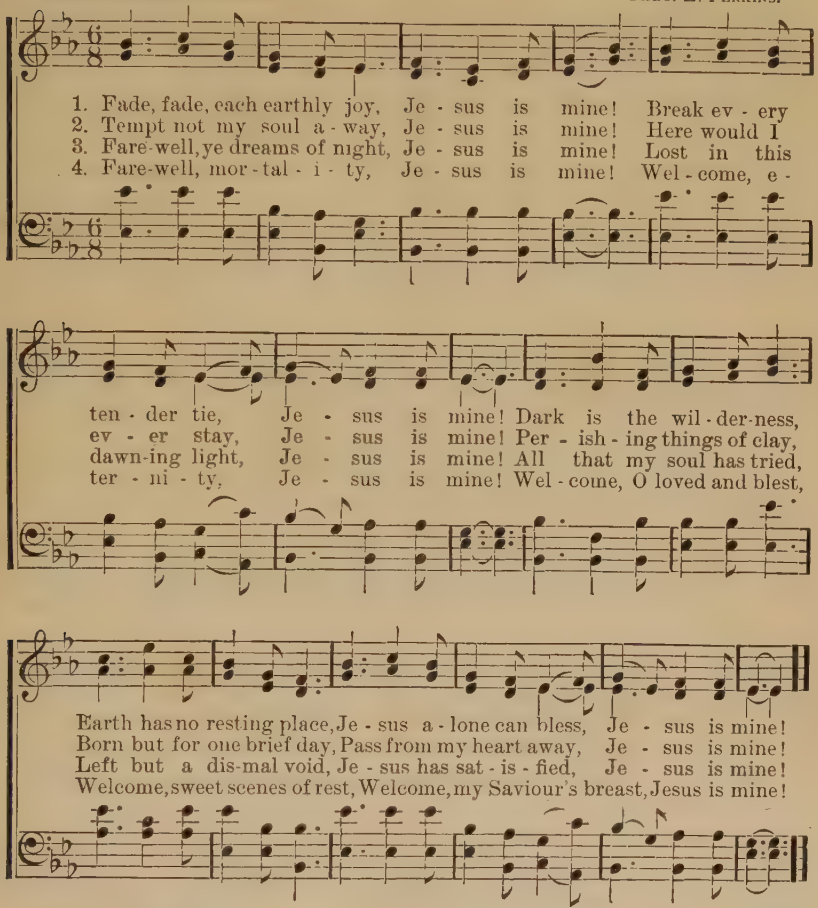
Talmar. 8s, 7s.

ELIAS NASON. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.


1. Je-sus on-ly, when the morning Beams up-on the path I tread;
2. Je-sus on-ly, when the bil-lows Cold and sul-len o'er me roll;
3. Je-sus on-ly, when in judgment Bod-ing fears my heart ap-pall;
4. Je-sus on-ly, when, a-doring, Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Je-sus on-ly, when the dark-ness Gathers round my wea-ry head.
Je-sus on-ly, when the trum-pet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
Je-sus on-ly, when the wretched On the rocks and mountains call.
Je-sus on-ly, I will, joy-ous, Through e-ter-nal a-ges sing.

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy. P. M.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. THEO. E. PERKINS.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

P. M.

1 Saviour! I follow on,
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet Thy will
My will shall be.

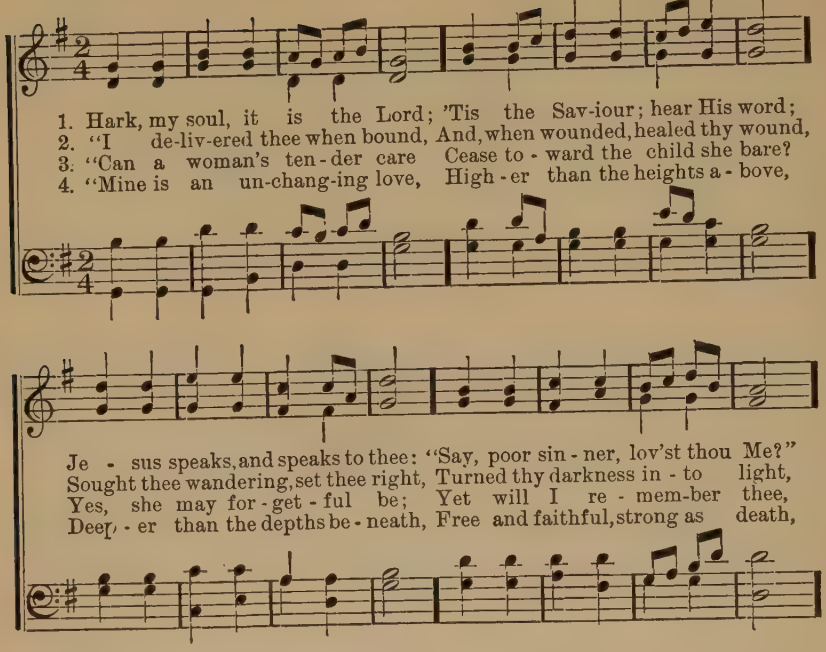
4 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

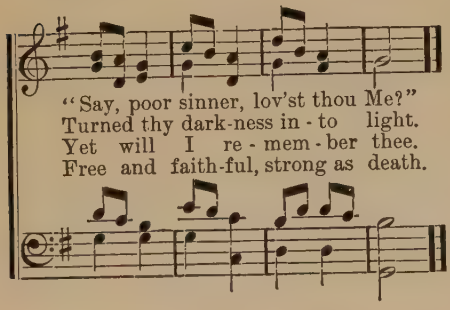
3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

C. S. Robinson.

Interrogation. 7s.

Wm. Cowper. Arr. by W. H. Doane.


1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Sav-iour; hear His word;
2. "I de-liv-ered thee when bound, And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
3. "Can a woman's ten-der care Cease to-ward the child she bare?
4. "Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High-er than the heights a-bove,
Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou Me?"
Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in-to light,
Yes, she may for-get-ful be; Yet will I re-mem-ber thee,
Deep-er than the depths be-neath, Free and faithful, strong as death,



5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love Thee more!

Doxologies.

7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

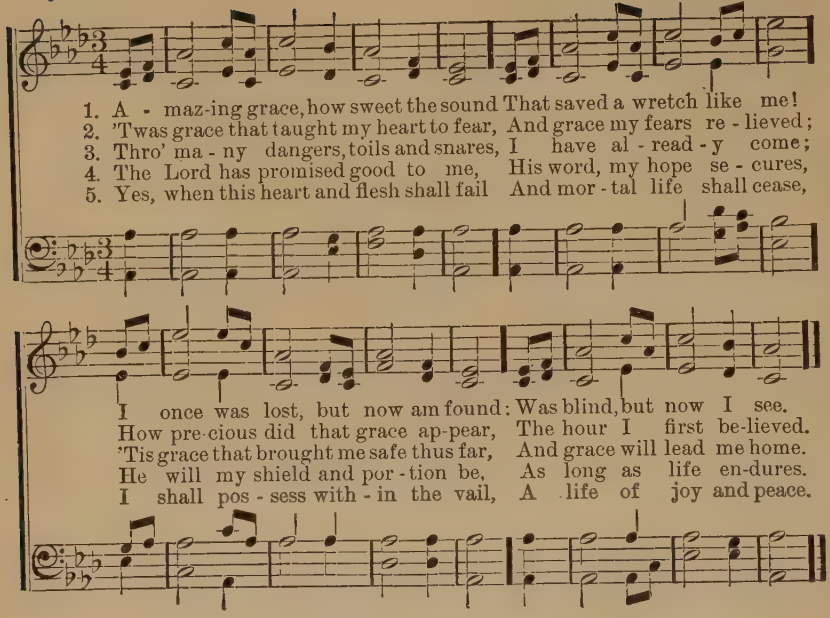
(C) THE SOUL REJOICING IN THE LORD

"The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him." EXODUS XV: 2.

HYMNS 300–332

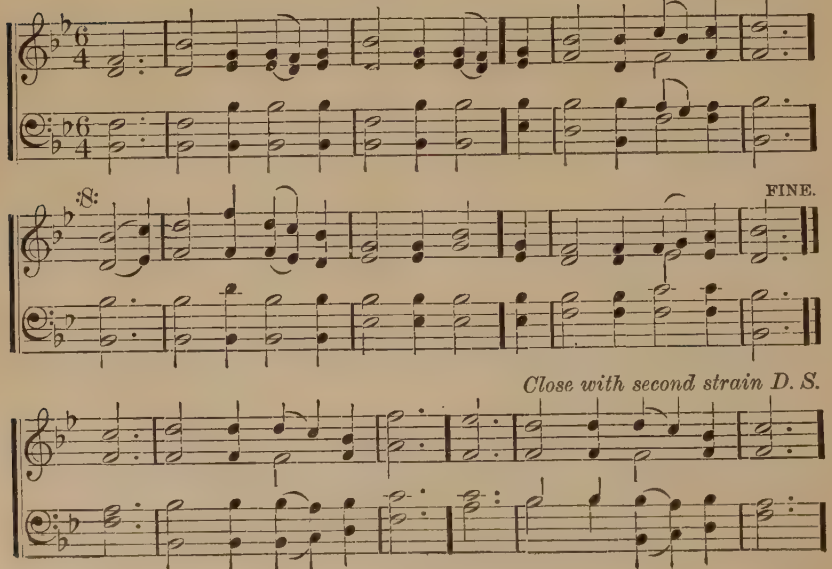
Carroll. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER.


1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils and snares, I have al - ready come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word, my hope se - cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor - tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

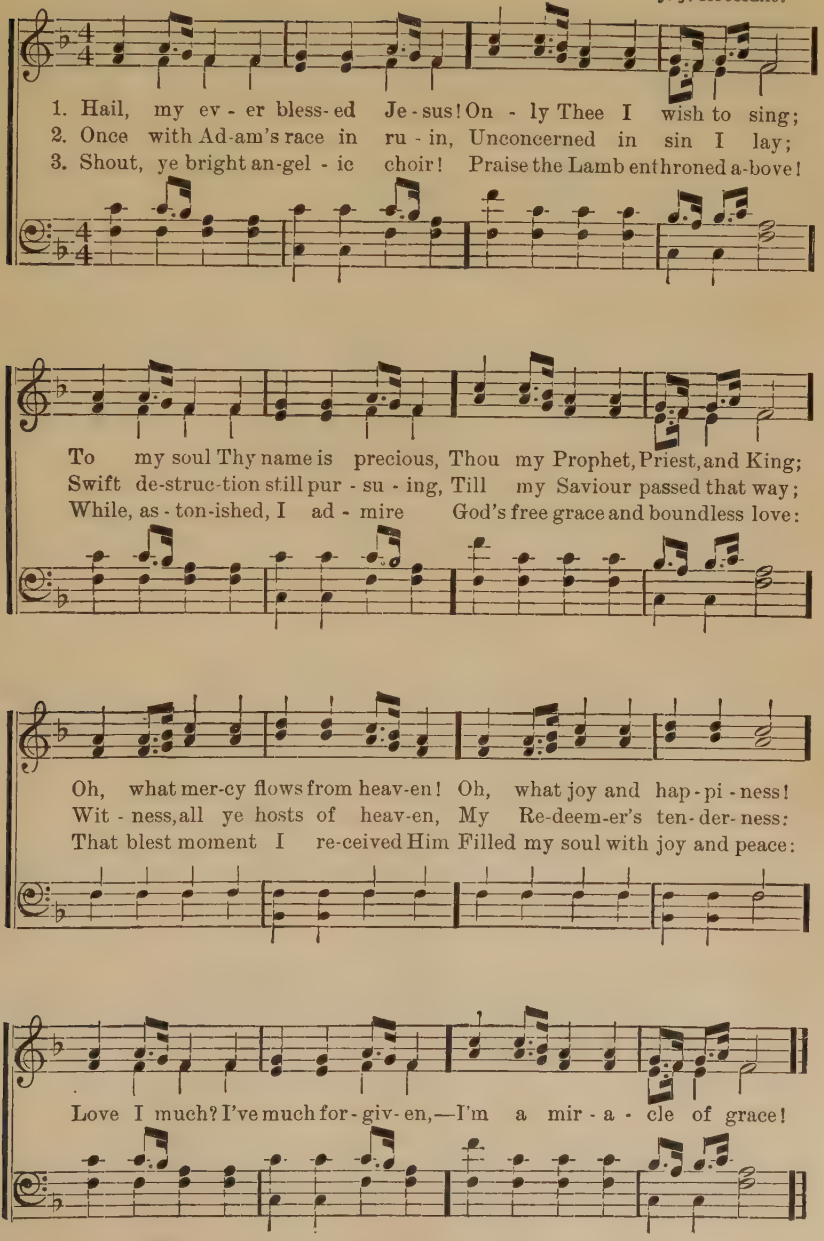
Harp. C. M.

SECOND TUNE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



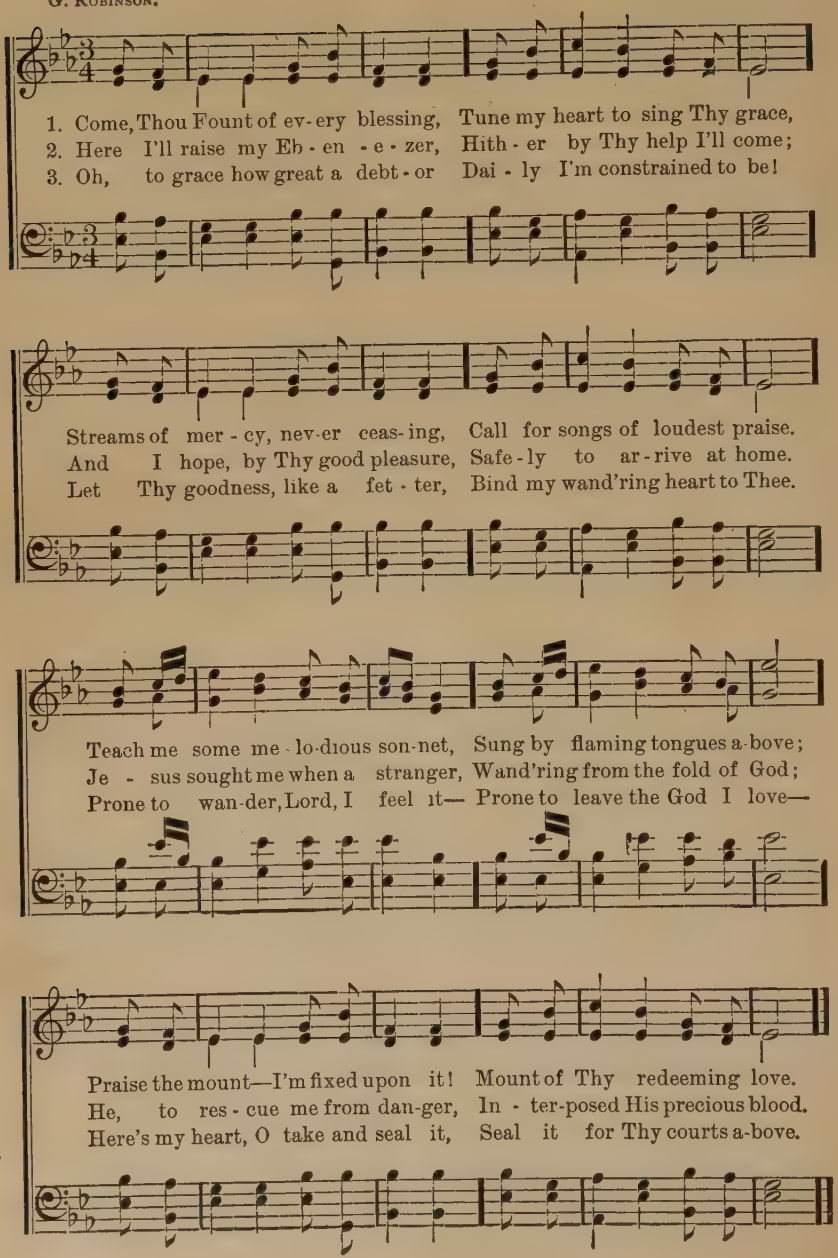
Greenville. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WINGROVE. J. J. ROUSSEAU.


1. Hail, my ev - er bless - ed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing;
2. Once with Ad-am's race in ru - in, Unconcerned in sin I lay;
3. Shout, ye bright an-gel - ic choir! Praise the Lamb enthroned a-bove!
To my soul Thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King;
Swift de-struc-tion still pur - su - ing, Till my Saviour passed that way;
While, as - ton-ished, I ad - mire God's free grace and boundless love:
Oh, what mer-cy flows from heav-en! Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness!
Wit - ness, all ye hosts of heav-en, My Re-deem-er's ten - der - ness:
That blest moment I re-ceived Him Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much for - giv - en,—I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

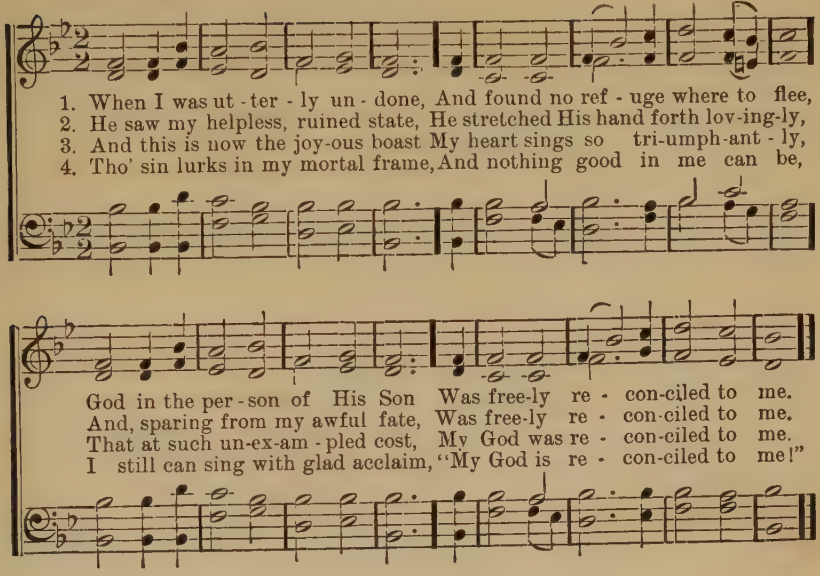
Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

G. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy goodness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love—
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

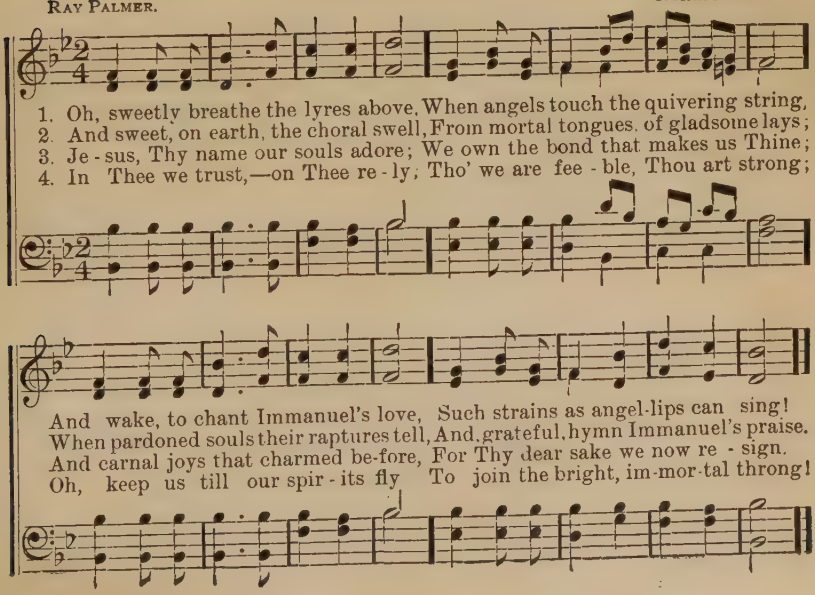
Ward. L. M.

LANSING BURROWS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. When I was ut - ter - ly un - done, And found no ref - uge where to flee,
2. He saw my helpless, ruined state, He stretched His hand forth lov-ing-ly,
3. And this is now the joy-ous boast My heart sings so tri-umph-ant - ly,
4. Tho' sin lurks in my mortal frame, And nothing good in me can be,
God in the per - son of His Son Was free-ly re - con-ciled to me.
And, sparing from my awful fate, Was free-ly re - con-ciled to me.
That at such un-ex-am - pled cost, My God was re - con-ciled to me.
I still can sing with glad acclaim, "My God is re - con-ciled to me!"

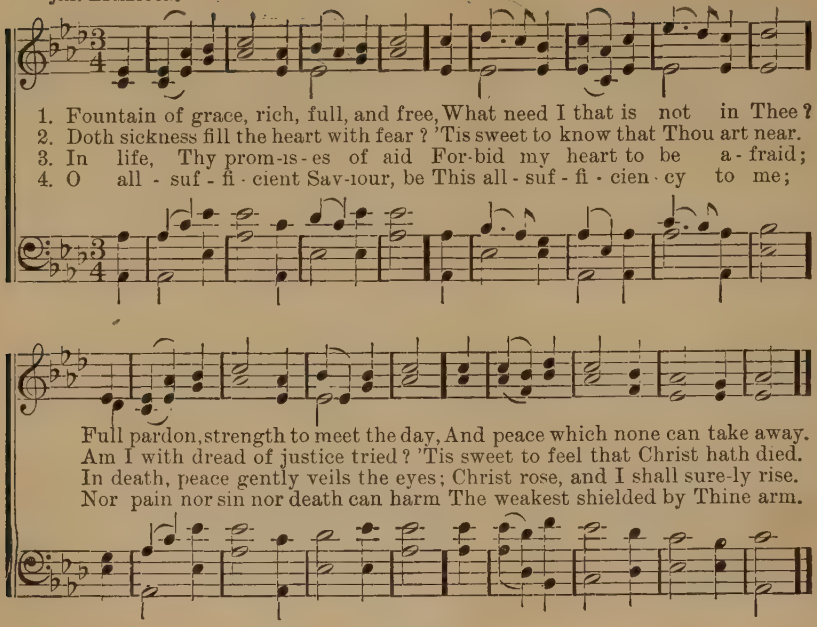
Welton. L. M. 304

RAY PALMER. CÆSAR MALAN.


1. Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above, When angels touch the quivering string,
2. And sweet, on earth, the choral swell, From mortal tongues of gladsome lays;
3. Je - sus, Thy name our souls adore; We own the bond that makes us Thine;
4. In Thee we trust,—on Thee re - ly; Tho' we are fee - ble, Thou art strong;
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as angel-lips can sing!
When pardoned souls their raptures tell, And grateful hymn Immanuel's praise.
And carnal joys that charmed be-fore, For Thy dear sake we now re - sign.
Oh, keep us till our spir - its fly To join the bright, im-mor-tal throng!

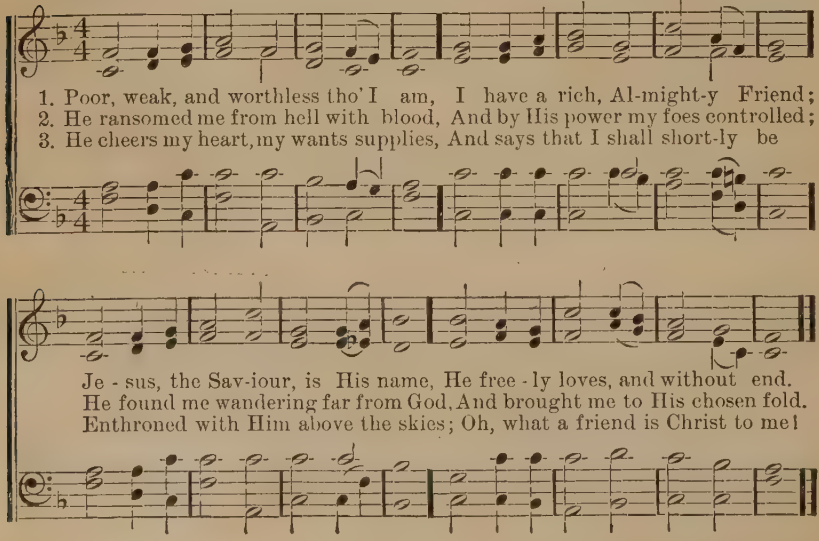
305 Louvan. L. M.

JAS. EDMESTON. V. C. TAYLOR.


1. Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I that is not in Thee?
2. Doth sickness fill the heart with fear? 'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near.
3. In life, Thy prom-is-es of aid For-bid my heart to be a-fraid;
4. O all-suf-fi-cient Sav-iour, be This all-suf-fi-cien-cy to me;
Full pardon, strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take away.
Am I with dread of justice tried? 'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.
In death, peace gently veils the eyes; Christ rose, and I shall sure-ly rise.
Nor pain nor sin nor death can harm The weakest shielded by Thine arm.

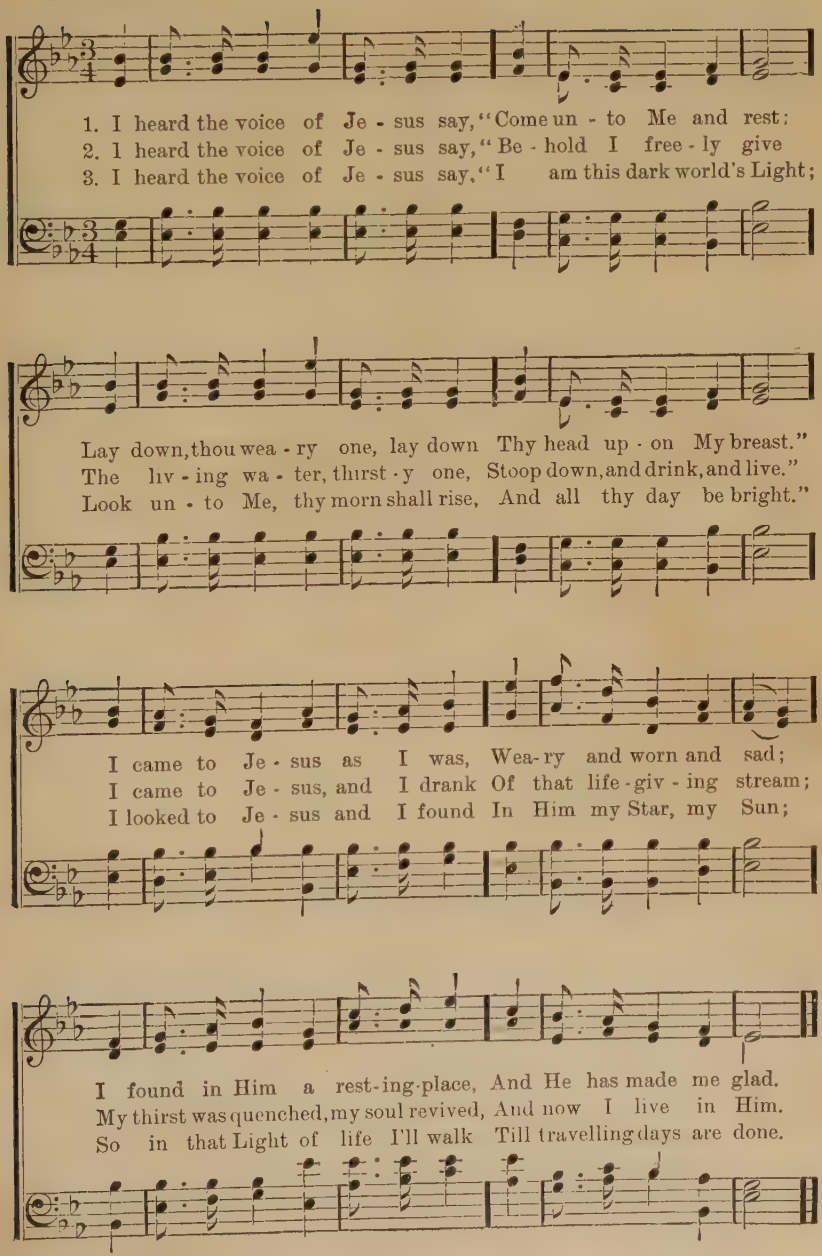
306 Repentance. L. M.

JOHN NEWTON. THEO. E. PERKINS.


1. Poor, weak, and worthless tho' I am, I have a rich, Al-might-y Friend;
2. He ransomed me from hell with blood, And by His power my foes controlled;
3. He cheers my heart, my wants supplies, And says that I shall short-ly be
Je-sus, the Sav-iour, is His name, He free-ly loves, and without end.
He found me wandering far from God, And brought me to His chosen fold.
Enthroned with Him above the skies; Oh, what a friend is Christ to me!

Varina. C. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
So in that Light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done.

308

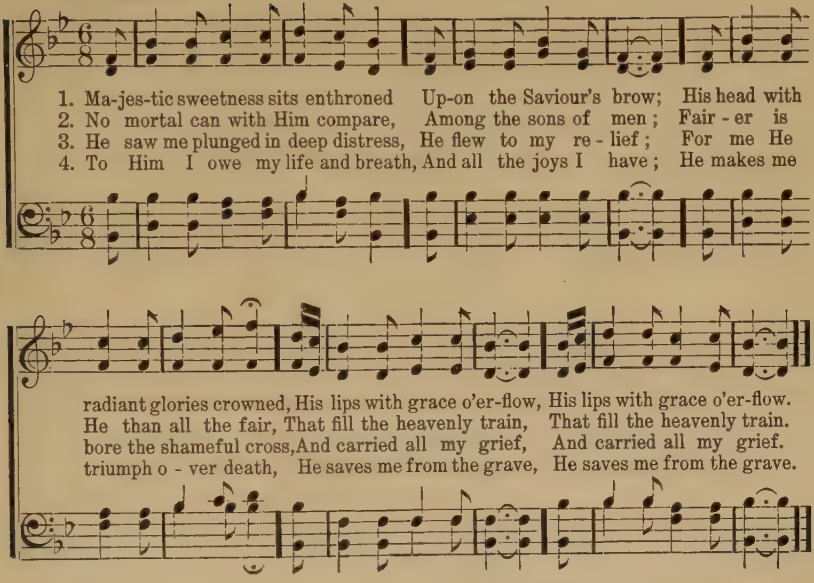
Lebanon. S. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;
3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul,
4. No more a wandering sheep, I love to be con - trolled,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled;
He followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole:
I love my ten - der Shepherd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold:
I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep,
No more a way - ward child, I seek no more to roam,
I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.
'Twas He that brought me to the fold—'Tis He that still doth keep.
I love my heavenly Father's voice—I love, I love His home

Ortonville. C. M.

SAM'L STENNETT. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mortal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair, That fill the heavenly train, That fill the heavenly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
triumph o-ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

C. M. 310

1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King!
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Charles Wesley.

C. M. 311

1 The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

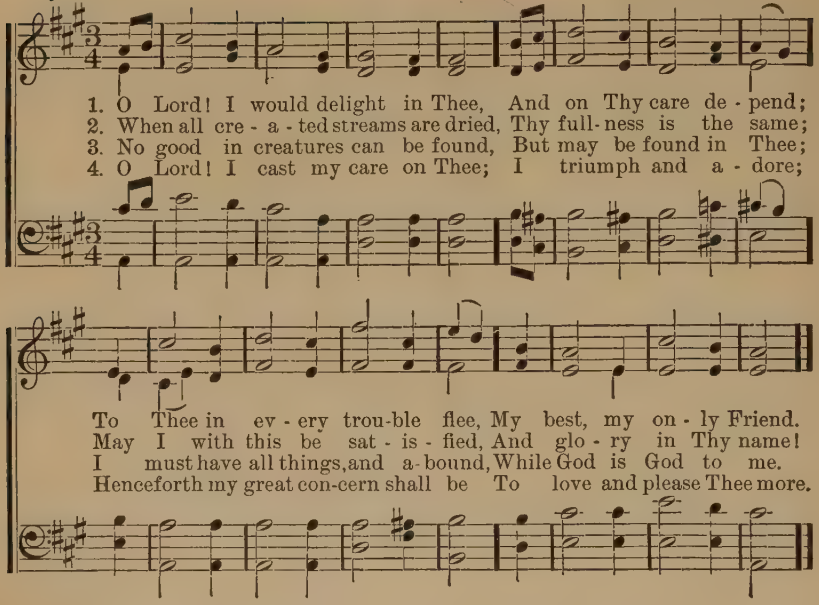
3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

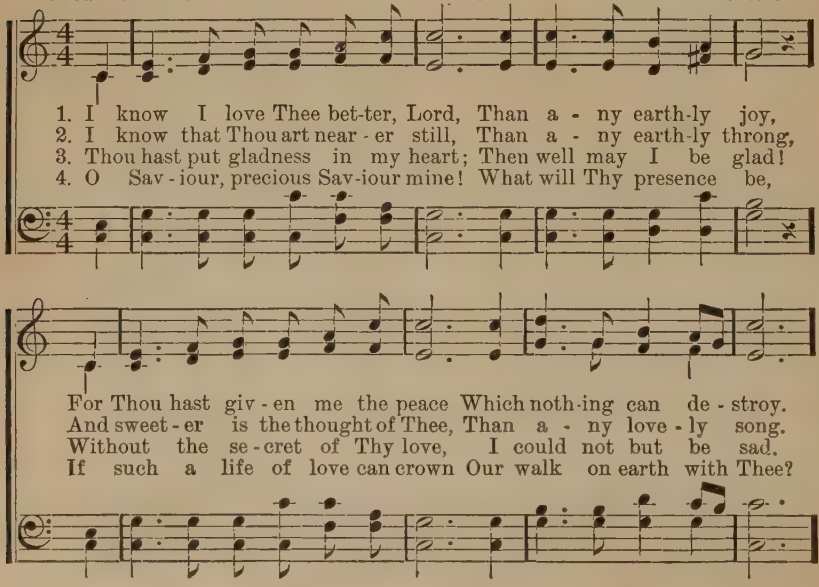
312 Manoah. C. M.

JOHN RYLAND. From F. J. HAYDN.


1. O Lord! I would delight in Thee, And on Thy care de - pend;
2. When all cre - a - ted streams are dried, Thy full - ness is the same;
3. No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in Thee;
4. O Lord! I cast my care on Thee; I triumph and a - dore;
To Thee in ev - ery trou-ble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.
May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in Thy name!
I must have all things, and a-bound, While God is God to me.
Henceforth my great con-cern shall be To love and please Thee more.

313 The Half Has Never Been Told.

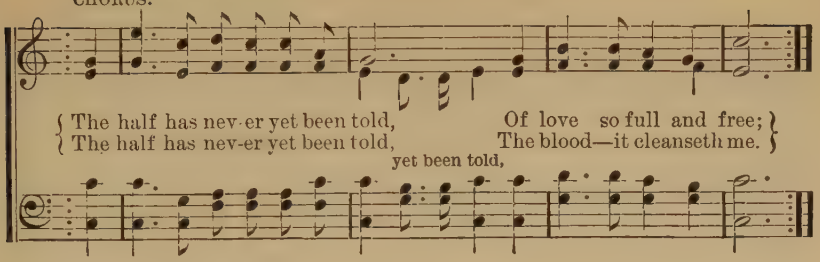
F. R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still, Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, precious Sav-iour mine! What will Thy presence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
Without the se - cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. MARY HUDSON.

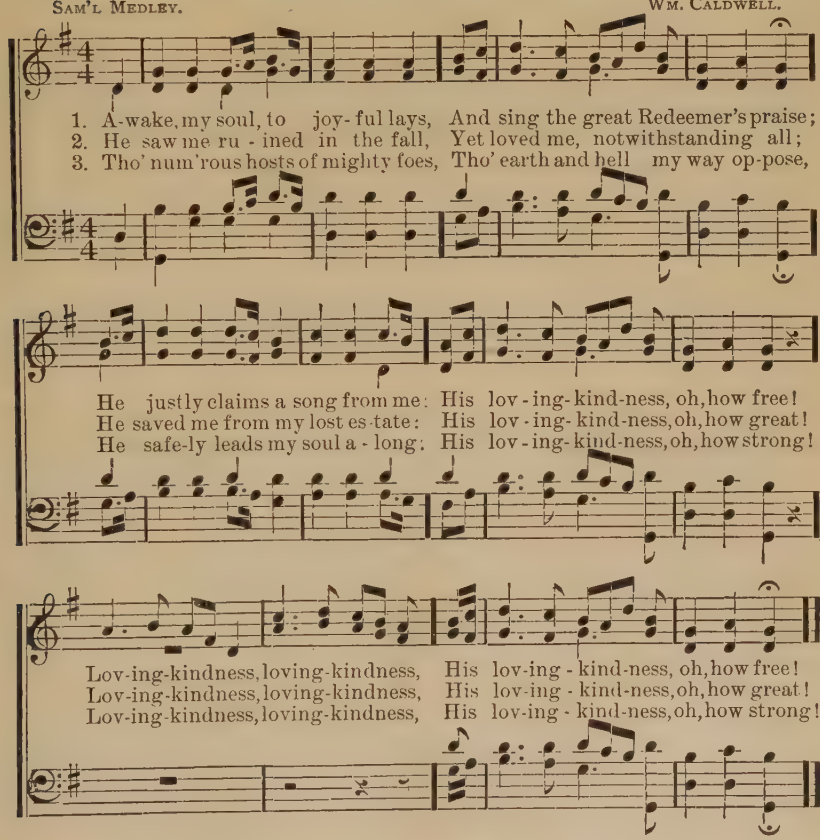
The Half Has Never Been Told.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told,

Loving-Kindness. L. M. 314

SAM'L MEDLEY. WM. CALDWELL.

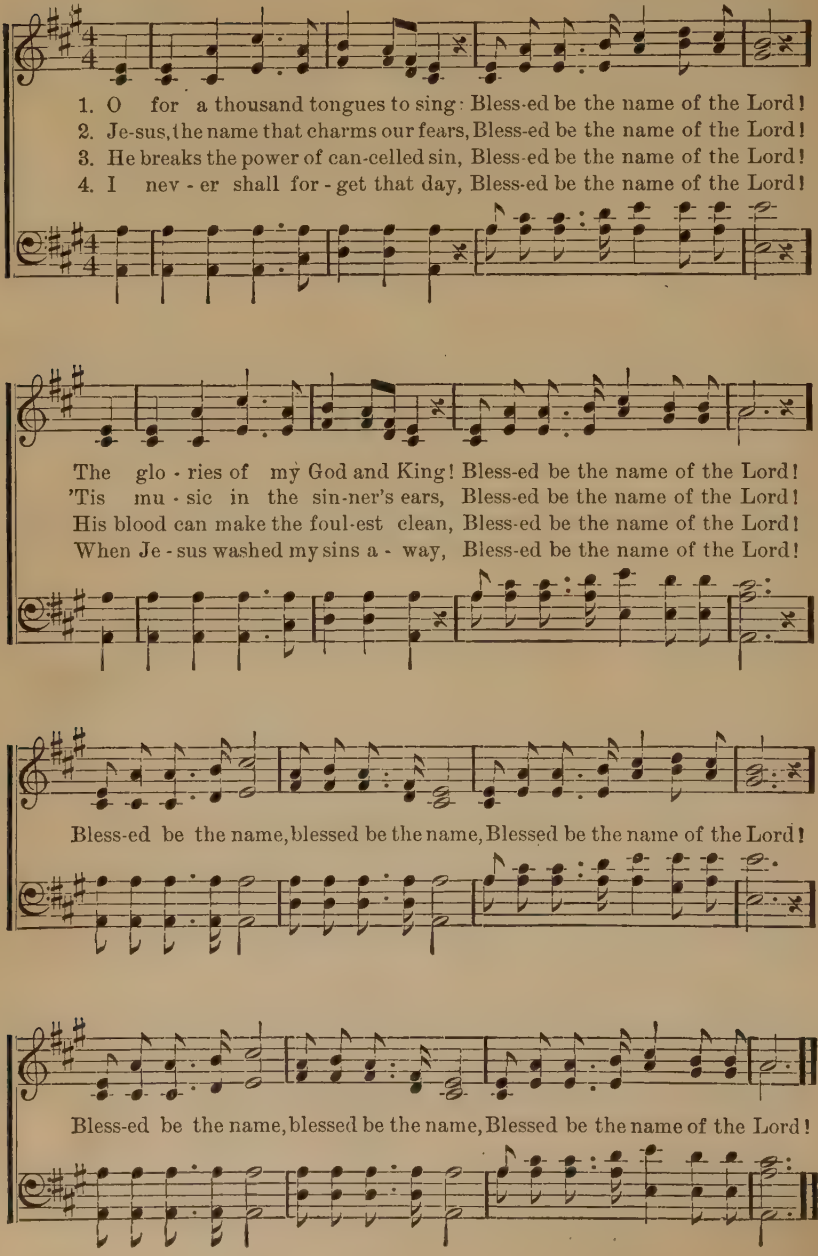

1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
He justly claims a song from me: His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate: His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long: His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

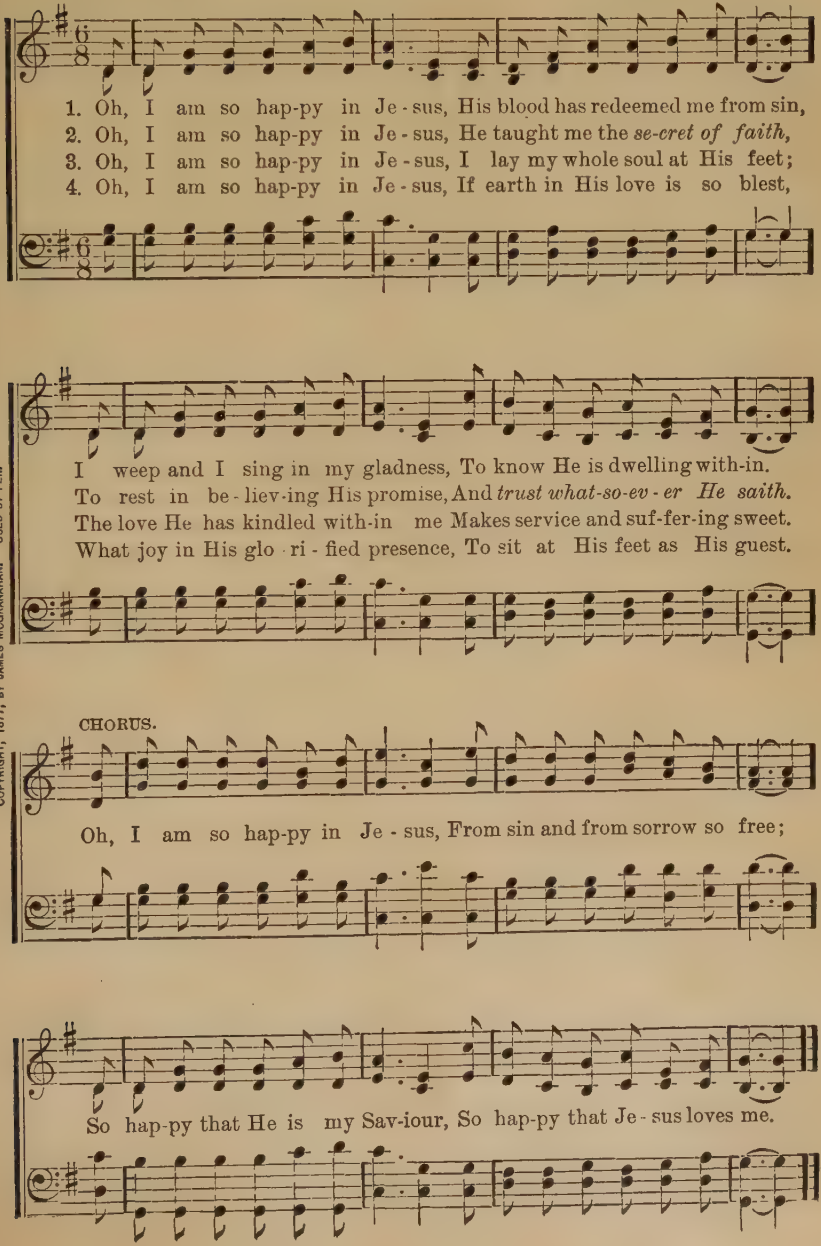
Blessed be the Name.

CHARLES WESLEY. Har. by J. M. HUNT.


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing · Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the power of can-celled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo - ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, His blood has redeemed me from sin,
2. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, He taught me the *se-cret of faith,*
3. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
4. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, If earth in His love is so blest,
I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwelling with-in.
To rest in be-liev-ing His promise, And *trust what-so-ev-er He saith.*
The love He has kindled with-in me Makes service and suf-fer-ing sweet.
What joy in His glo-ri-fied presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.
CHORUS.
Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, From sin and from sorrow so free;
So hap-py that He is my Sav-iour, So hap-py that Je-sus loves me.

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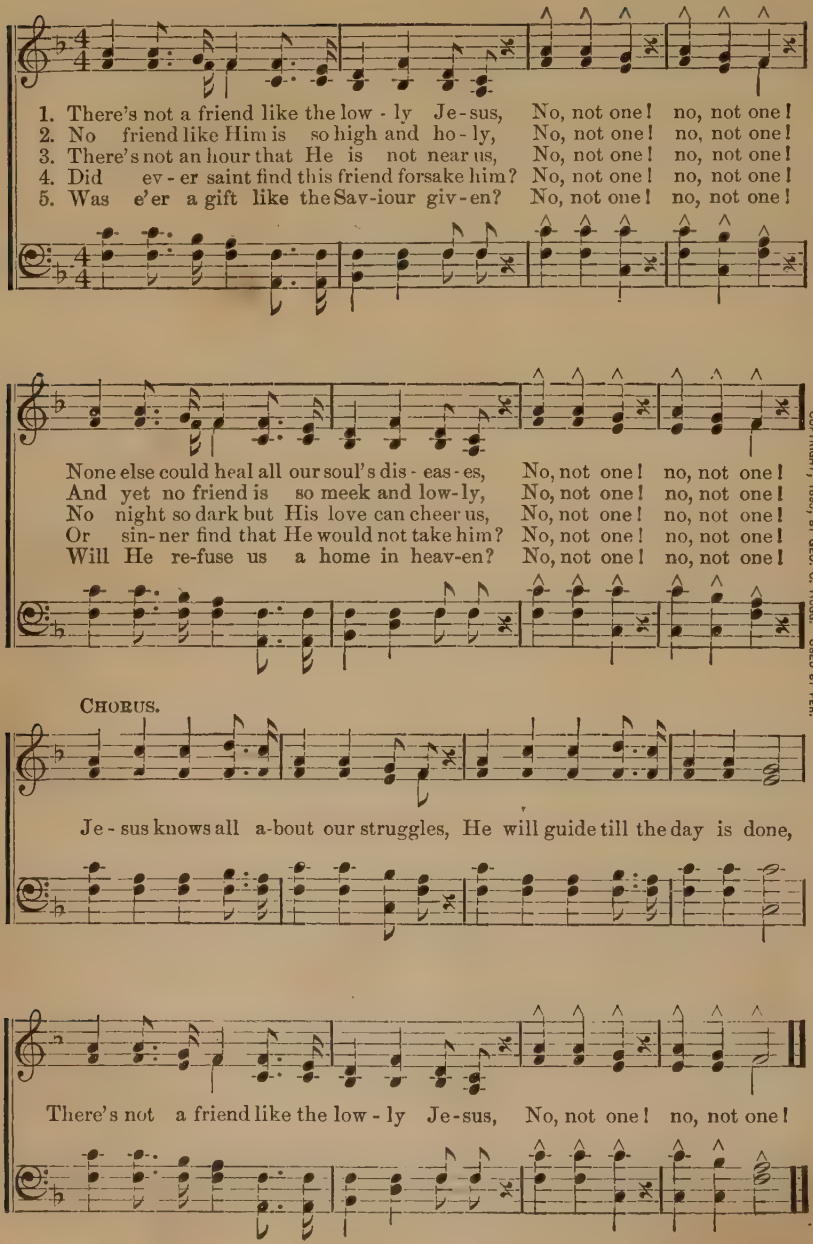
No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!
CHORUS.
Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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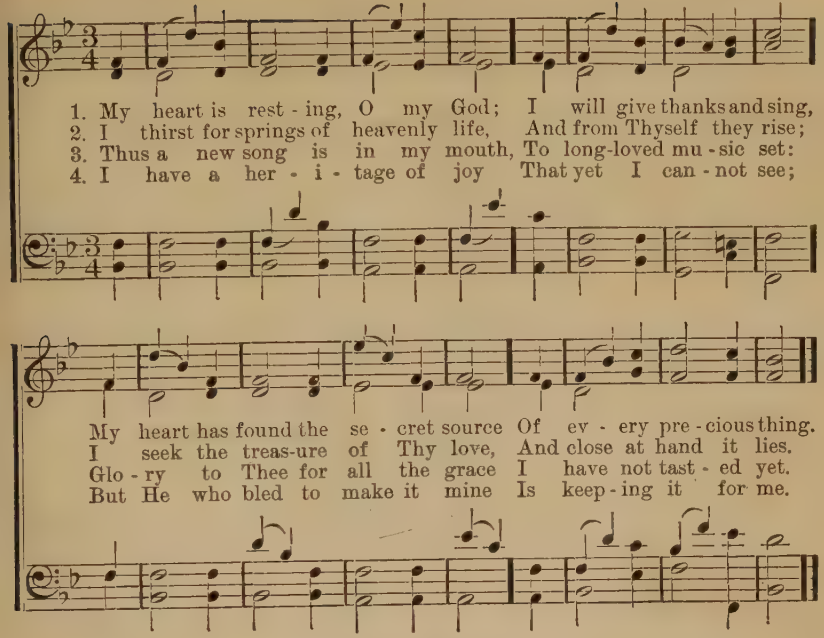
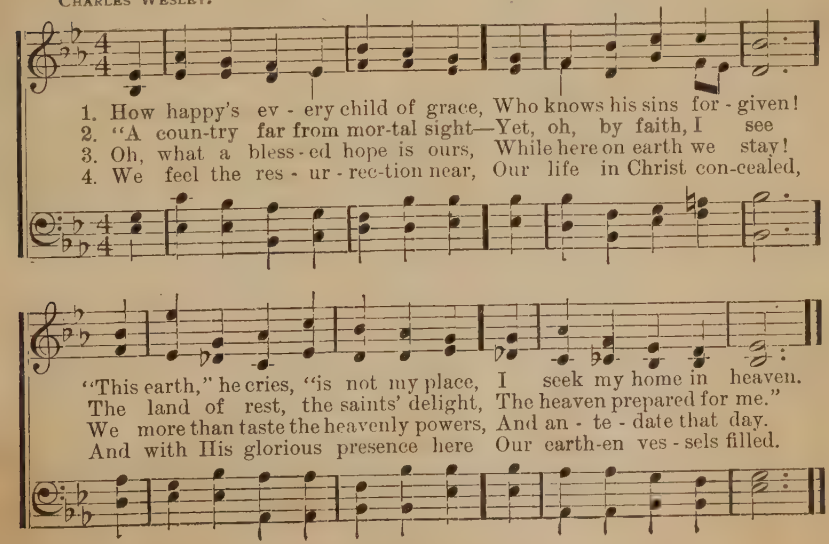
Geer. C. M.

A. L. WARING. H. W. GREATOREX.


1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God; I will give thanks and sing,
2. I thirst for springs of heavenly life, And from Thyself they rise;
3. Thus a new song is in my mouth, To long-loved mu - sic set:
4. I have a her - i - tage of joy That yet I can - not see;
My heart has found the se - cret source Of ev - ery pre - cious thing.
I seek the treas-ure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.
Glo - ry to Thee for all the grace I have not tast - ed yet.
But He who bled to make it mine Is keep - ing it for me.

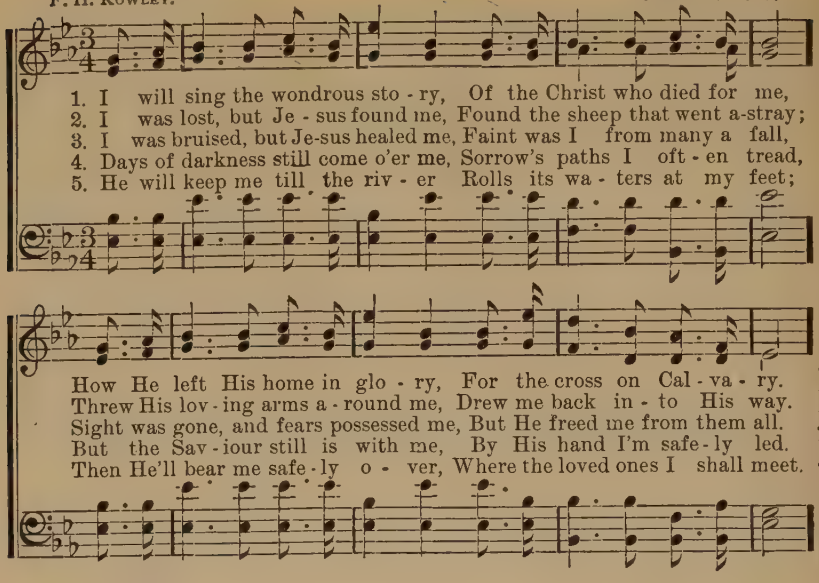
St. Frances. C. M. 319

CHARLES WESLEY. GEO. A. LOHR.


1. How happy's ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for - given!
2. "A coun-try far from mor-tal sight—Yet, oh, by faith, I see
3. Oh, what a bless - ed hope is ours, While here on earth we stay!
4. We feel the res - ur - rec-tion near, Our life in Christ con-cealed,
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my home in heaven.
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me."
We more than taste the heavenly powers, And an - te - date that day.
And with His glorious presence here Our earth-en ves - sels filled.

I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. ROWLEY. PETER BILHORN.


1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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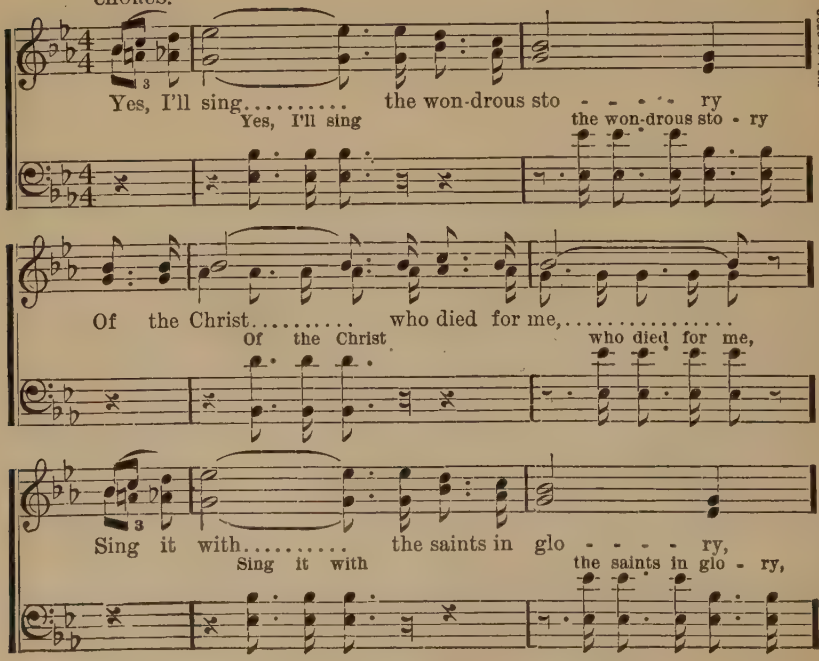
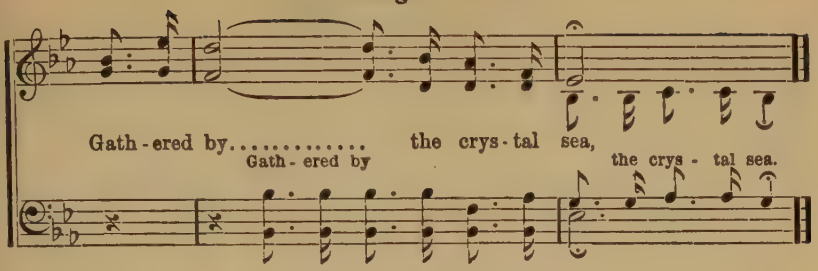
CHORUS.

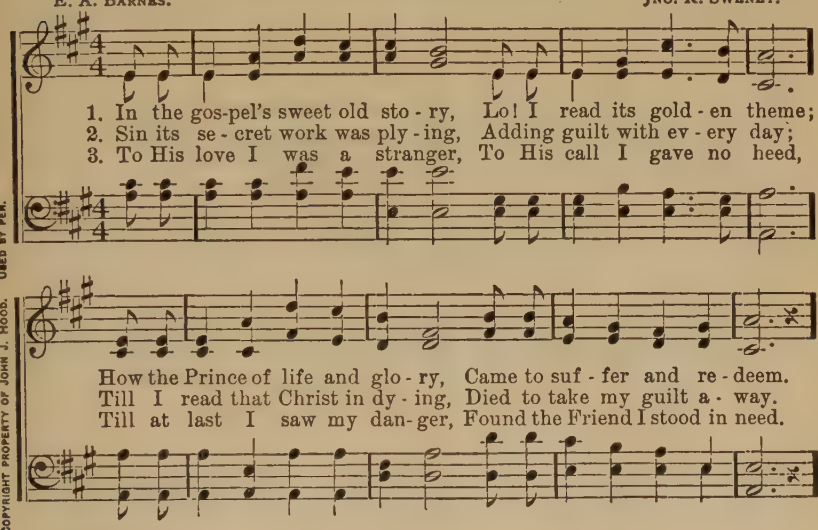

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

I will Sing.—*Concluded.*

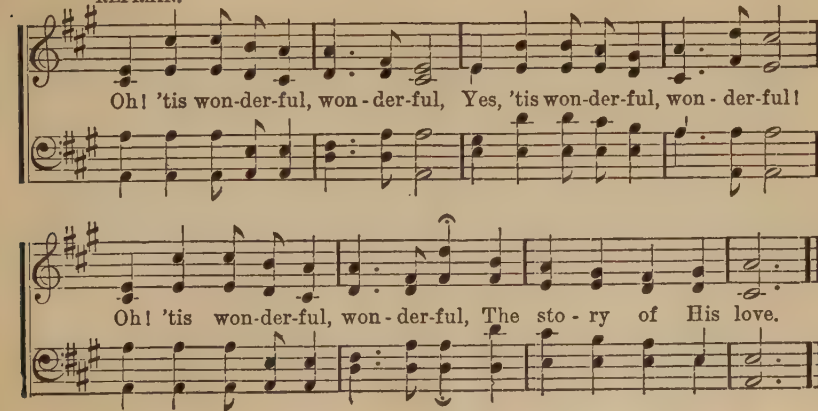


Oh, 'Tis Wonderful. 321

E. A. BARNES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. In the gos-pel's sweet old sto-ry, Lo! I read its gold-en theme;
2. Sin its se-cret work was ply-ing, Adding guilt with ev-ery day;
3. To His love I was a stranger, To His call I gave no heed,
How the Prince of life and glo-ry, Came to suf-fer and re-deem.
Till I read that Christ in dy-ing, Died to take my guilt a-way.
Till at last I saw my dan-ger, Found the Friend I stood in need.

REFRAIN.



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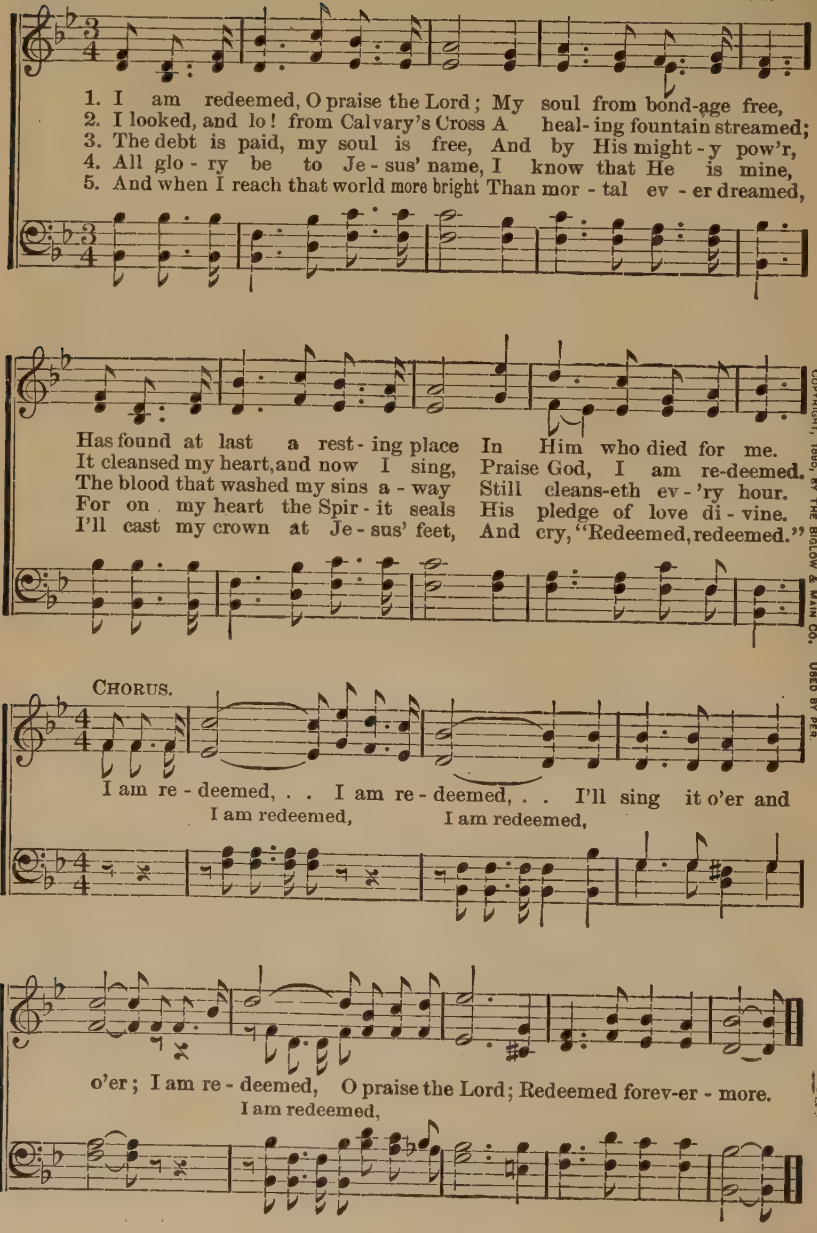
I am Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I am redeemed, O praise the Lord; My soul from bond-age free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A heal-ing fountain streamed;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His might-y pow'r,
4. All glo-ry be to Je-sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mor-tal ev-er dreamed,
Has found at last a rest-ing place In Him who died for me.
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am re-deemed.
The blood that washed my sins a-way Still cleans-eth ev-'ry hour.
For on my heart the Spir-it seals His pledge of love di-vine.
I'll cast my crown at Je-sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed."
CHORUS.
I am re-deemed, . . I am re-deemed, . . I'll sing it o'er and
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,
o'er; I am re-deemed, O praise the Lord; Redeemed forev-er-more.
I am redeemed,

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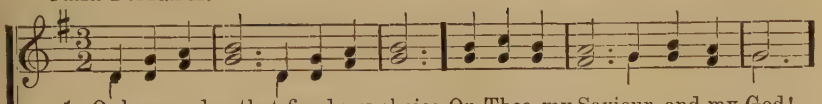
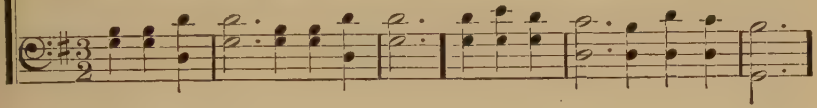
Happy Day. L. M.

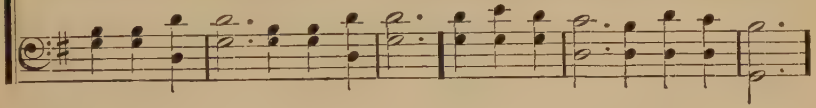
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.



1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love;
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest;
5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear,

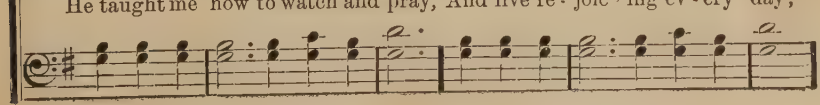


Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - ery good possessed.
Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



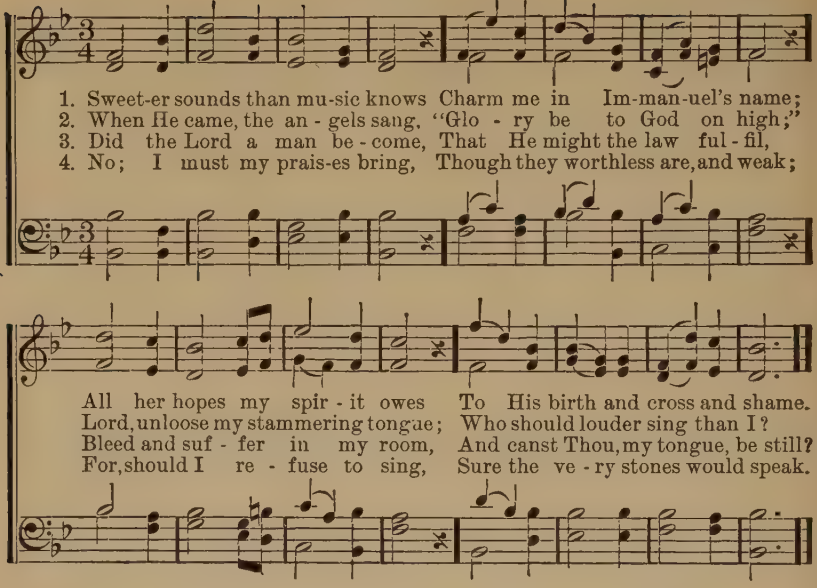
D.S. Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day;



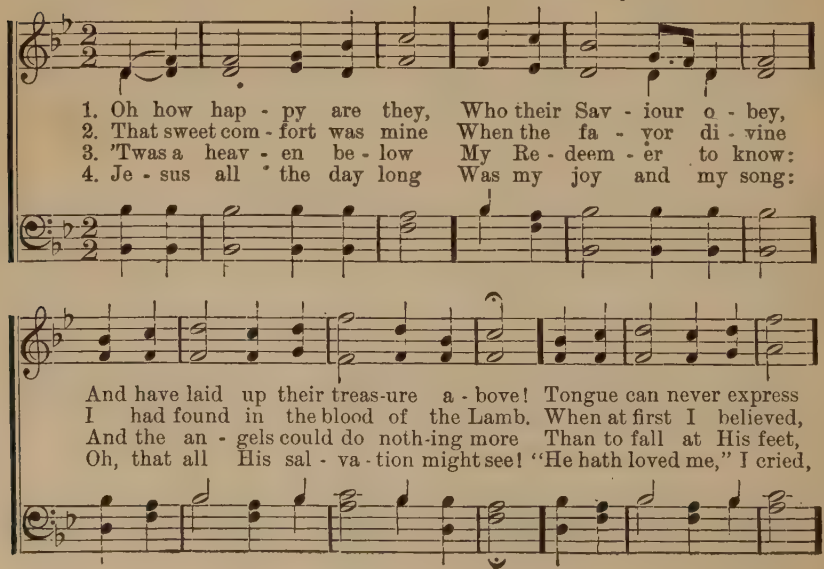
Horton 7s.

J. NEWTON. X. SCHNYDER.

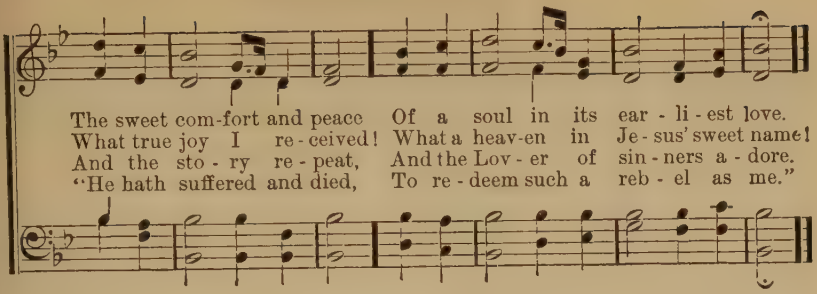

1. Sweet-er sounds than mu-sic knows Charm me in Im-man-uel's name;
2. When He came, the an - gels sang, "Glo - ry be to God on high;"
3. Did the Lord a man be - come, That He might the law ful - fil,
4. No; I must my prais-es bring, Though they worthless are, and weak;
All her hopes my spir - it owes To His birth and cross and shame.
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue; Who should louder sing than I?
Bleed and suf - fer in my room, And canst Thou, my tongue, be still?
For, should I re - fuse to sing, Sure the ve - ry stones would speak.

325 Brownsville. P. M

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by W. F. DUNAWAY.

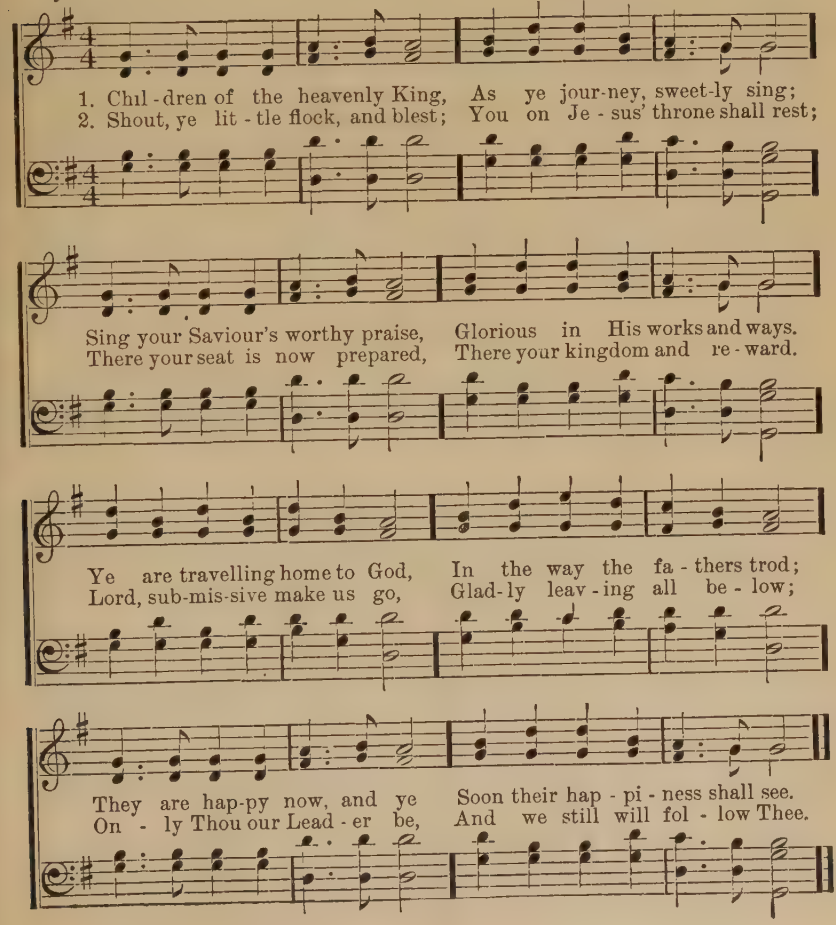

1. Oh how hap - py are they, Who their Sav - iour o - bey,
2. That sweet com - fort was mine When the fa - vor di - vine
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know:
4. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song:
And have laid up their treas-ure a - bove! Tongue can never express
I had found in the blood of the Lamb. When at first I believed,
And the an - gels could do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet,
Oh, that all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried,

Brownsville.—*Concluded.*


The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
What true joy I re - ceived! What a heav-en in Je - sus' sweet name!
And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
"He hath suffered and died, To re - deem such a reb - el as me."

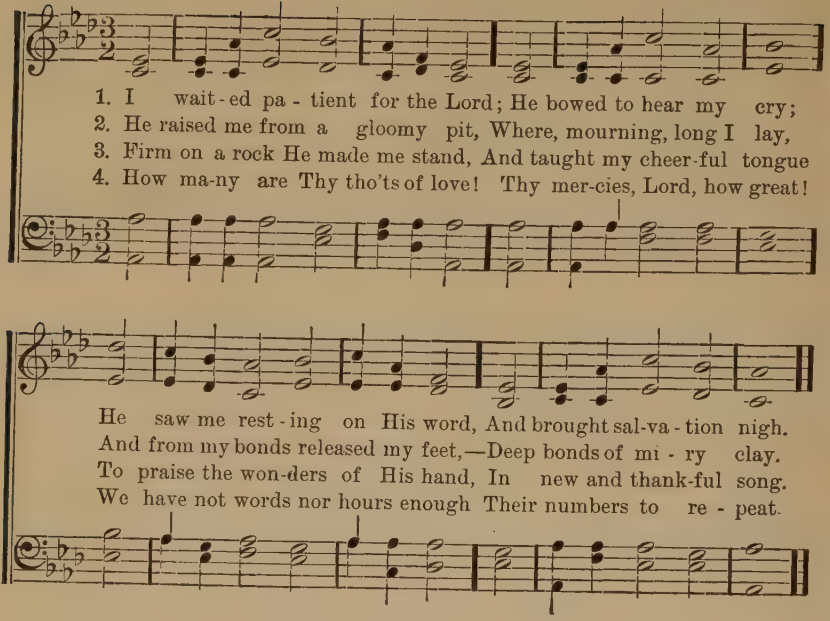
Lexington. 7s. 326

JOHN CENNICK. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.


1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
2. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and re - ward.
Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;
Lord, sub-mis-sive make us go, Glad-ly leav - ing all be - low;
They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

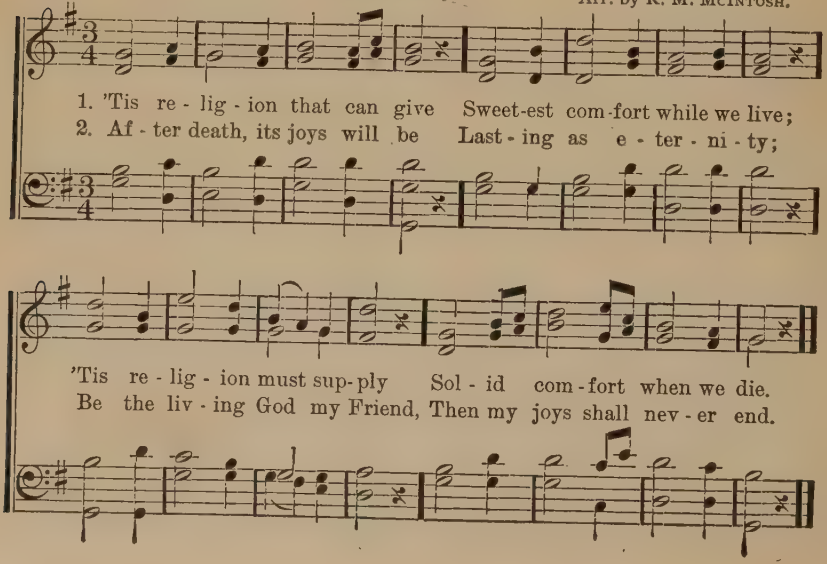
Evan. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. W. H. HAVERGAL.


1. I wait-ed pa-tient for the Lord; He bowed to hear my cry;
2. He raised me from a gloomy pit, Where, mourning, long I lay,
3. Firm on a rock He made me stand, And taught my cheer-ful tongue
4. How ma-ny are Thy tho'ts of love! Thy mer-cies, Lord, how great!
He saw me rest-ing on His word, And brought sal-va-tion nigh.
And from my bonds released my feet,—Deep bonds of mi-ry clay.
To praise the won-ders of His hand, In new and thank-ful song.
We have not words nor hours enough Their numbers to re-peat.

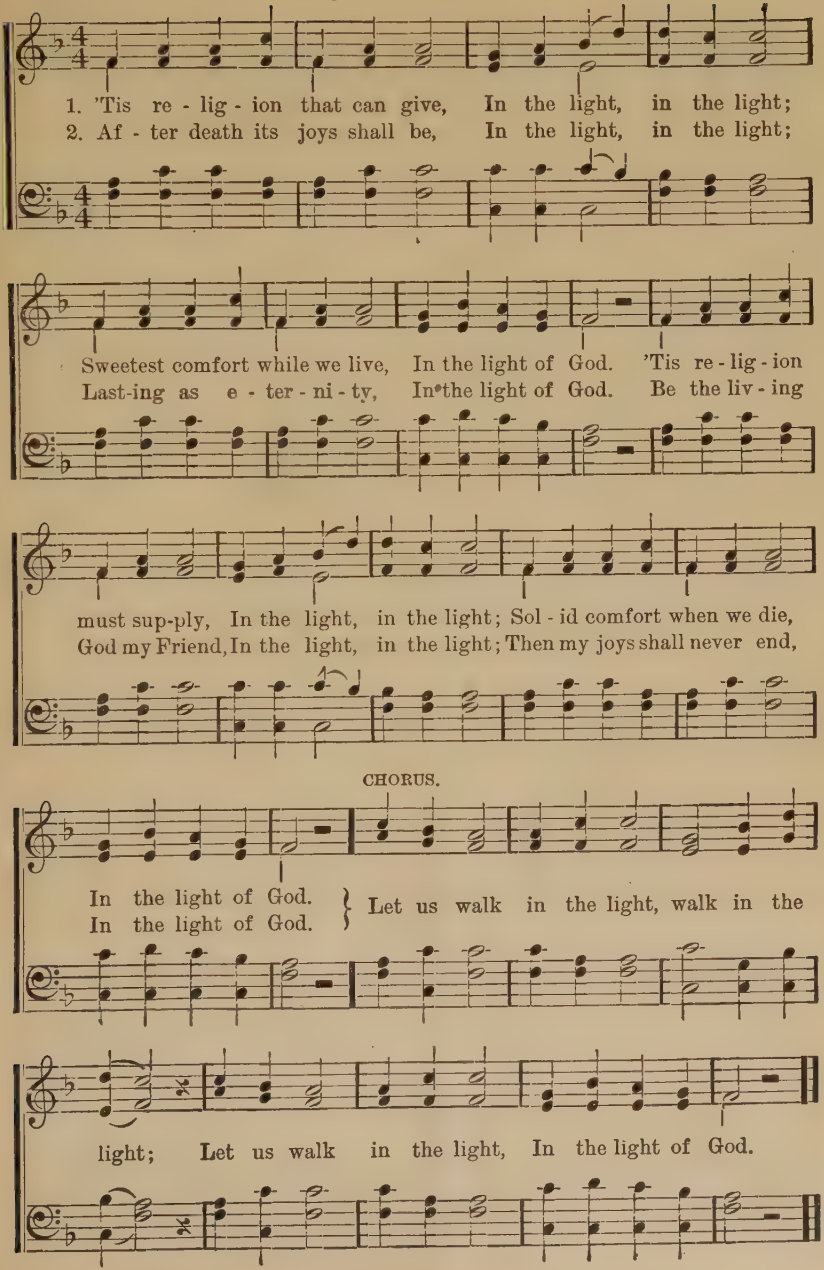
328 Cookham. 7s.

MARY MASTERS. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.


1. 'Tis re-lig-ion that can give Sweet-est com-fort while we live;
2. Af-ter death, its joys will be Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty;
'Tis re-lig-ion must sup-ply Sol-id com-fort when we die.
Be the liv-ing God my Friend, Then my joys shall nev-er end.

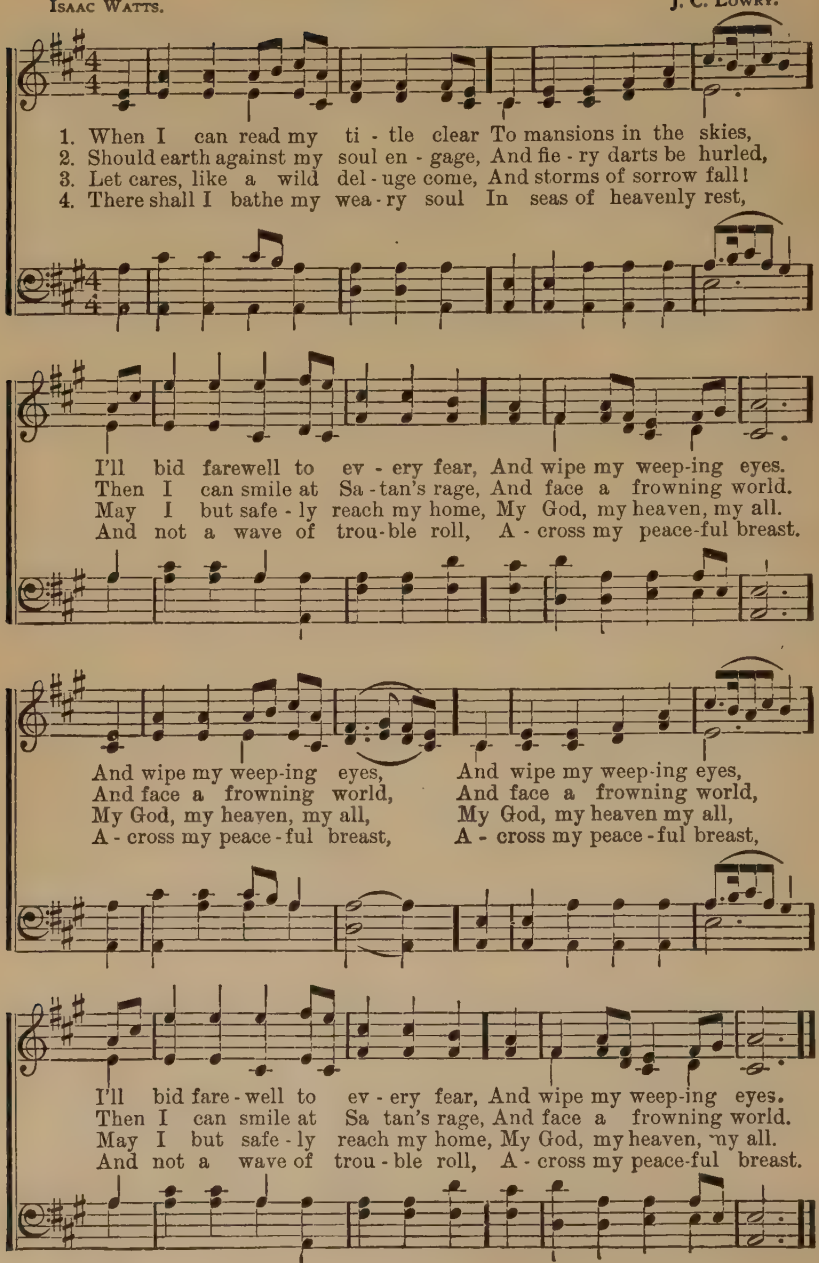
In the Light. P. M.

328 SECOND TUNE.


1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light;
2. Af - ter death its joys shall be, In the light, in the light;
Sweetest comfort while we live, In the light of God. 'Tis re - lig - ion
Last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God. Be the liv - ing
must sup-ply, In the light, in the light; Sol - id comfort when we die,
God my Friend, In the light, in the light; Then my joys shall never end,
CHORUS.
In the light of God.
In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light, walk in the
light; Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

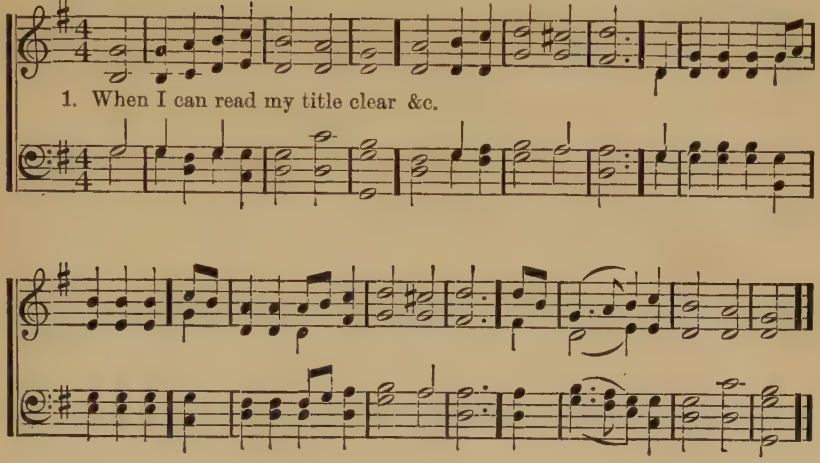
Pisgah. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. C. LOWRY.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sorrow fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heavenly rest,
I'll bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
And not a wave of trou-ble roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And face a frowning world, My God, my heaven, my all, A - cross my peace - ful breast,
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And face a frowning world, My God, my heaven my all, A - cross my peace - ful breast,
I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.

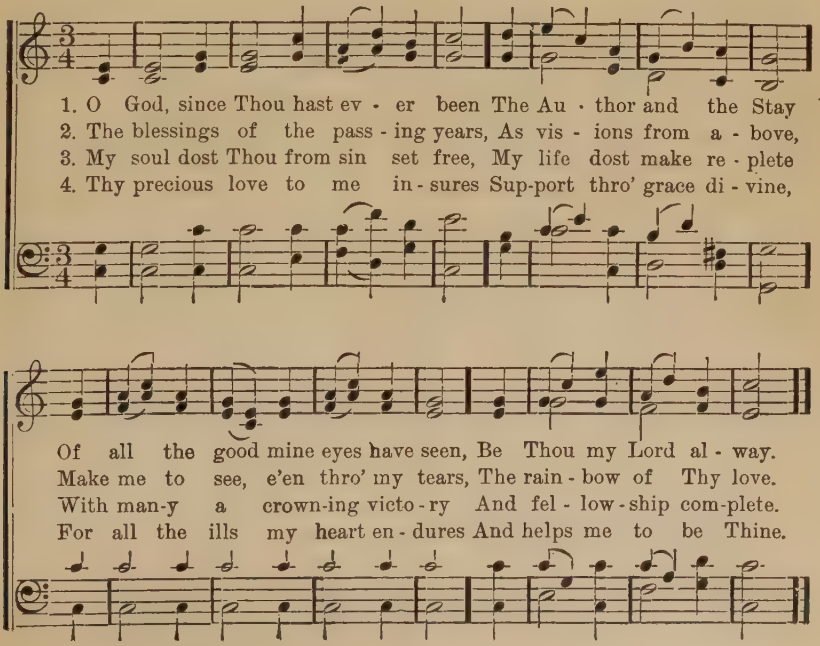
Title Clear. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 329. SECOND TUNE. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



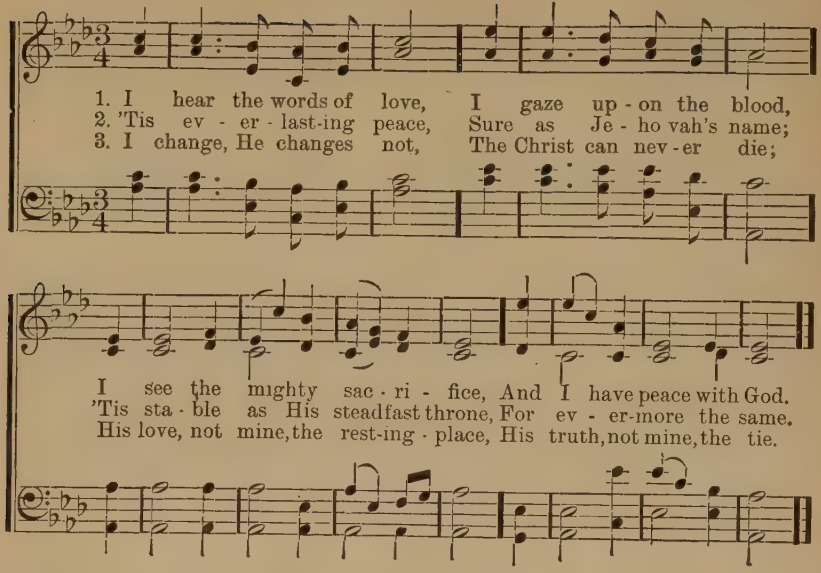
Chimes. C. M. 330

T. B. RAY. LOWELL MASON.


1. O God, since Thou hast ev - er been The Au - thor and the Stay
2. The blessings of the pass - ing years, As vis - ions from a - bove,
3. My soul dost Thou from sin set free, My life dost make re - plete
4. Thy precious love to me in - sures Sup-port thro' grace di - vine,
Of all the good mine eyes have seen, Be Thou my Lord al - way.
Make me to see, e'en thro' my tears, The rain - bow of Thy love.
With man-y a crown-ing victo - ry And fel - low - ship com-plete.
For all the ills my heart en - dures And helps me to be Thine.

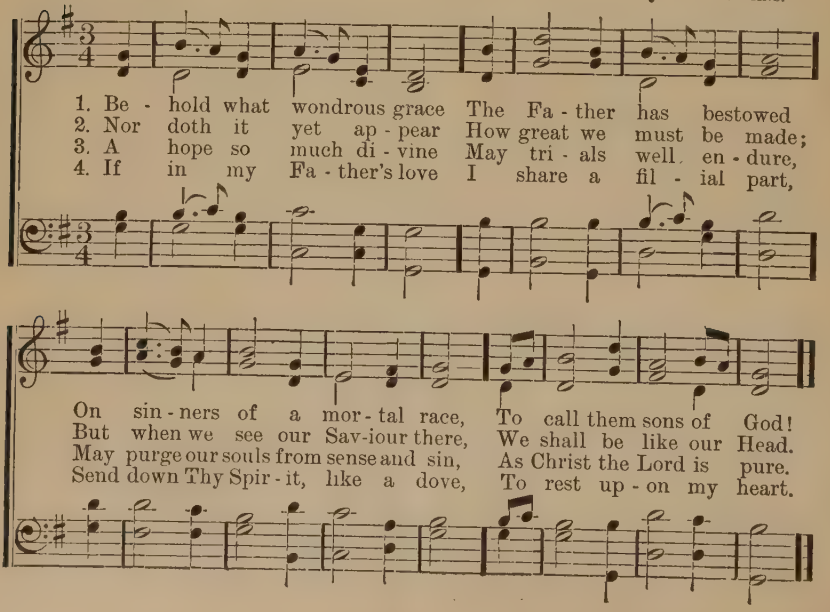
Leighton. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. H. W. GREATOREX.


1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood,
2. 'Tis ev - er - last-ing peace, Sure as Je - ho vah's name;
3. I change, He changes not, The Christ can nev - er die;
I see the mighty sac - ri - fice, And I have peace with God.
'Tis sta - ble as His steadfast throne, For ev - er-more the same.
His love, not mine, the rest-ing - place, His truth, not mine, the tie.

Blandner. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN M. EVANS.


1. Be - hold what wondrous grace The Fa - ther has bestowed
2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great we must be made;
3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure,
4. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part,
On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!
But when we see our Sav-iour there, We shall be like our Head.
May purge our souls from sense and sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.
Send down Thy Spir - it, like a dove, To rest up - on my heart.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

(D) THE SOUL PLEDGING CONSECRATION

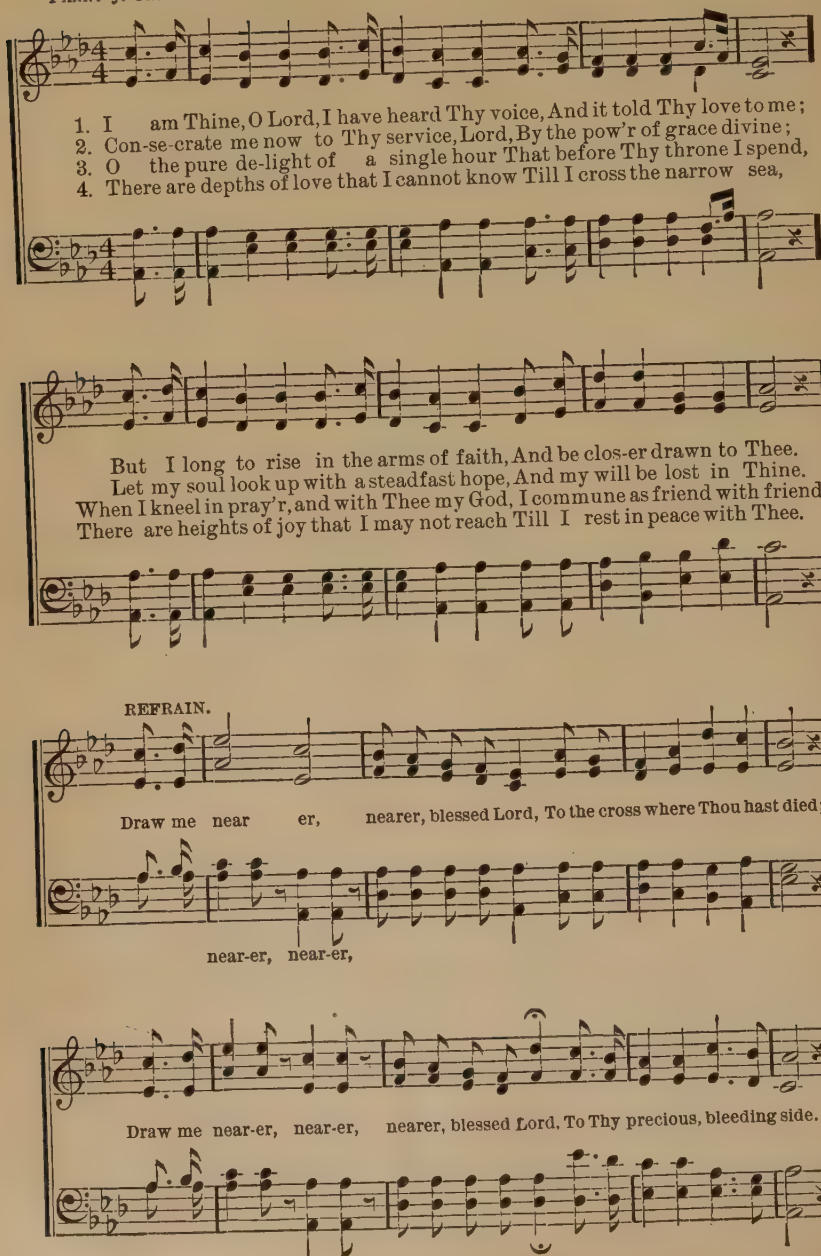
"My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness. Let thine hand help me; for I have chosen thy precepts." PSALM CXIX: 171–173.

HYMNS 333–349

333

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure de-light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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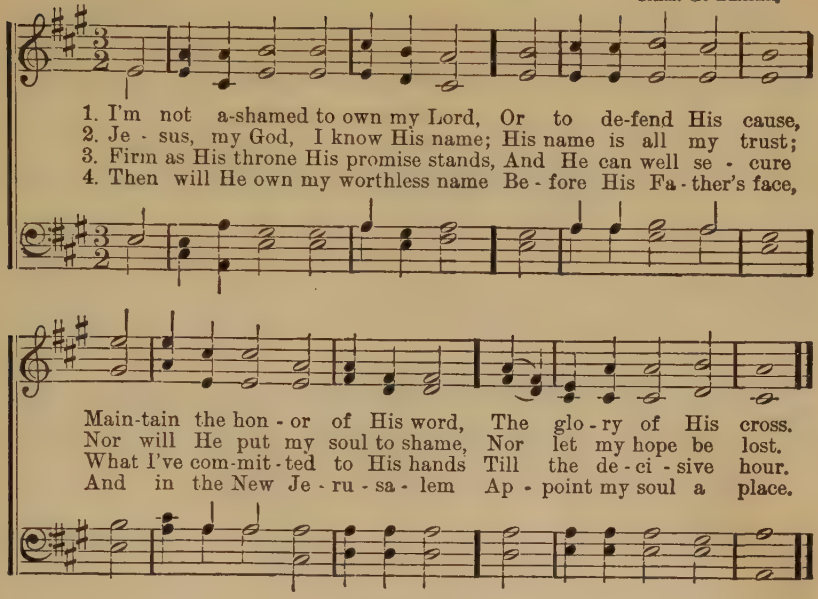
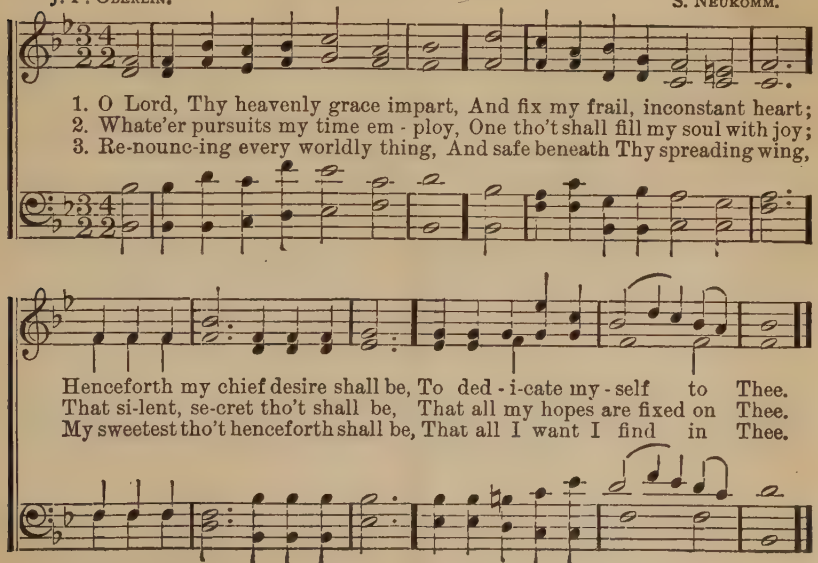
Denfield. C. M. 334

ISAAC WATTS. CARL. G. GLASER.


1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worthless name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,
Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place.

Ames. L. M. 335

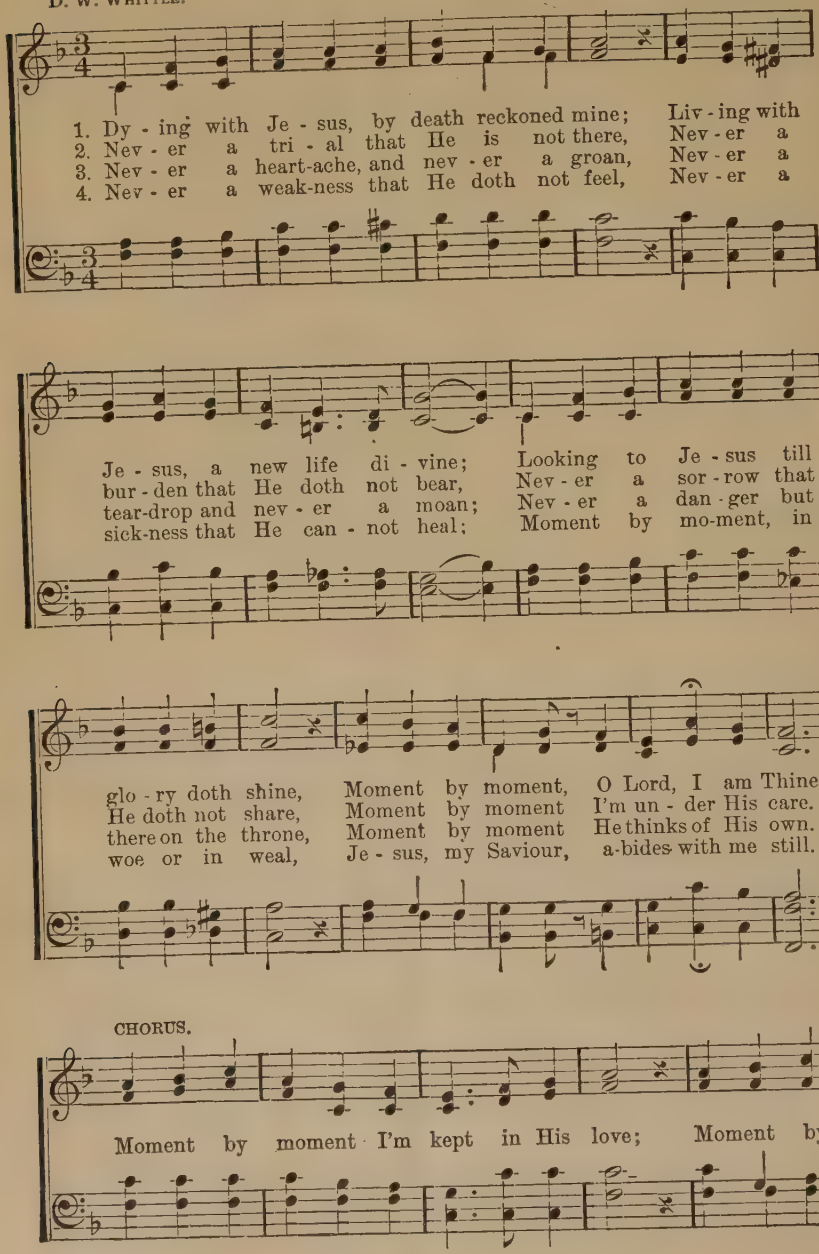
J. F. OBERLIN. S. NEUKOMM.


1. O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart, And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
2. Whate'er pursuits my time em - ploy, One tho't shall fill my soul with joy;
3. Re-nounc-ing every worldly thing, And safe beneath Thy spreading wing,
Henceforth my chief desire shall be, To ded - i-cate my - self to Thee.
That si-lent, se-cret tho't shall be, That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
My sweetest tho't henceforth shall be, That all I want I find in Thee.

336

Moment by Moment.

D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE.


1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
3. Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a
4. Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a
Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Looking to Je - sus till
bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that
tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but
sick-ness that He can - not heal; Moment by mo-ment, in
glo - ry doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
He doth not share, Moment by moment I'm un - der His care.
there on the throne, Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Saviour, a-bides with me still.
CHORUS.
Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by

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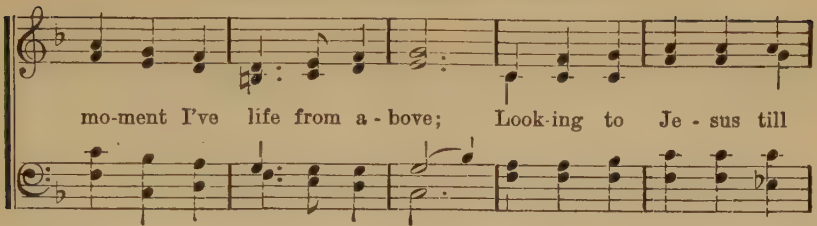
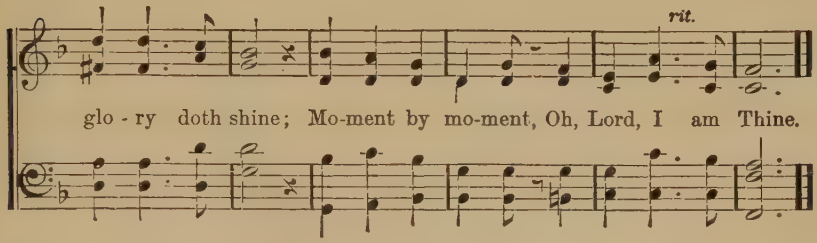
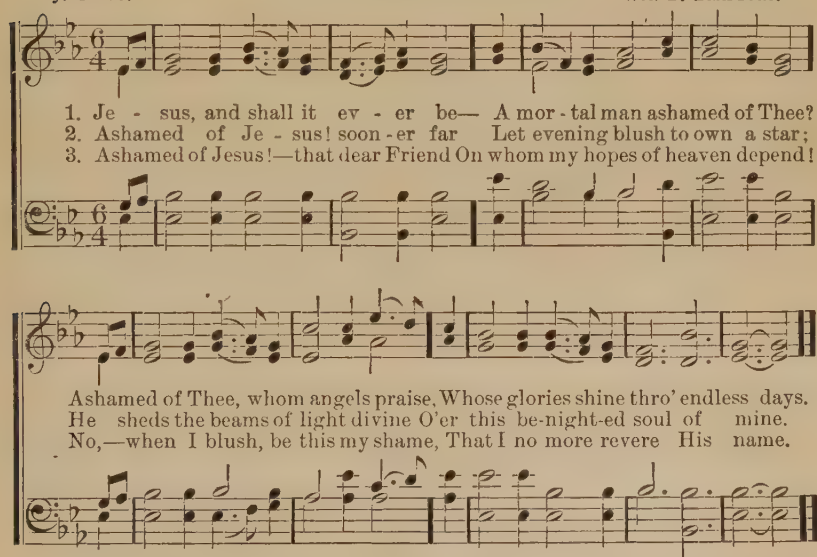
Moment by Moment.—*Concluded.*





Woodworth. L. M. 337

J. GRIGG. WM. B. BRADBURY.

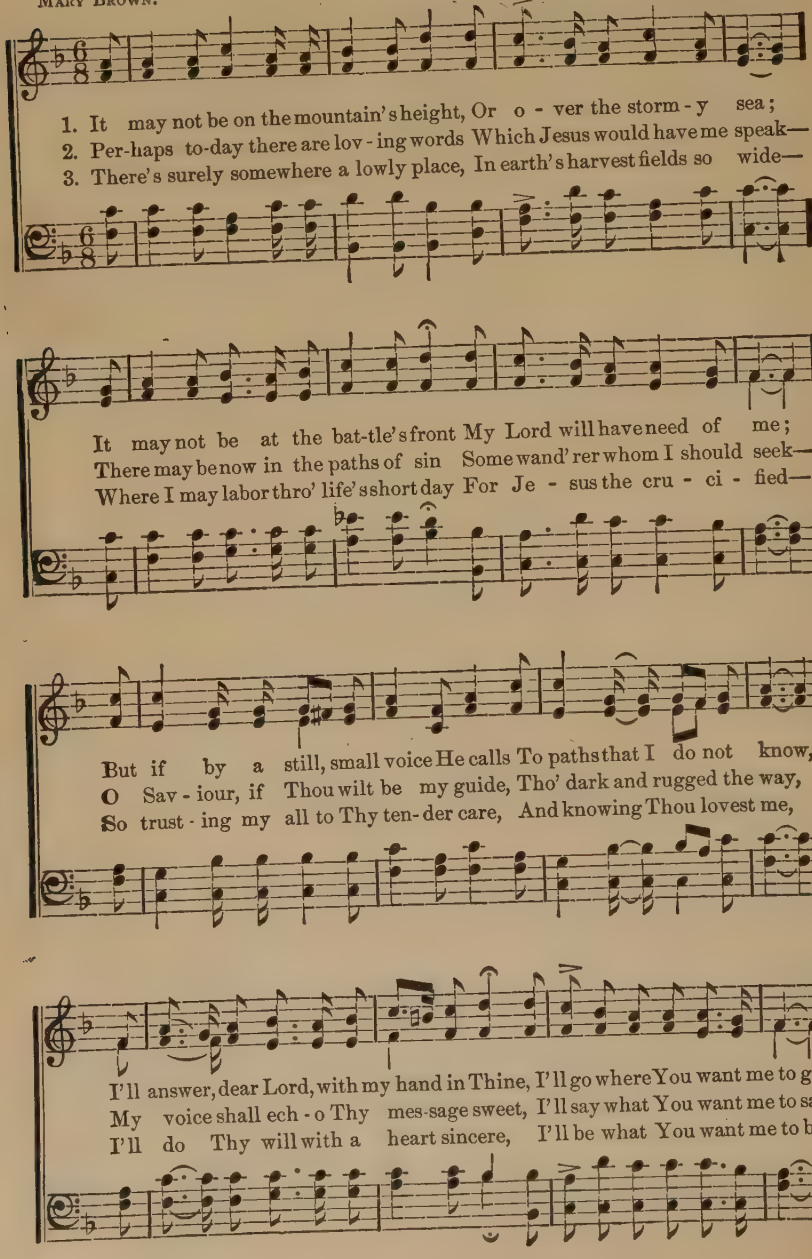

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star;
3. Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
No,—when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
Nor fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

338 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what You want me to be.

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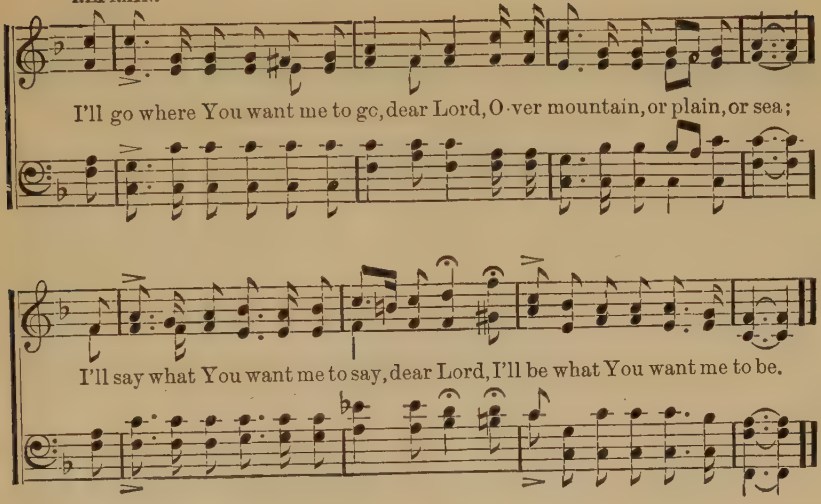
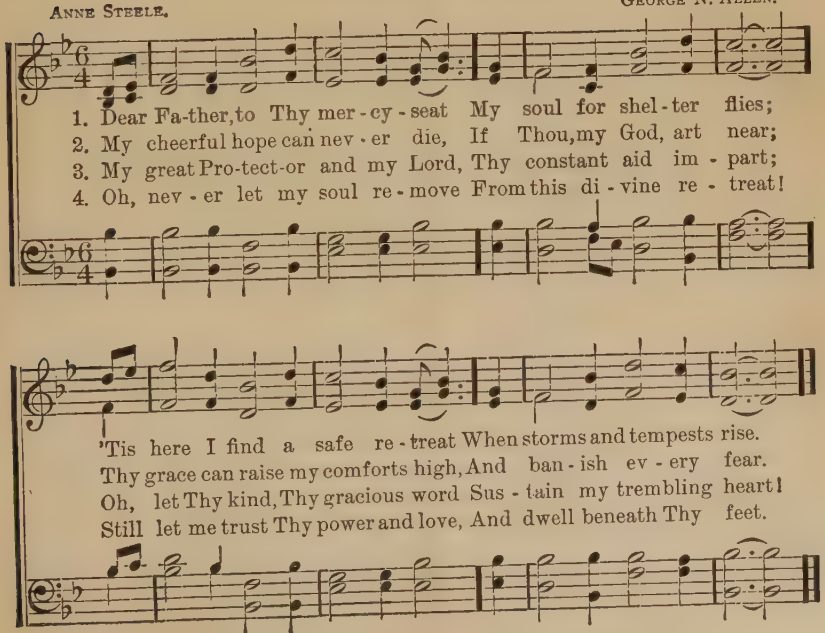
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.—*Concluded.*

REFRAIN.


I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

Maitland. C. M. 339

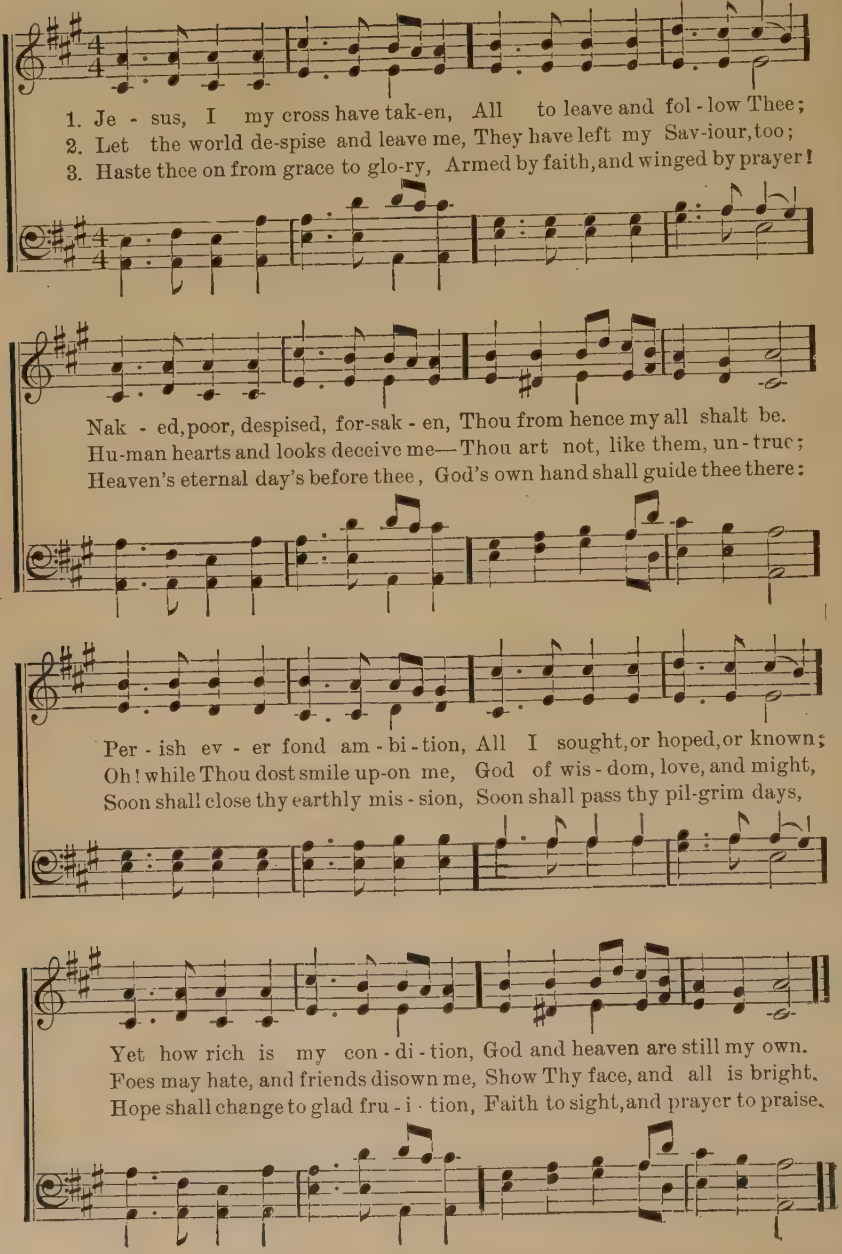
ANNE STEELE. GEORGE N. ALLEN.


1. Dear Fa-ther, to Thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel-ter flies;
2. My cheerful hope can nev-er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
3. My great Pro-tect-or and my Lord, Thy constant aid im-part;
4. Oh, nev-er let my soul re-move From this di-vine re-treat!
'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tempests rise.
Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish ev-ery fear.
Oh, let Thy kind, Thy gracious word Sus-tain my trembling heart!
Still let me trust Thy power and love, And dwell beneath Thy feet.

340

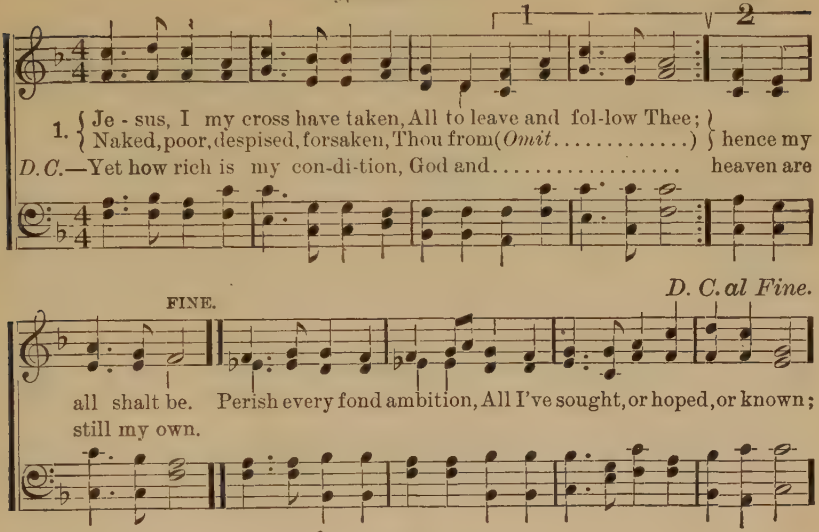
Disciple. 8s, 7s.

H. F. Lyte. From Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Nak - ed, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Per - ish ev - er fond am - bi - tion, All I sought, or hoped, or known;
Oh! while Thou dost smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close thy earthly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

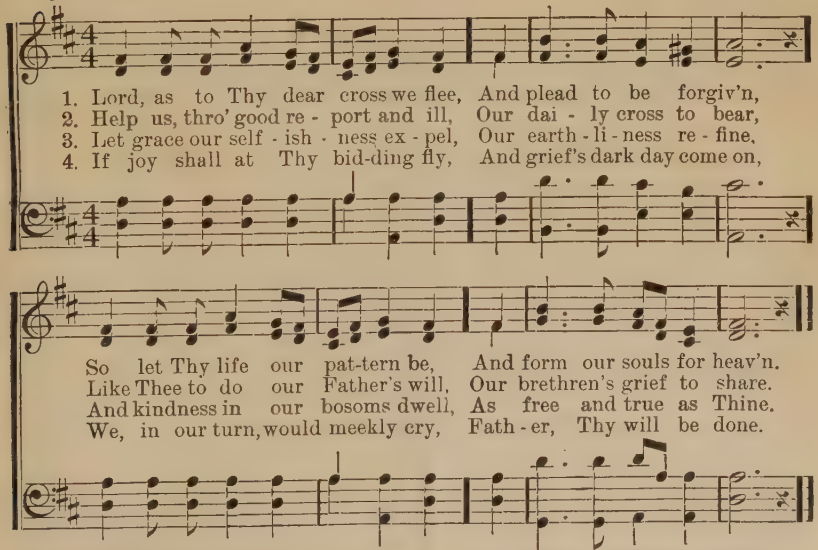
Gloaming. 8s, 7s.

340 SECOND TUNE. ANNIE F. HARRISON.


1
2
1. { Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low Thee; }
{ Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from (*Omit*.....) } hence my
D. C.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and..... heaven are
D. C. al Fine.
FINE.
all shalt be. Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
still my own.

Naomi. C. M. 341

J. H. GURNEY. LOWELL MASON.

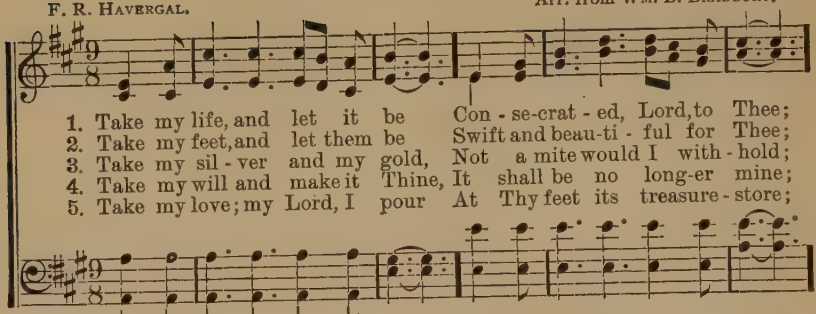

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be forgiv'n,
2. Help us, thro' good re - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear,
3. Let grace our self - ish - ness ex - pel, Our earth - li - ness re - fine,
4. If joy shall at Thy bid-ding fly, And grief's dark day come on,
So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
Like Thee to do our Father's will, Our brethren's grief to share.
And kindness in our bosoms dwell, As free and true as Thine.
We, in our turn, would meekly cry, Fath - er, Thy will be done.

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

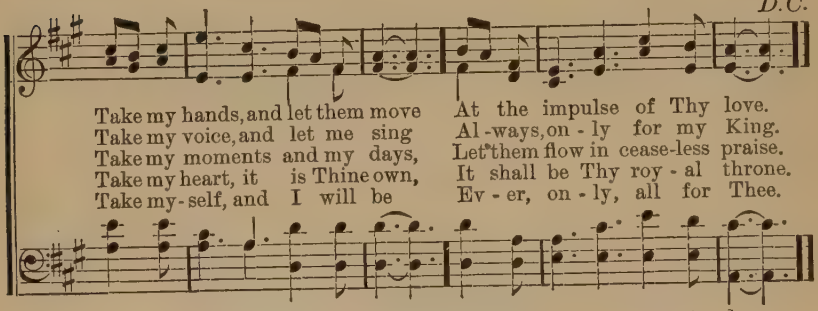
6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

Yarbrough. 7s.

F. R. HAVERGAL. Arr. from WM. B. BRADBURY.

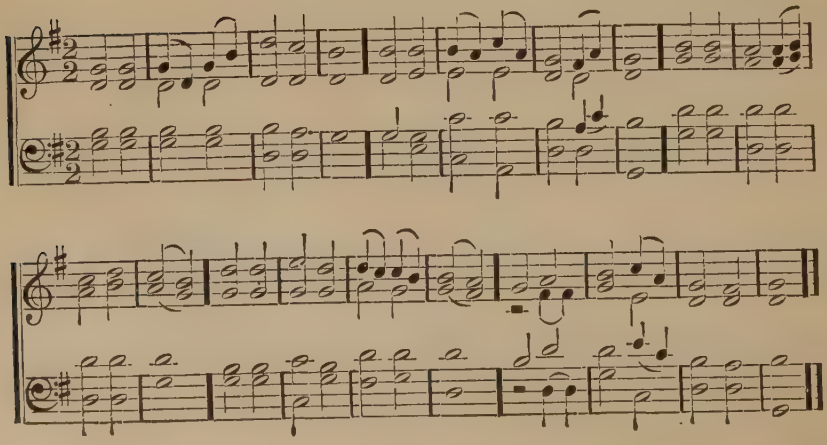

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se-crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure - store;
CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er-more to be;

D.C.


Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er-more to be.

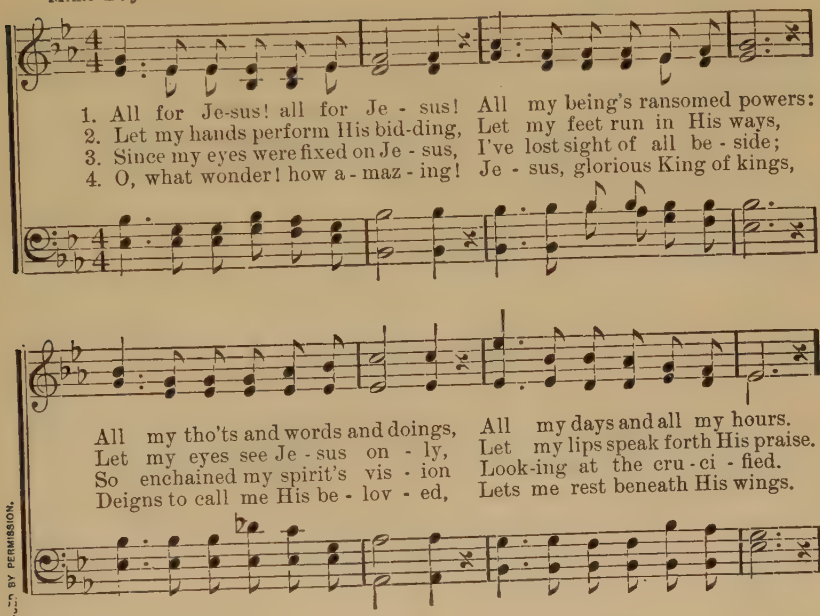
Hendon. 7s.

SECOND TUNE. CÆSAR MALAN.

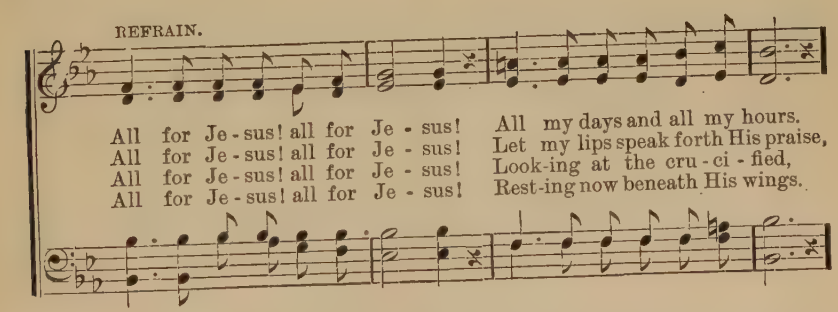


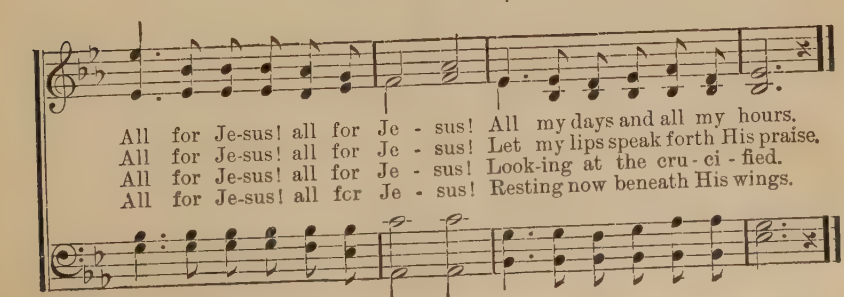
All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
2. Let my hands perform His bid-ding, Let my feet run in His ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - side;
4. O, what wonder! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings,
All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So enchained my spirit's vis - ion Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath His wings.

USED BY PERMISSION.


REFRAIN.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise,
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied,
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Rest-ing now beneath His wings.


All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings.

344

Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee— That each de -
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fil its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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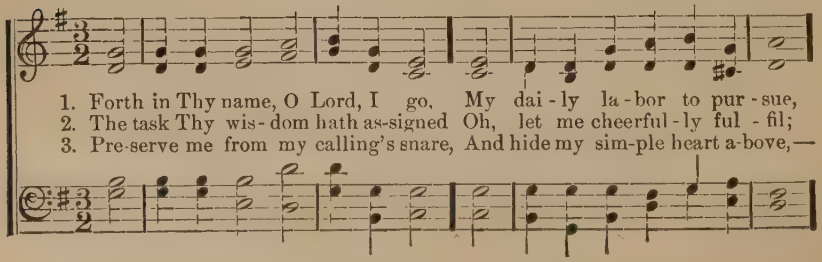
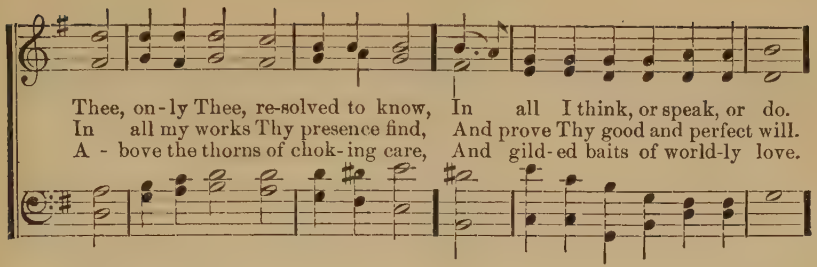
345

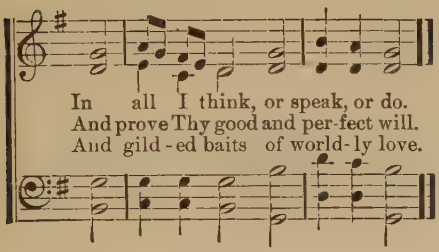
Rolland. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
2. The task Thy wis - dom hath as-signed Oh, let me cheerful - ly ful - fil;
3. Pre-serve me from my calling's snare, And hide my sim-ple heart a-bove,—

Rolland.—*Concluded.*


Thee, on - ly Thee, re-solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.
In all my works Thy presence find, And prove Thy good and perfect will.
A - bove the thorns of chok- ing care, And gild- ed baits of world-ly love.



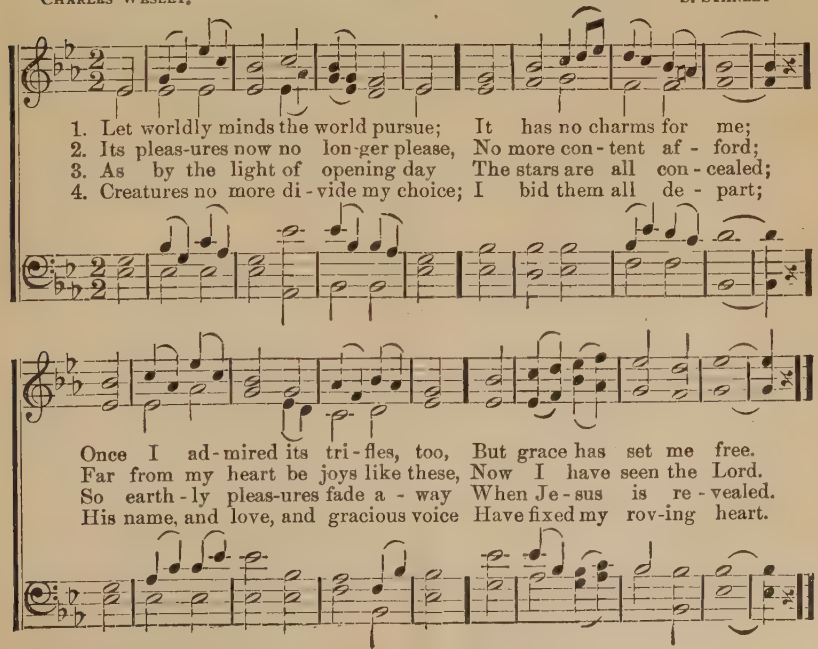
4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

346

Warwick. C. M.

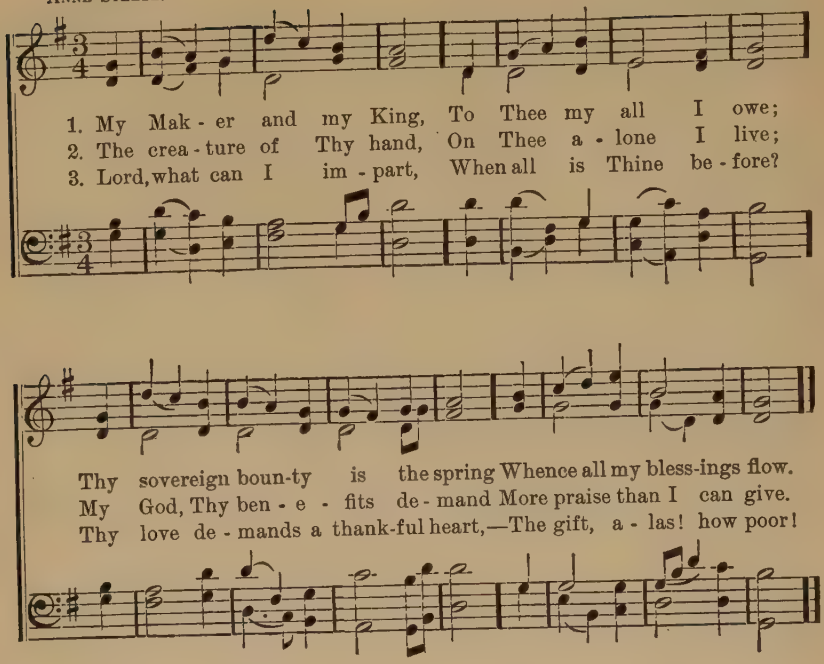
CHARLES WESLEY. S. STANLEY


1. Let worldly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me;
2. Its pleas-ures now no lon-ger please, No more con - tent af - ford;
3. As by the light of opening day The stars are all con - cealed;
4. Creatures no more di - vide my choice; I bid them all de - part;
Once I ad - mired its tri - fles, too, But grace has set me free.
Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.
So earth - ly pleas-ures fade a - way When Je - sus is re - vealed.
His name, and love, and gracious voice Have fixed my rov-ing heart.

347

Thatcher. S. M.

ANNE STEELE. G. F. HANDEL.


1. My Mak - er and my King, To Thee my all I owe;
2. The crea - ture of Thy hand, On Thee a - lone I live;
3. Lord, what can I im - part, When all is Thine be - fore?
Thy sovereign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my bless-ings flow.
My God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.
Thy love de - mands a thank-ful heart,—The gift, a - las! how poor!

4 Shall I withhold Thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with Thy love.

5 Oh, let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

348 S. M.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:

4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

349 S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;

3 A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

4 I rest upon Thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

Charles Wesley.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

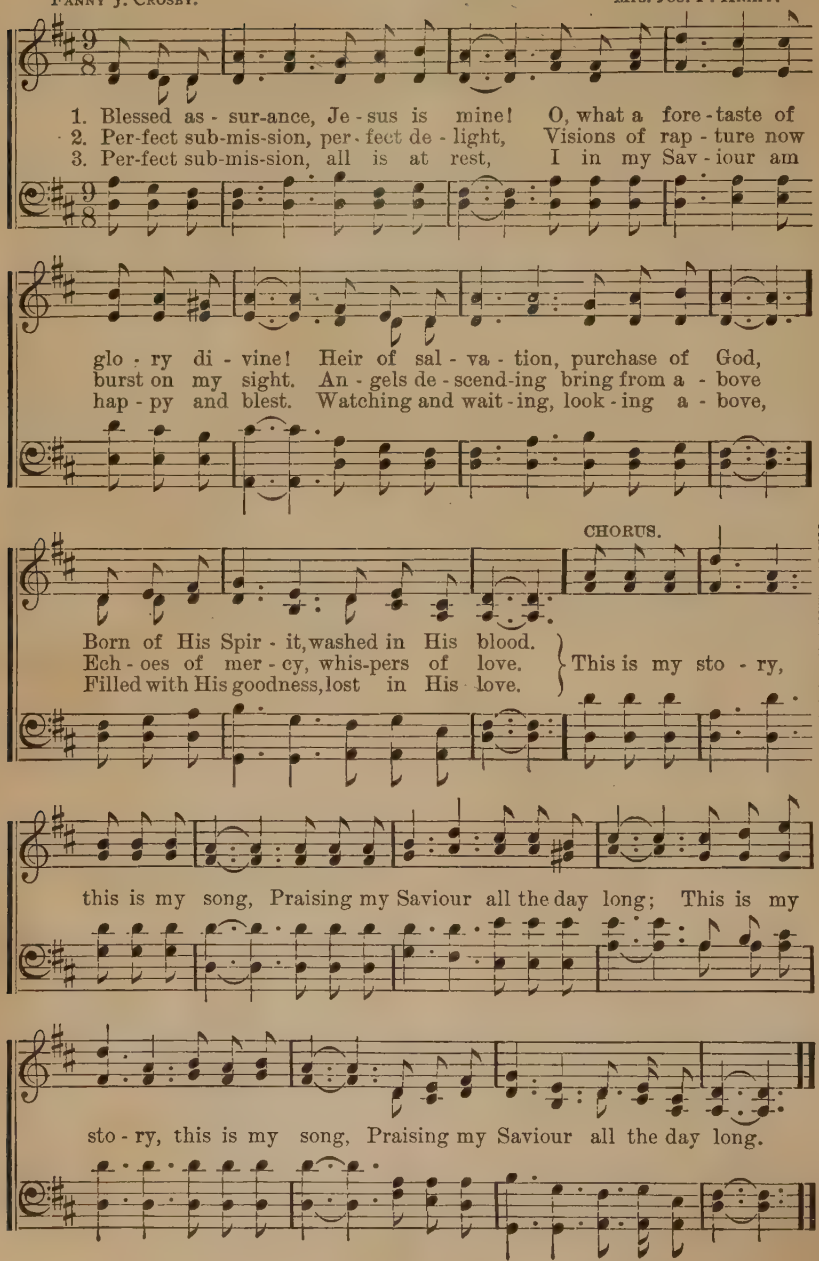
(E) THE SOUL ENJOYING COMMUNION

"The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him." PSALM XXVIII: 7.

HYMNS 350–377

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per - fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend-ing bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

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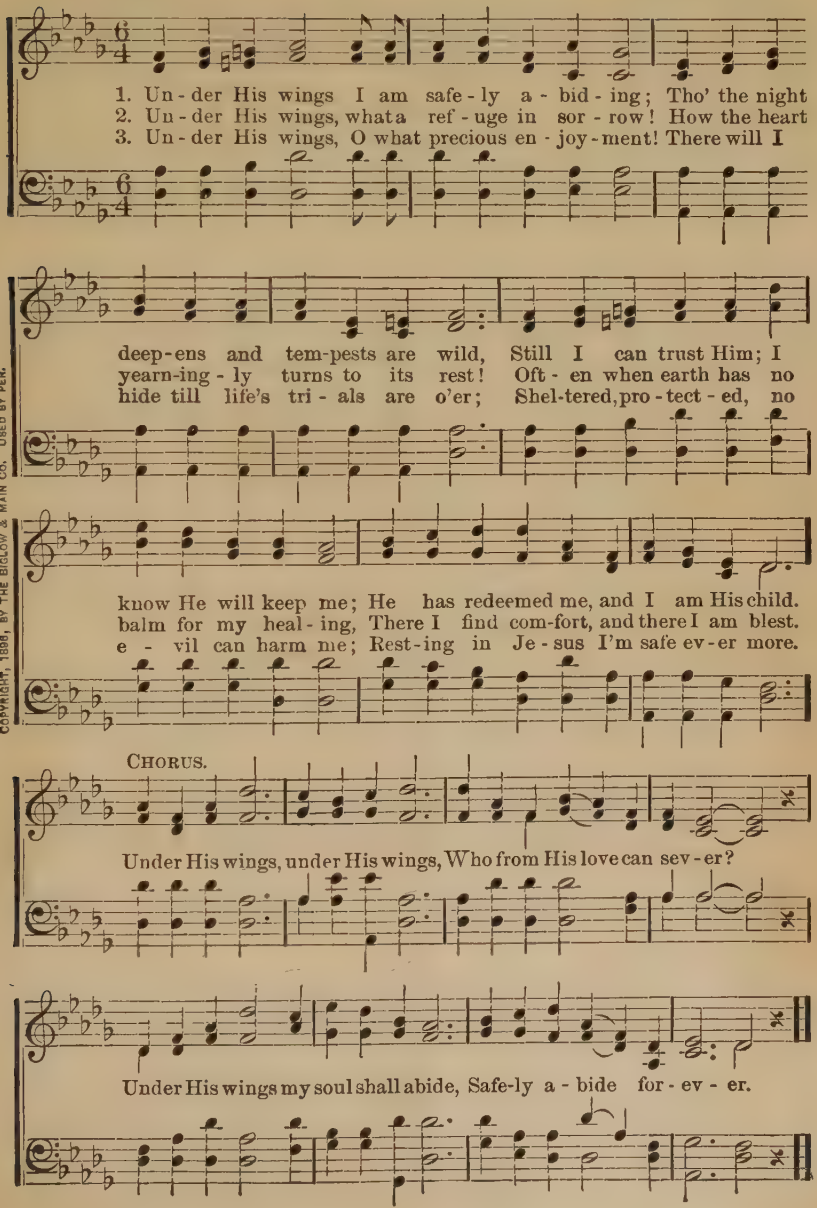
Under His Wings.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3. Un - der His wings, O what precious en - joy - ment! There will I
deep-ens and tem-pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
yearn-ing - ly turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro - tect - ed, no
know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
balm for my heal - ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er more.
CHORUS.
Under His wings, under His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?
Under His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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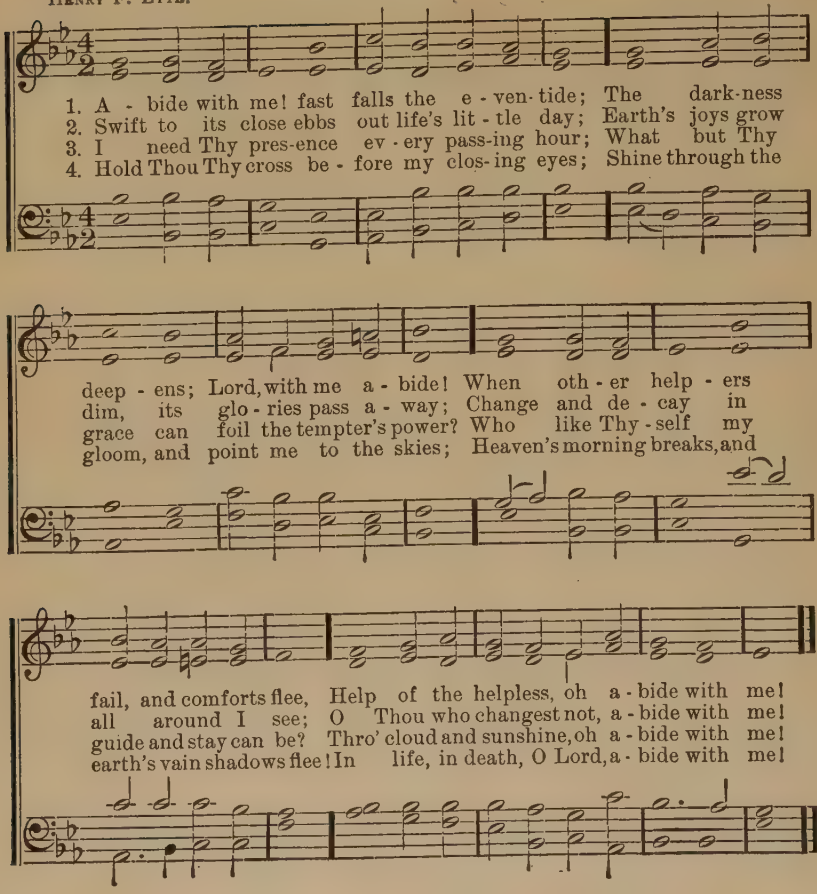
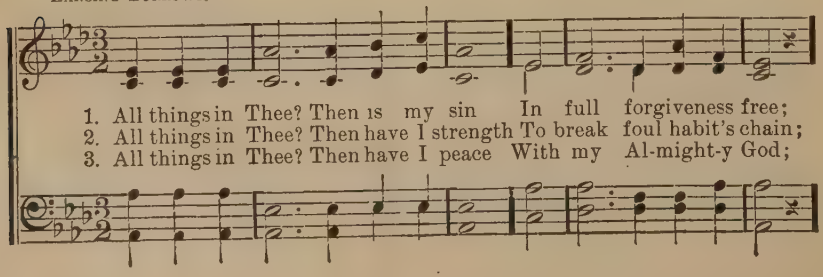
352 Eventide. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.

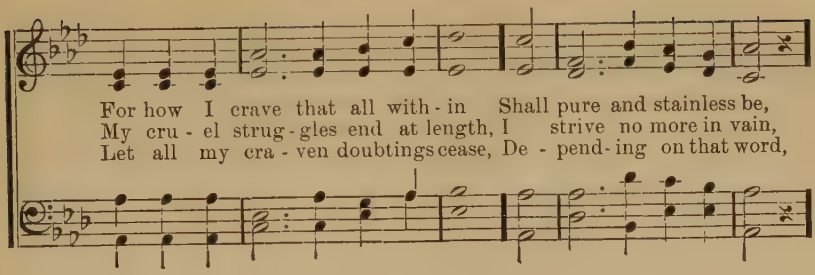

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thy - self my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh a - bide with me!
all around I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

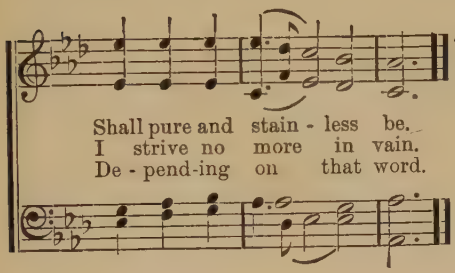
353 Arcadia. C. M.

LANSING BURROWS. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. All things in Thee? Then is my sin In full forgiveness free;
2. All things in Thee? Then have I strength To break foul habit's chain;
3. All things in Thee? Then have I peace With my Al-might-y God;

Arcadia.—*Concluded.*


For how I crave that all with - in Shall pure and stainless be,
My cru - el strug - gles end at length, I strive no more in vain,
Let all my cra - ven doubtings cease, De - pend - ing on that word,

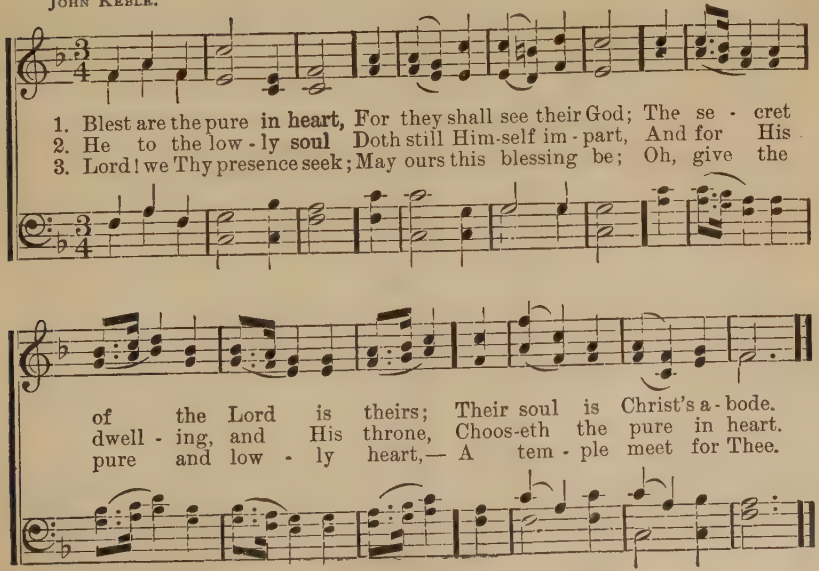


4 All things in Thee? Then am I saved
By that dear blood of Thine,
And the assurance I have craved
Is fully, freely mine.

5 All things in Thee? Then so am I
Firm fixed within Thy breast;
All things for Thee! shall be my cry,
In laboring or in rest.

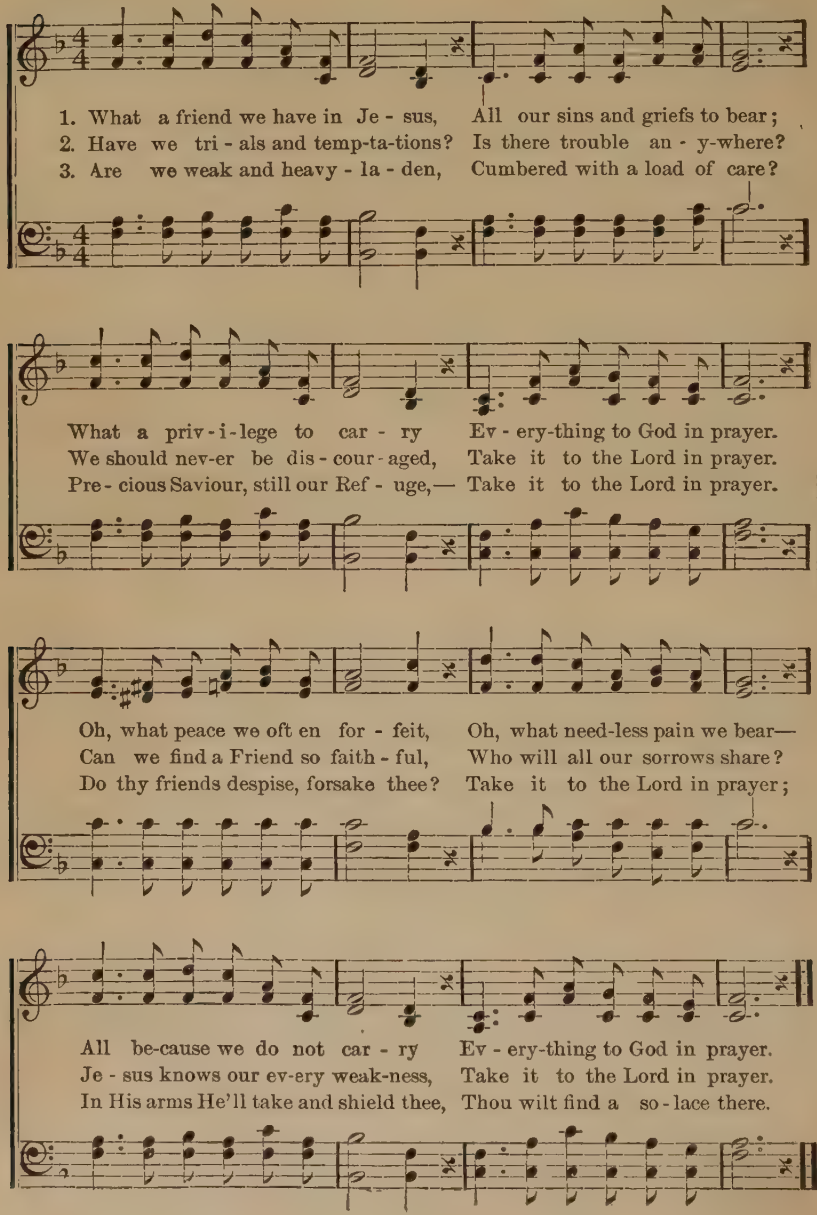
Gerar. S. M. 354

JOHN KEBLE. LOWELL MASON.


1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see their God; The se - cret
2. He to the low - ly soul Doth still Him-self im - part, And for His
3. Lord! we Thy presence seek; May ours this blessing be; Oh, give the
of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode.
dwell - ing, and His throne, Choos-eth the pure in heart.
pure and low - ly heart,— A tem - ple meet for Thee.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trouble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our Ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev-ery weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

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Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is the Light.
And Je - sus, list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.
Refrain.
Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - shine,
sun-shine in my soul, sun-shine in my soul,
While the peace - ful, hap - py moments roll; When
hap - py mo-ments roll,
Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in my soul.

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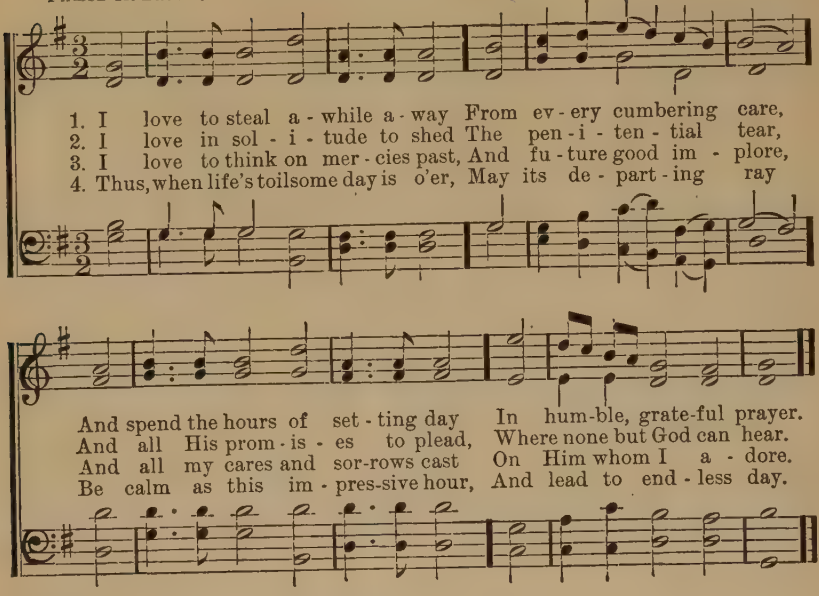
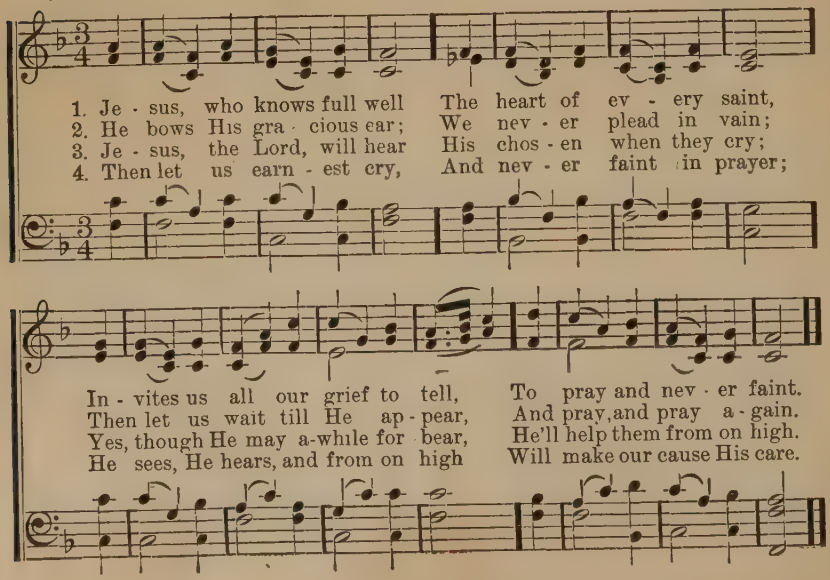
357 Woodstock. C. M.

PHŒBE H. BROWN. D. DUTTON, Jr.


1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore,
4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.
And all His prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
Be calm as this im - pres-sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

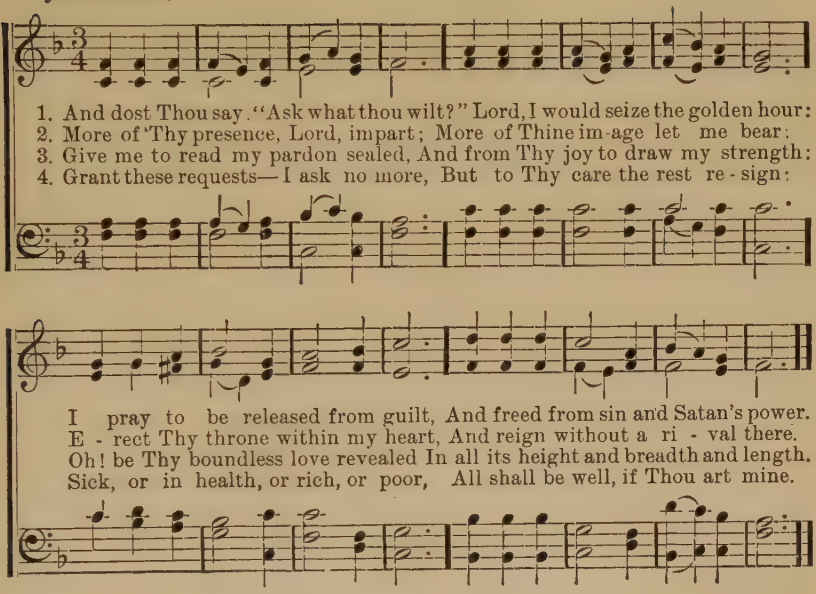
358 Dennis. S. M.

JOHN NEWTON. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Je - sus, who knows full well The heart of ev - ery saint,
2. He bows His gra - cious ear; We nev - er plead in vain;
3. Je - sus, the Lord, will hear His chos - en when they cry;
4. Then let us earn - est cry, And nev - er faint in prayer;
In - vites us all our grief to tell, To pray and nev - er faint.
Then let us wait till He ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain.
Yes, though He may a-while for bear, He'll help them from on high.
He sees, He hears, and from on high Will make our cause His care.

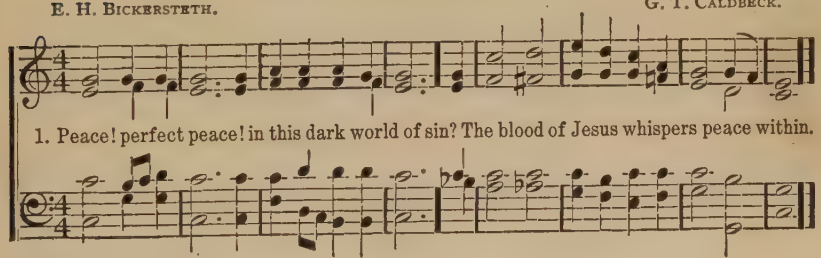
Hursley. L. M.

JOHN NEWTON. W. H. MONK.


1. And dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
2. More of Thy presence, Lord, impart; More of Thine im-age let me bear:
3. Give me to read my pardon sealed, And from Thy joy to draw my strength:
4. Grant these requests—I ask no more, But to Thy care the rest re-sign:
I pray to be released from guilt, And freed from sin and Satan's power.
E-rect Thy throne within my heart, And reign without a ri-val there.
Oh! be Thy boundless love revealed In all its height and breadth and length.
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor, All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

Pax Tecum. 10s. 360

E. H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.



2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

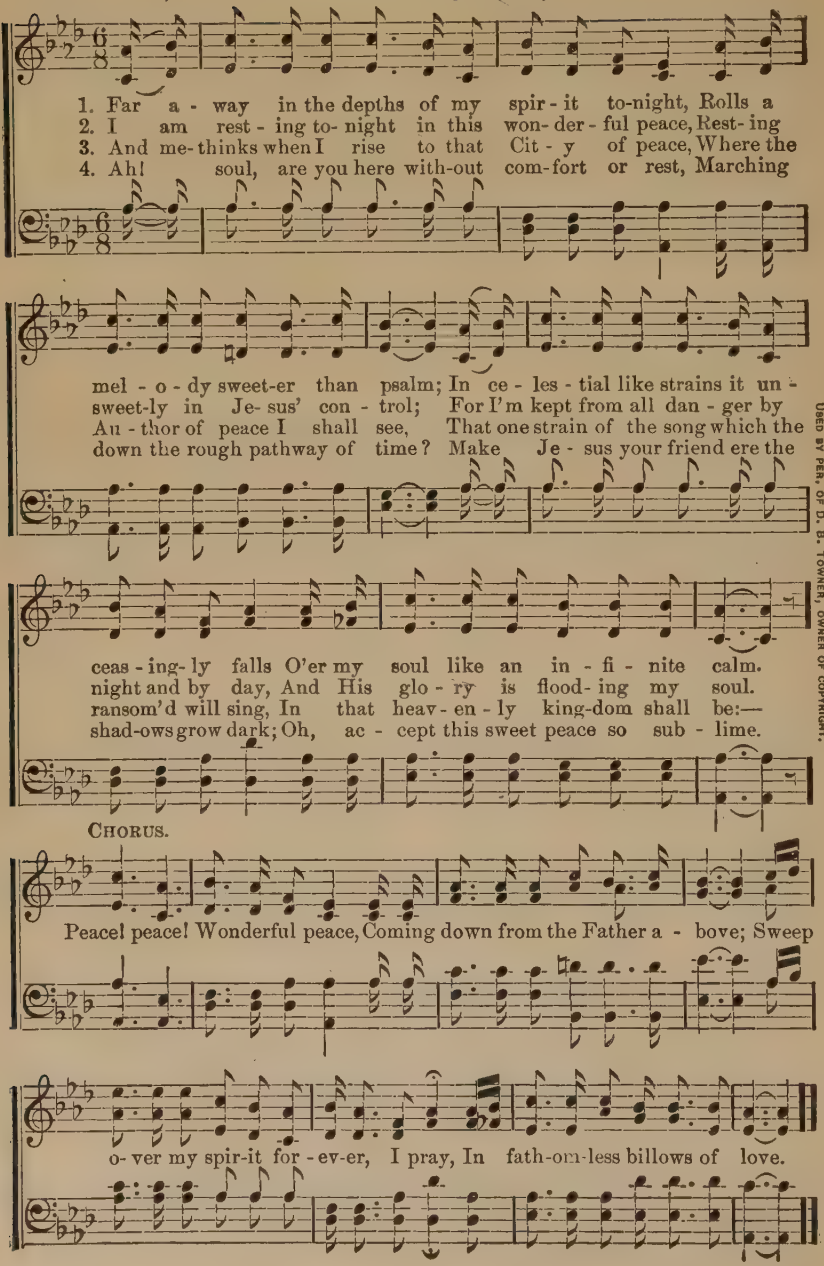
6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

361

Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, Alt. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. I am rest - ing to- night in this won- der - ful peace, Rest- ing
3. And me- thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
4. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, Marching
mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
sweet-ly in Je- sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the
ceas - ing- ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood- ing my soul.
ransom'd will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom shall be:—
shad-ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.
CHORUS.
Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep
o- ver my spir-it for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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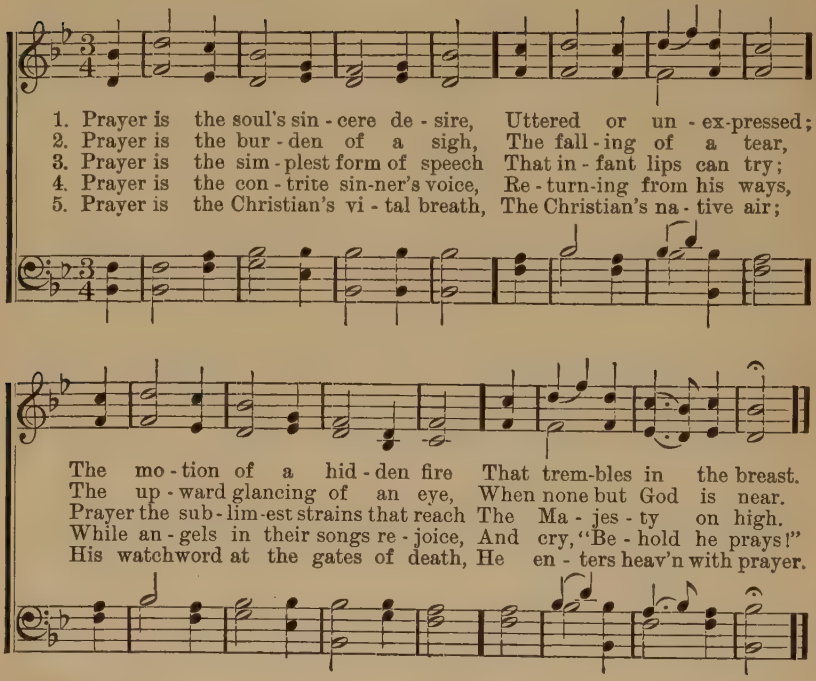
Ariel. C. P. M.

SAM'L MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ransom from
3. I'd sing the char - act - ers He bears, And all the forms
4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord
the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - iour shine! I'd
the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In
will bring me home, And I shall see His face: Then
soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings
sing His glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect, heavenly dress
lofti-est songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days
with my Sav - iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
Tri - umph-ant in His grace, Tri - umph-ant in His grace.

Balerma. C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. HUGH WILSON.


1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Uttered or un - ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the con - trite sin-ner's voice, Re - turn-ing from his ways,
5. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem-bles in the breast.
The up - ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer the sub - lim-est strains that reach The Ma - jes - ty on high.
While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And cry, "Be - hold he prays!"
His watchword at the gates of death, He en - ters heav'n with prayer.

C. M. 364

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

B. Beddome.

C. M. 365

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

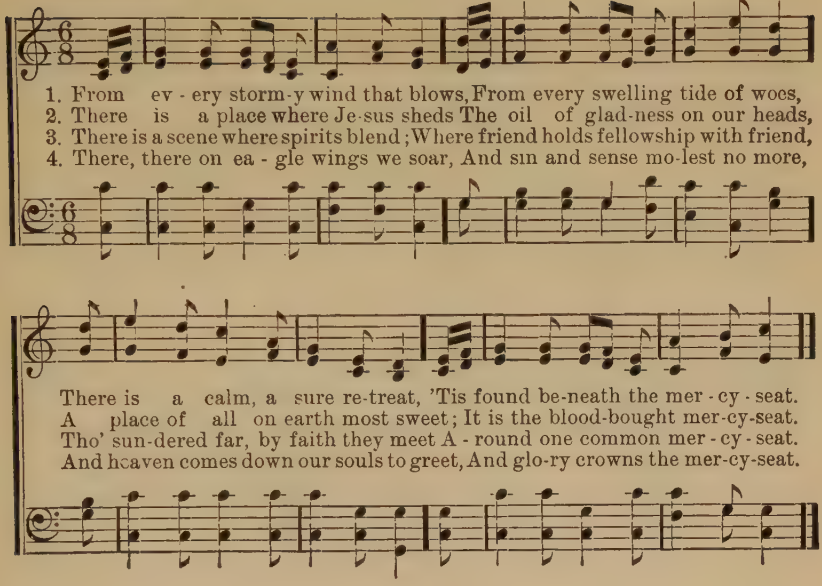
3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

Wm. Cowper.

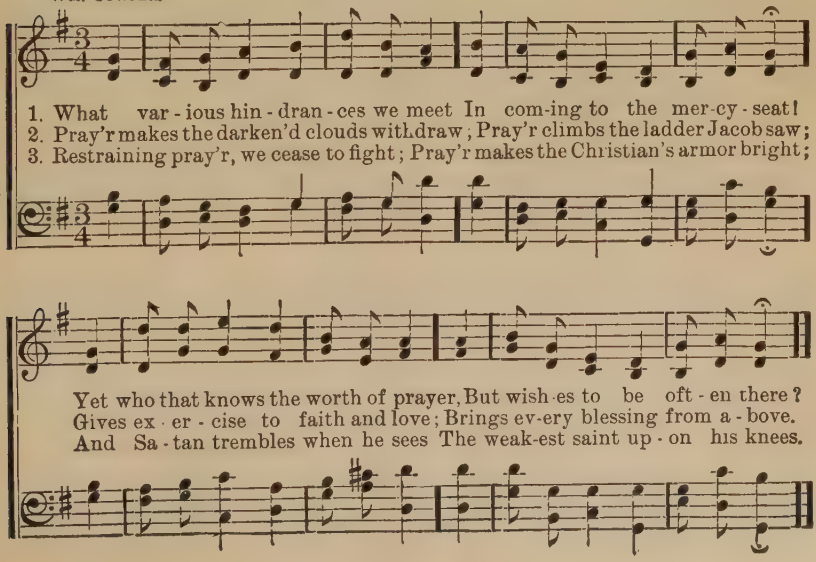
Retreat. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend; Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mer - cy - seat.
And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

Rockingham. L. M. 367

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.


1. What var - ious hin - dran - ces we meet In com-ing to the mer-cy - seat!
2. Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw; Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
3. Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be oft - en there?
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love; Brings ev-ery blessing from a - bove.
And Sa - tan trembles when he sees The weak-est saint up - on his knees.

368

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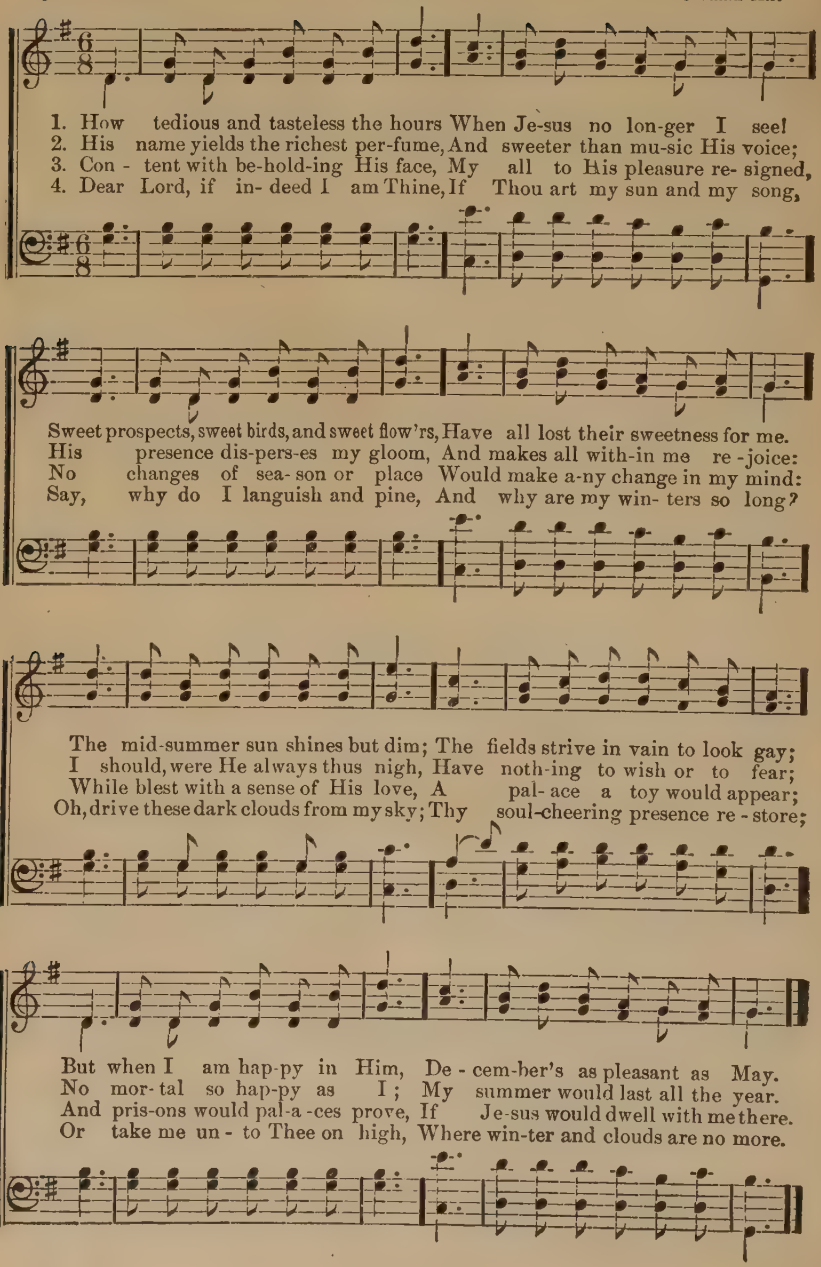
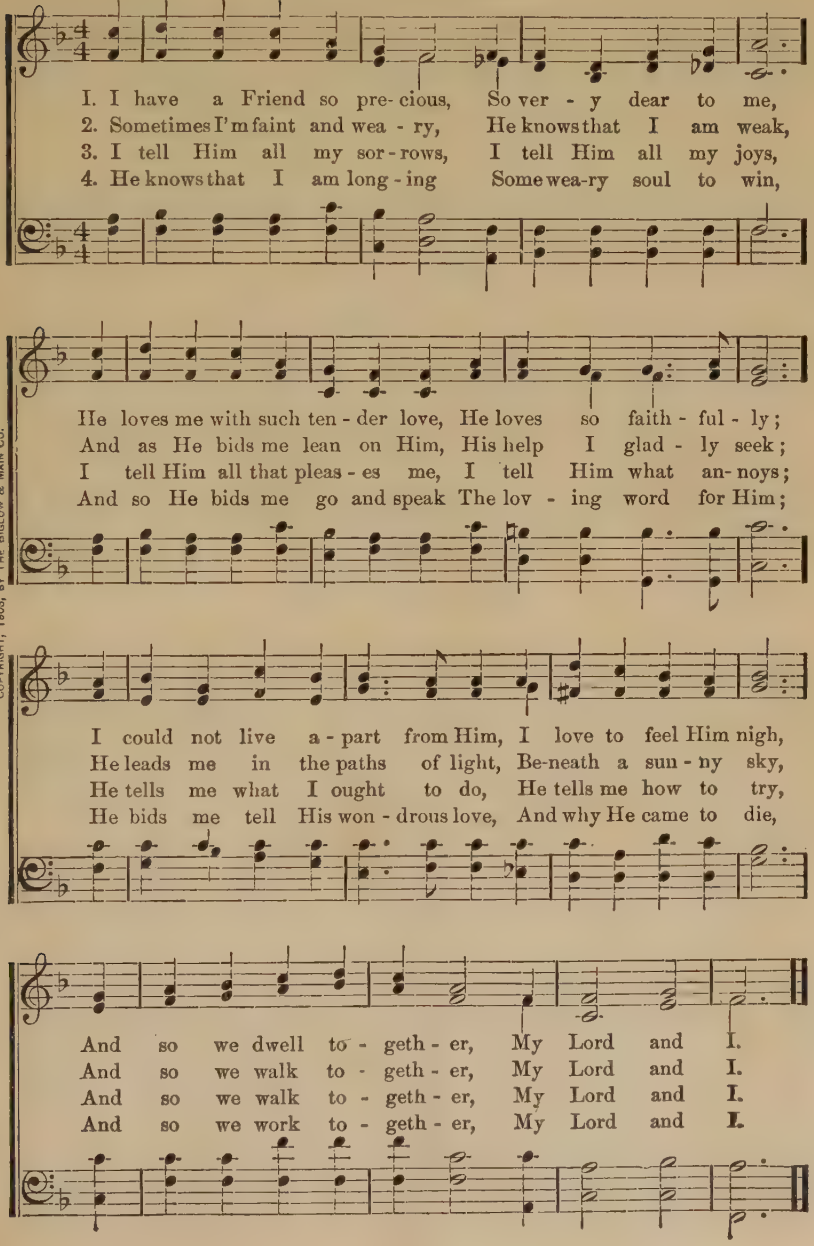
JOHN NEWTON. German Air.


1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure re- signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in- deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His presence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice:
No changes of sea- son or place Would make a-ny change in my mind:
Say, why do I languish and pine, And why are my win- ters so long?
The mid-summer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He always thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal- ace a toy would appear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheering presence re - store;
But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
No mor- tal so hap-py as I; My summer would last all the year.
And pris-ons would pal-a -ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. Shorey. (I Have a Friend so Precious.) Hubert P. Main.


1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea-ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows that I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win,
He loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek;
I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys;
And so He bids me go and speak The lov-ing word for Him;
I could not live a-part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun-ny sky,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die,
And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

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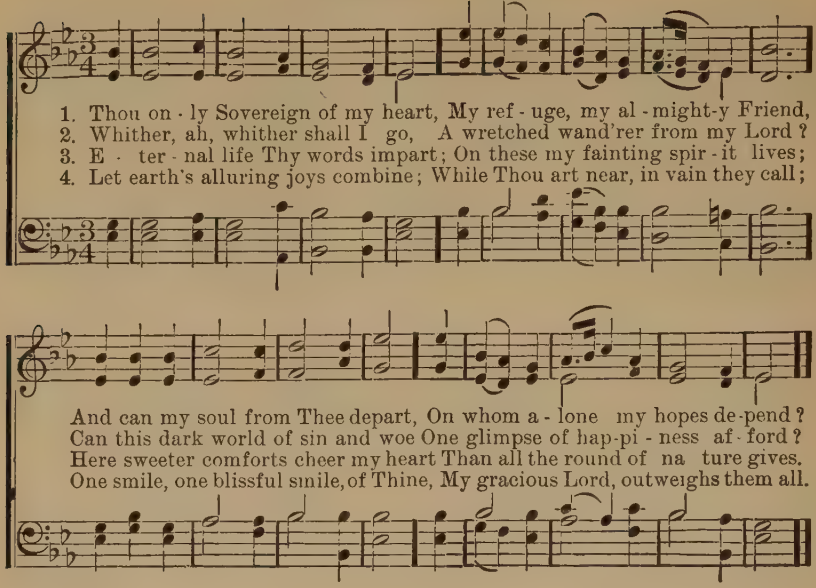
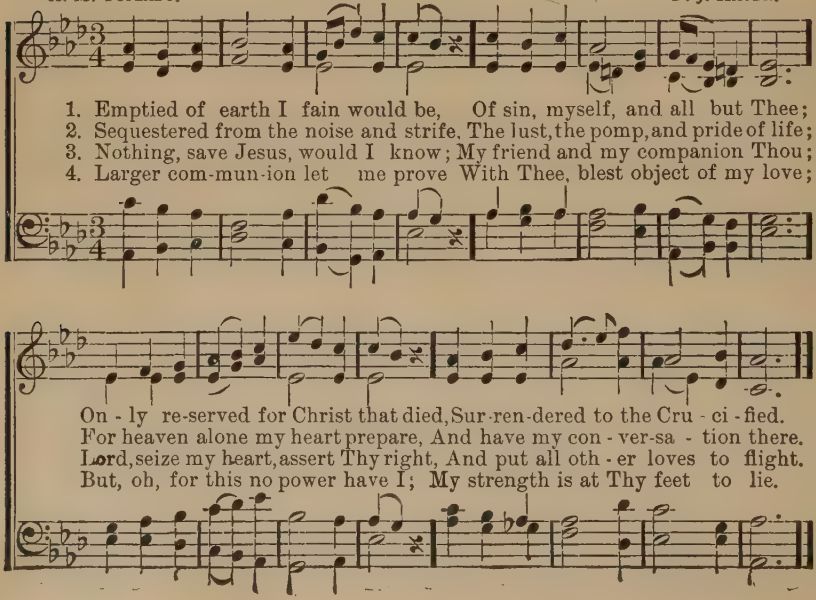
Luton. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. GEO. BURDER.


1. Thou on - ly Sovereign of my heart, My ref - uge, my al - might-y Friend,
2. Whither, ah, whither shall I go, A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
3. E - ter - nal life Thy words impart; On these my fainting spir - it lives;
4. Let earth's alluring joys combine; While Thou art near, in vain they call;
And can my soul from Thee depart, On whom a - lone my hopes de-pend?
Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of hap-pi - ness af - ford?
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of na ture gives.
One smile, one blissful smile, of Thine, My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

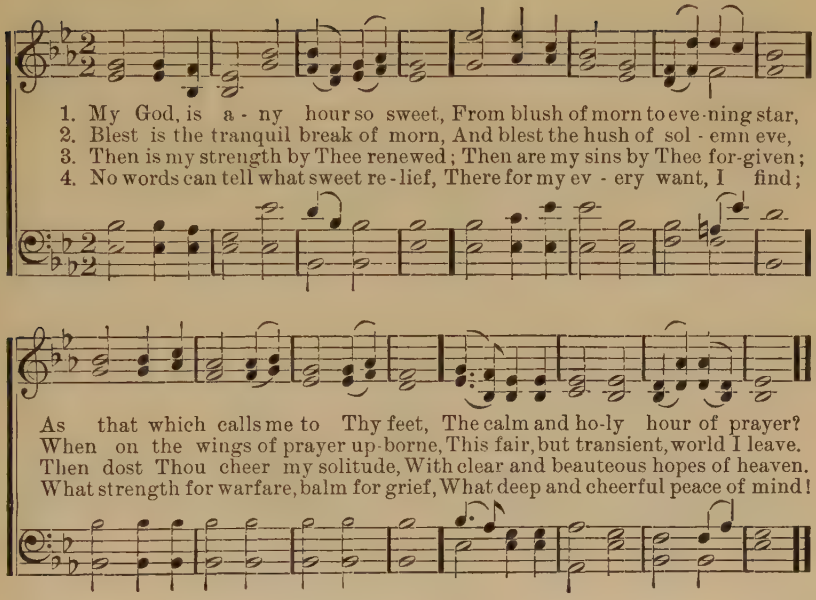
371 Bowen. L. M.

A. M. TOPLADY. F. J. HAYDN.


1. Emptied of earth I fain would be, Of sin, myself, and all but Thee;
2. Sequestered from the noise and strife, The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
3. Nothing, save Jesus, would I know; My friend and my companion Thou;
4. Larger com-mun-ion let me prove With Thee, blest object of my love;
On - ly re-served for Christ that died, Sur-ren-dered to the Cru - ci - fied.
For heaven alone my heart prepare, And have my con - ver-sa - tion there.
Lord, seize my heart, assert Thy right, And put all oth - er loves to flight.
But, oh, for this no power have I; My strength is at Thy feet to lie.

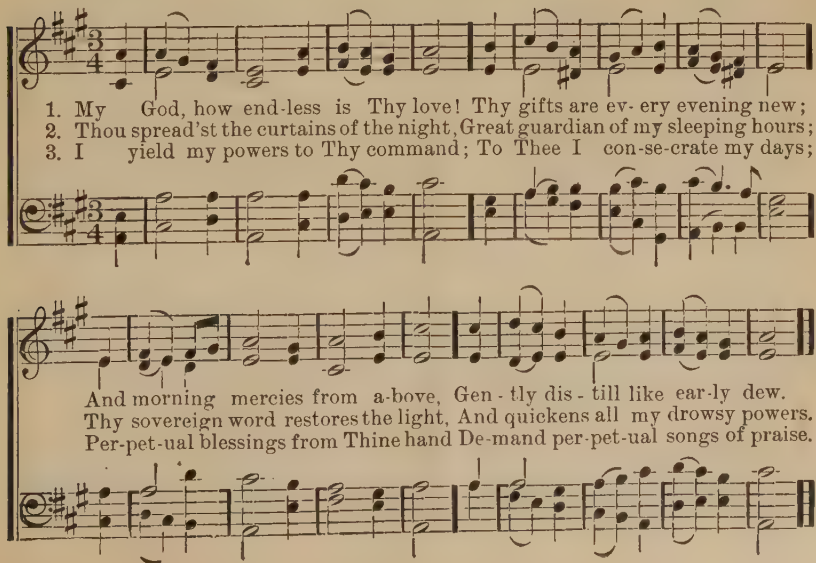
Bera. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. J. E. GOULD.


1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve-ning star,
2. Blest is the tranquil break of morn, And blest the hush of sol - emn eve,
3. Then is my strength by Thee renewed; Then are my sins by Thee for-given;
4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief, There for my ev - ery want, I find;
As that which calls me to Thy feet, The calm and ho-ly hour of prayer?
When on the wings of prayer up-borne, This fair, but transient, world I leave.
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude, With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.
What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

All Saints. L. M. 373

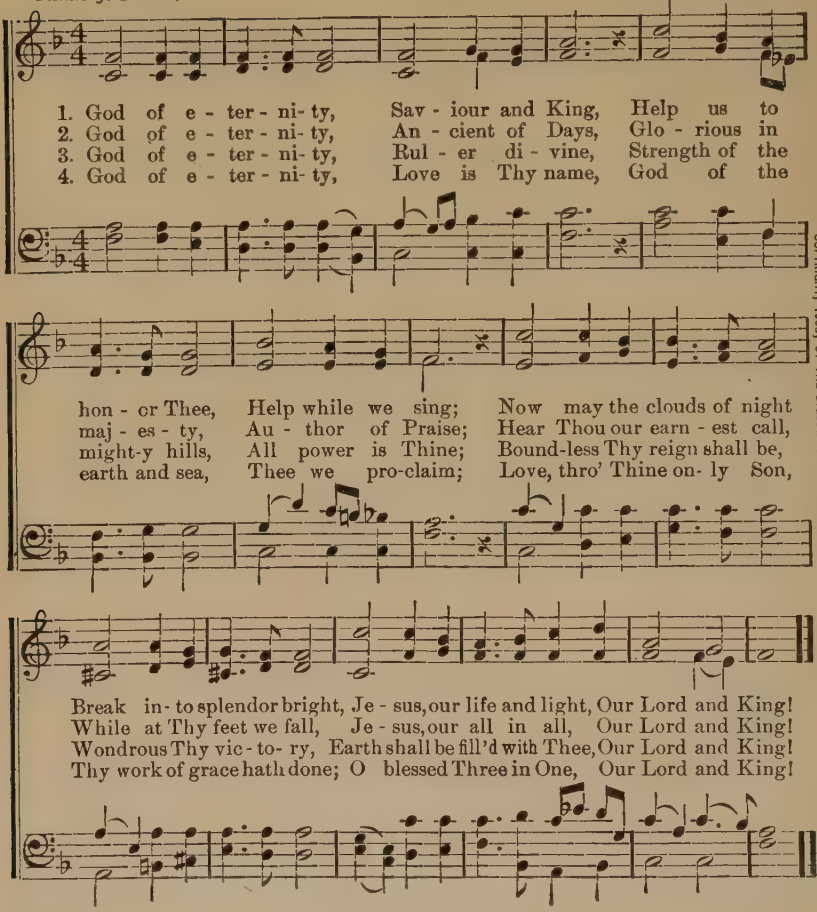
ISAAC WATTS. WM. KNAPP.


1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev- ery evening new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my powers to Thy command; To Thee I con-se-crate my days;
And morning mercies from a-bove, Gen - tly dis - till like ear-ly dew.
Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.
Per-pet-ual blessings from Thine hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

374

God of Eternity.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.


1. God of e - ter - ni- ty, Sav - iour and King, Help us to
2. God of e - ter - ni- ty, An - cient of Days, Glo - rious in
3. God of e - ter - ni- ty, Rul - er di - vine, Strength of the
4. God of e - ter - ni- ty, Love is Thy name, God of the
hon - or Thee, Help while we sing; Now may the clouds of night
maj - es - ty, Au - thor of Praise; Hear Thou our earn - est call,
might-y hills, All power is Thine; Bound-less Thy reign shall be,
earth and sea, Thee we pro-claim; Love, thro' Thine on- ly Son,
Break in- to splendor bright, Je - sus, our life and light, Our Lord and King!
While at Thy feet we fall, Je - sus, our all in all, Our Lord and King!
Wondrous Thy vic- to- ry, Earth shall be fill'd with Thee, Our Lord and King!
Thy work of grace hath done; O blessed Three in One, Our Lord and King!

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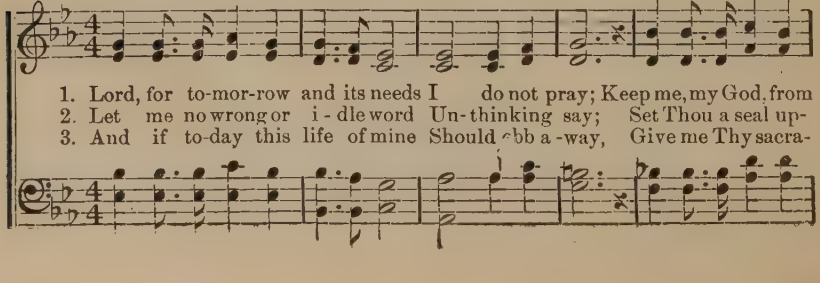
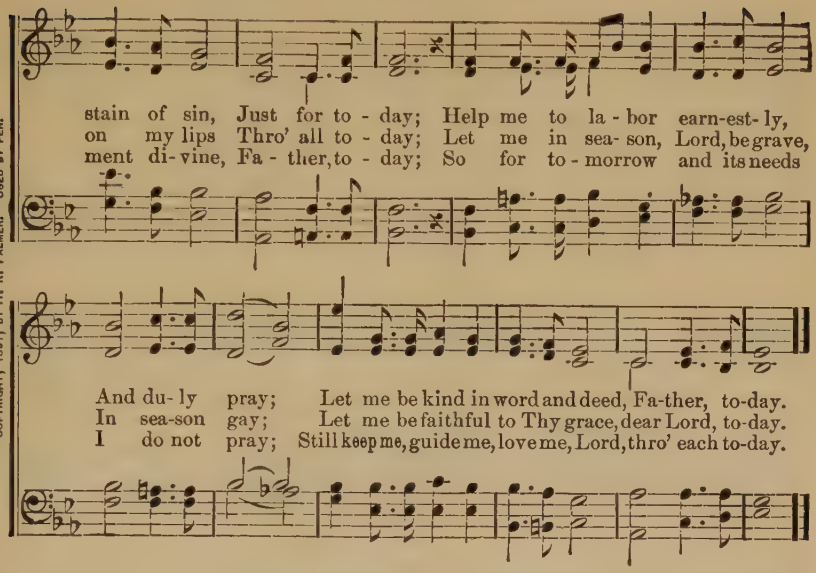
375

Just for To-Day.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. H. R. PALMER.


1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un- thinking say; Set Thou a seal up-
3. And if to-day this life of mine Should ebb a -way, Give me Thy sacra-

Just for To-day.—*Concluded.*


stain of sin, Just for to - day; Help me to la - bor earn-est- ly,
on my lips Thro' all to - day; Let me in sea- son, Lord, be grave,
ment di- vine, Fa - ther, to - day; So for to - morrow and its needs
And du- ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa-ther, to-day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faithful to Thy grace, dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, thro' each to-day.

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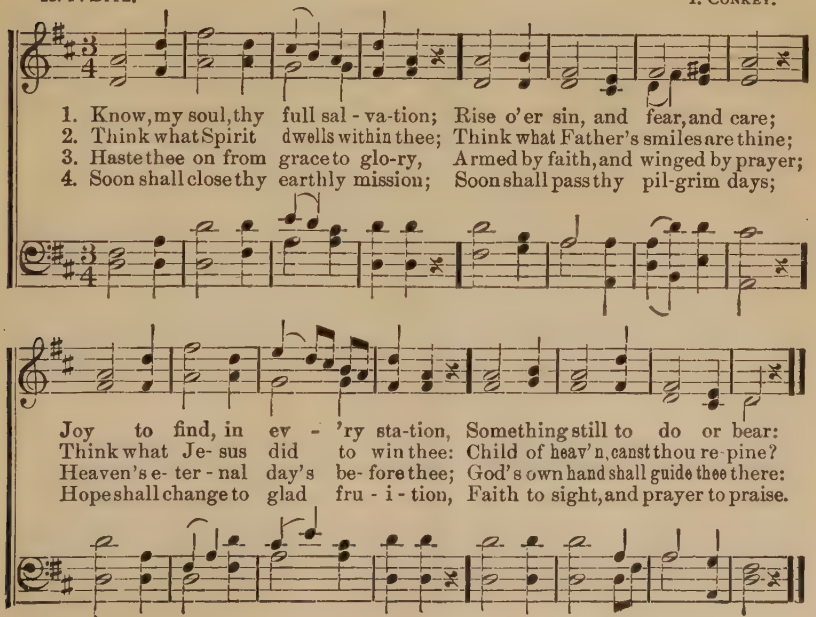
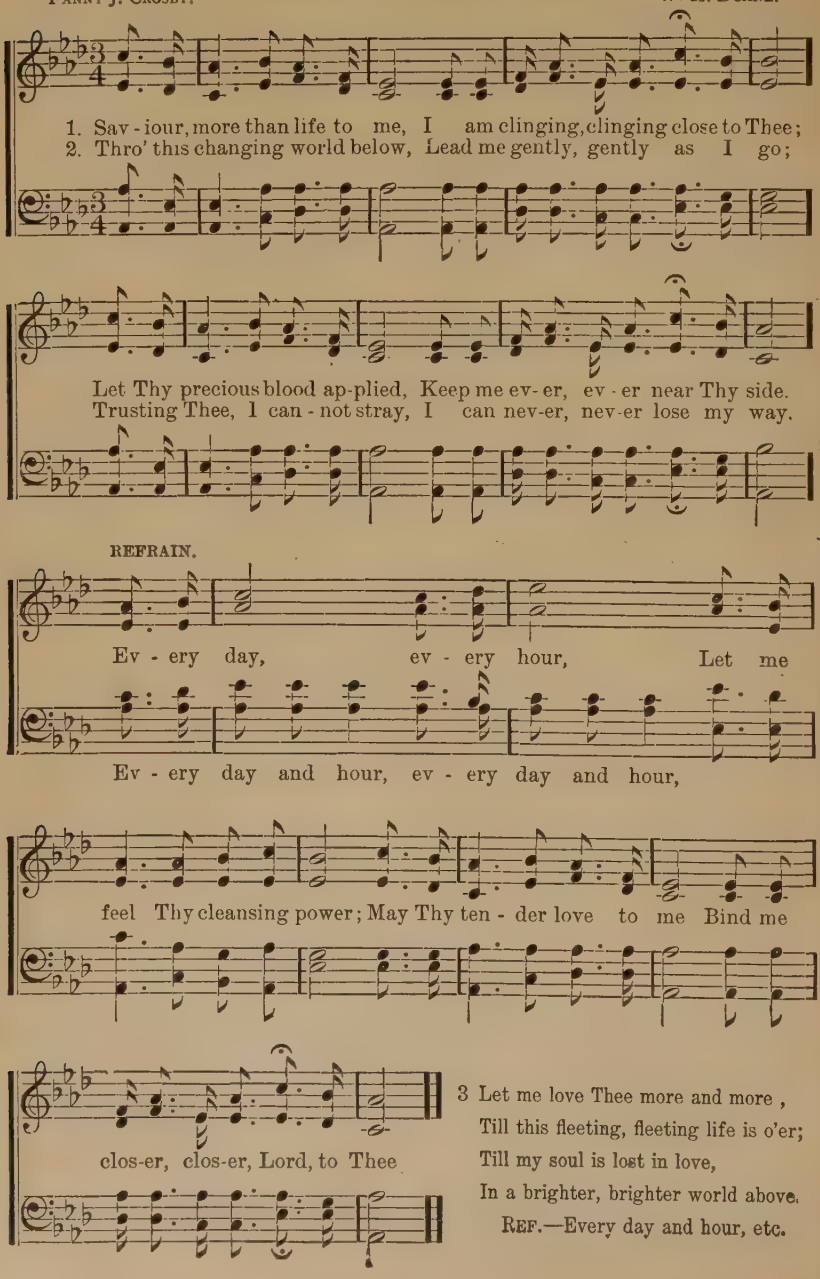
Rathbun. 8s & 7s. 376

H. F. LYTE. I. CONKEY.


1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va-tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
2. Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
4. Soon shall close thy earthly mission; Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days;
Joy to find, in ev - 'ry sta-tion, Something still to do or bear:
Think what Je- sus did to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine?
Heaven's e- ter - nal day's be- fore thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Let Thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
REFRAIN.
Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,
feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me
clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee

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3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
REF.—Every day and hour, etc.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

(F) THE SOUL BREATHING ASPIRATION

"O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory." PSALM CVIII: 1.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord." PSALM CIV: 33, 34.

HYMNS 378–404

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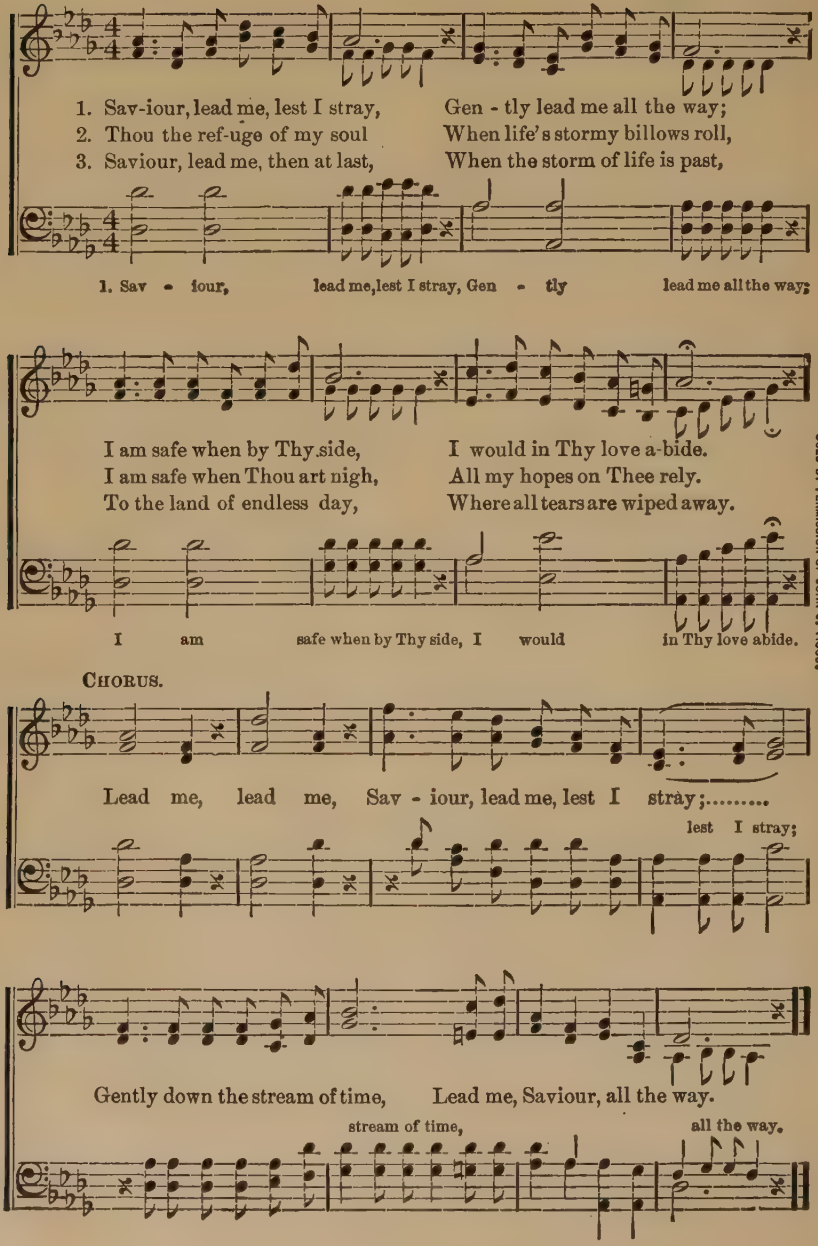
Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

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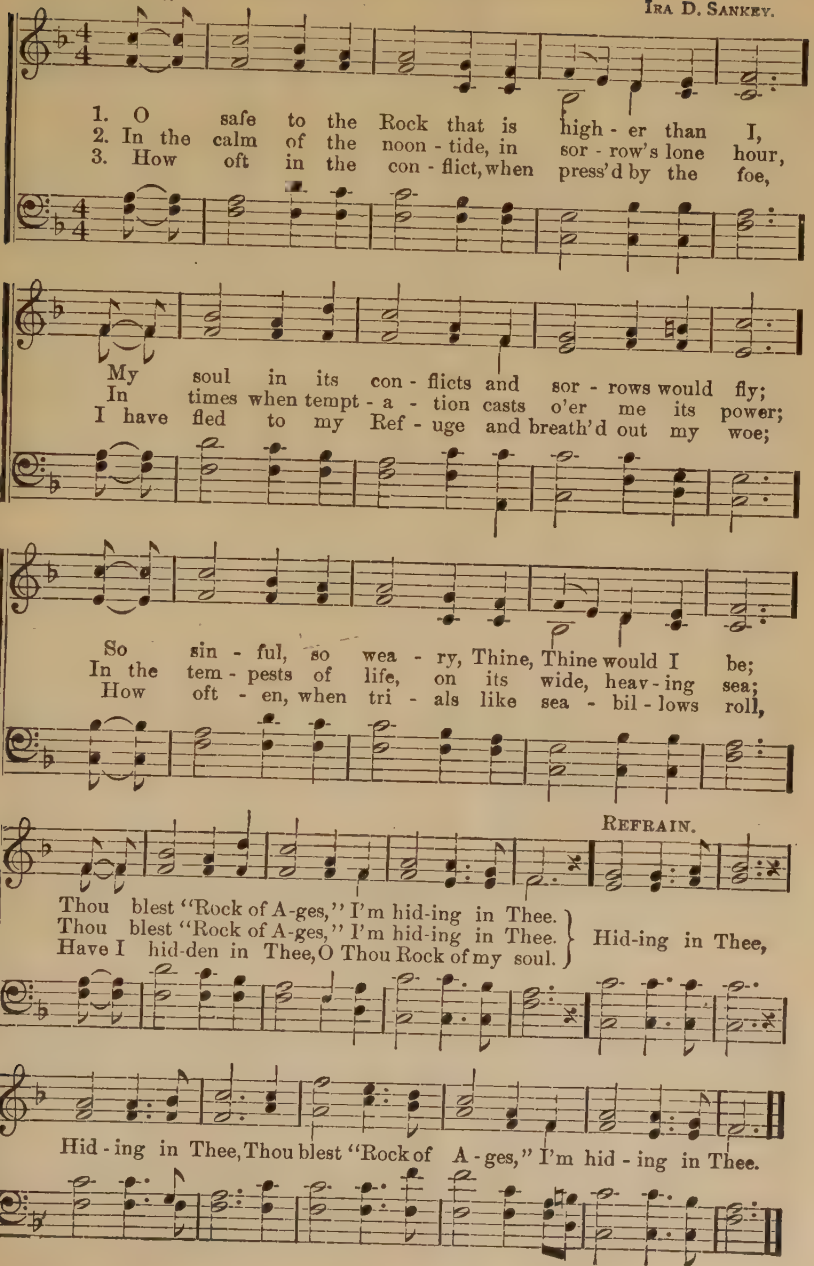
Hiding in Thee. 11s.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,
3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe,
My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;
In times when tempt - a - tion casts o'er me its power;
I have fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe;
So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be;
In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea;
How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,
REFRAIN.
Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.
Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.
Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
Hid-ing in Thee,
Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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380

Aurelia. 7s, 6s. D.

LANSING BURROWS. S. S. WESLEY.

1. Oh, help-ing hands of Je - sus, Stretch forth un to my need,
2. Oh, bless-ing hands of Je - sus, Rest on my care tossed breast;
3. Oh, plead-ing hands of Je - sus, Bear my poor name on Thee,
For in my earth-ly jour - ney I fam-ish oft for bread.
Thy touch heals pass-ion's fev - er And calms my wild un - rest.
That when the Fa-ther se - eth, I may ac-cept-ed be.
Oh, guid-ing hands of Je - sus, Clasp close my way-ward hands;
Oh, heal-ing hands of Je - sus, Touch Thou my lep-er stains;
Oh, sav-ing hands of Je - sus, Hold me in firm em-brace,
Mine ear thro' sin's en-chant-ments Is dull to Thy com-mands.
One in-stant of Thy con - tact, And not a spot re-mains.
So that in earth or heav - en I see no oth - er face.

Some Day.

E. A. Hoffman. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Some day my Sav - iour I shall know As now I know Him not,
2. Some day my peace shall deep-er be, And pur - er love be mine,
3. Some day I shall have per-fect rest, A calm and qui - et heart,
4. Some day, O hoped for, ho - ly day! Dis - cord - ant notes will cease,
5. Some bright, sweet day not far a - way My heart will love Him so
And fol - low Him in per-fect faith, Free from all fear or doubt.
And all the light and joy of heav'n Shall o'er my path-way shine.
And be so lost in Christ that naught Me from His love can part.
And bells of joy ring thro' my soul, The song of per-fect peace.
That life will be a par - a - dise, A heav'n be - gun be - low.
Chorus.
Some day, some better, brighter day,..... Just on be - fore,
sweet - er day,
sweeter, holier day,
My Saviour's image I shall wear, And love Him more and more.

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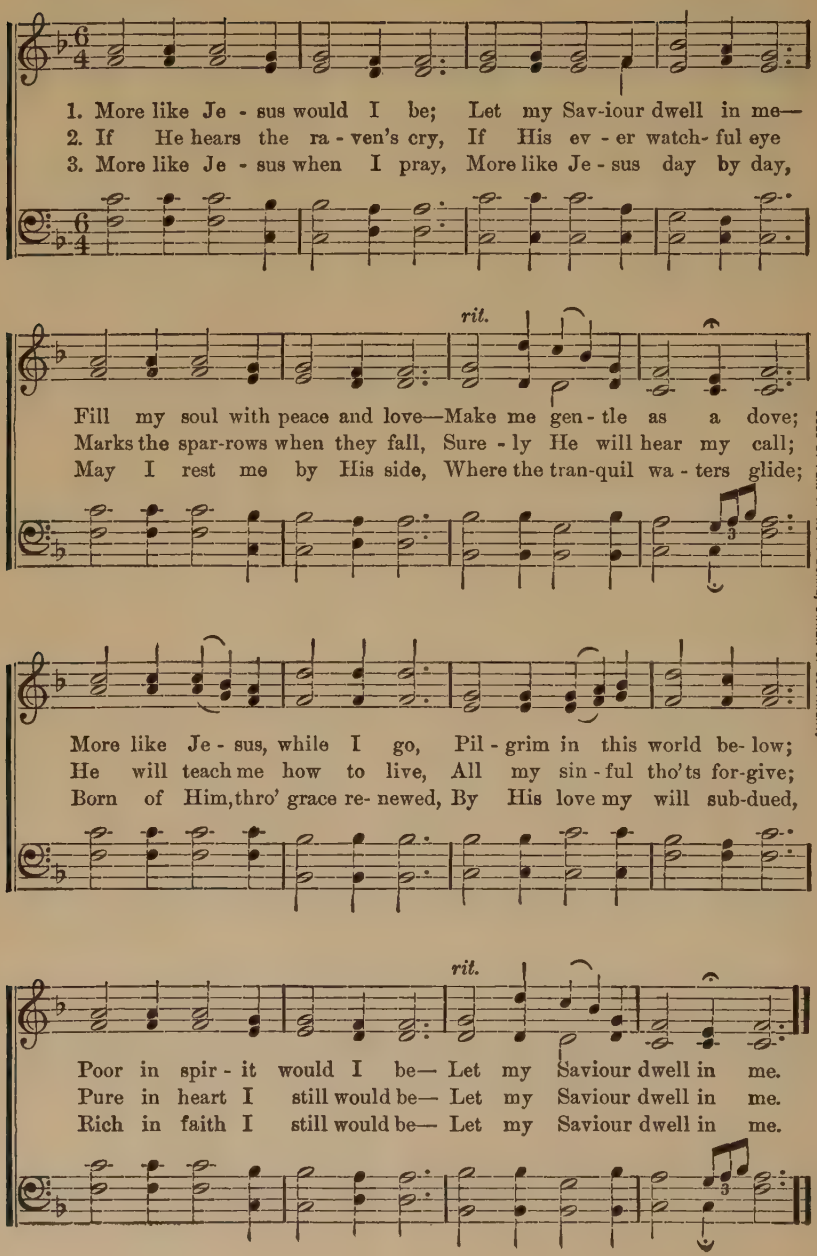
382 More Like Jesus. 7s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav-iour dwell in me—
2. If He hears the ra - ven's cry, If His ev - er watch- ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,
rit.
Fill my soul with peace and love—Make me gen - tle as a dove;
Marks the spar-rows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call;
May I rest me by His side, Where the tran-quil wa - ters glide;
More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be- low;
He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful tho'ts for-give;
Born of Him, thro' grace re- newed, By His love my will sub-dued,
rit.
Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.

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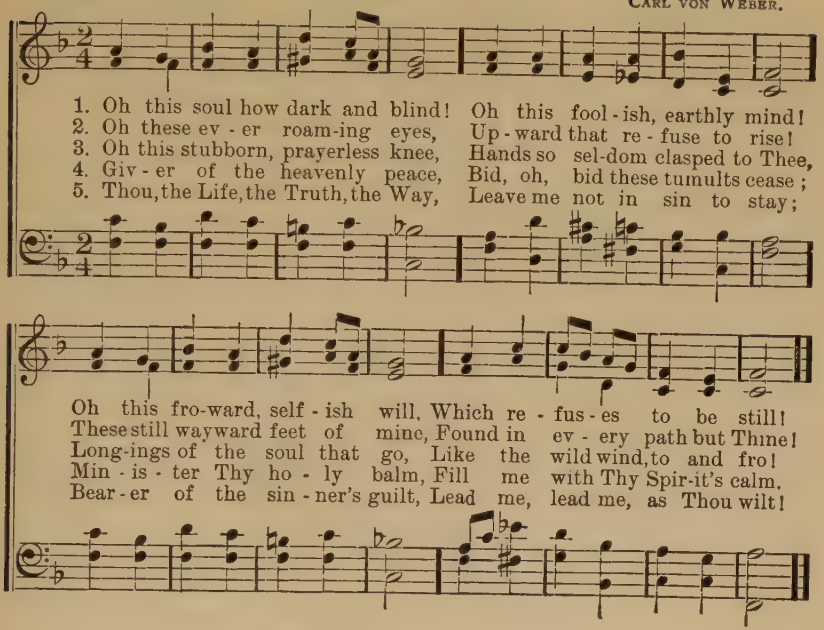
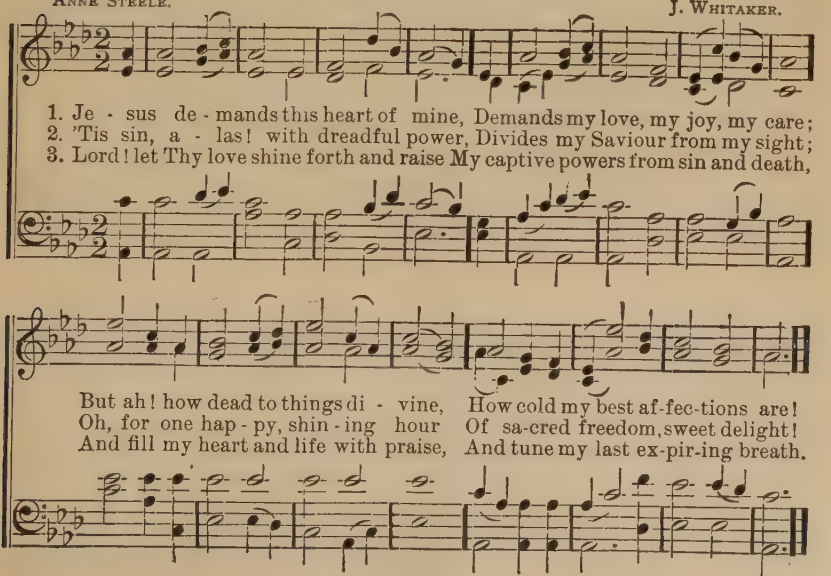
Seymour. 7s.

HORATIUS BONAR. CARL VON WEBER.


1. Oh this soul how dark and blind! Oh this fool-ish, earthly mind!
2. Oh these ev-er roam-ing eyes, Up-ward that re-fuse to rise!
3. Oh this stubborn, prayerless knee, Hands so sel-dom clasped to Thee,
4. Giv-er of the heavenly peace, Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
5. Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Leave me not in sin to stay;
Oh this fro-ward, self-ish will, Which re-fus-es to be still!
These still wayward feet of mine, Found in ev-ery path but Thine!
Long-ings of the soul that go, Like the wild wind, to and fro!
Min-is-ter Thy ho-ly balm, Fill me with Thy Spir-it's calm.
Bear-er of the sin-ner's guilt, Lead me, lead me, as Thou wilt!

Wimborne. L. M. 384

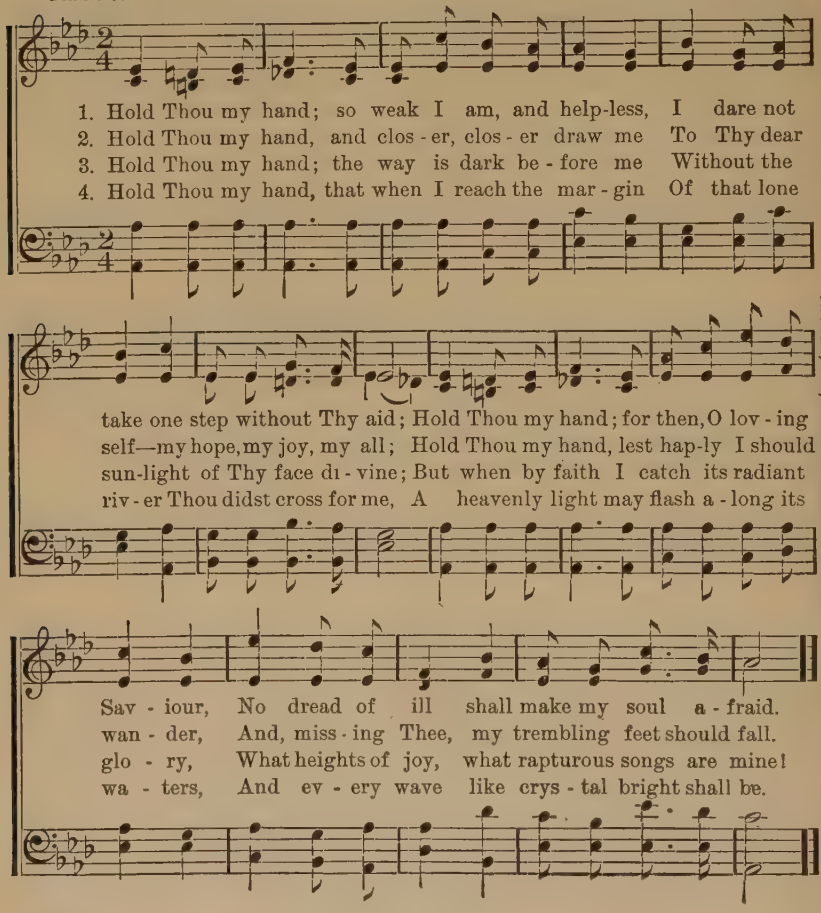
ANNE STEELE. J. WHITAKER.


1. Je-sus de-mands this heart of mine, Demands my love, my joy, my care;
2. 'Tis sin, a-las! with dreadful power, Divides my Saviour from my sight;
3. Lord! let Thy love shine forth and raise My captive powers from sin and death,
But ah! how dead to things di-vine, How cold my best af-fec-tions are!
Oh, for one hap-py, shin-ing hour Of sa-cred freedom, sweet delight!
And fill my heart and life with praise, And tune my last ex-pir-ing breath.

385

Hold Thou My Hand. P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me Without the sun-light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its radiant glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash a - long its wa - ters, And ev - ery wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

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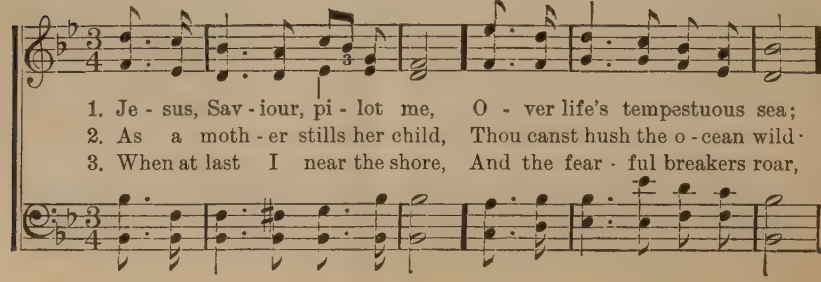
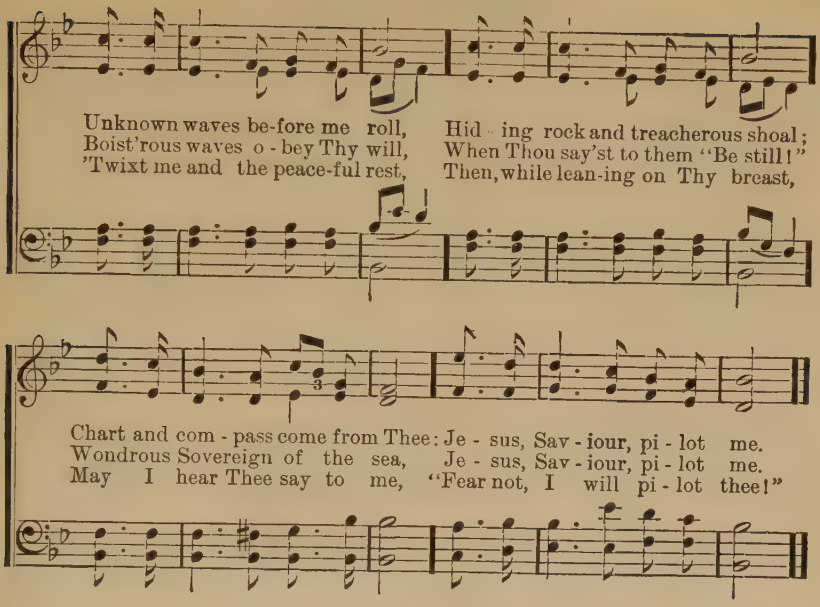
386

Pilot. 7s.

EDW. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

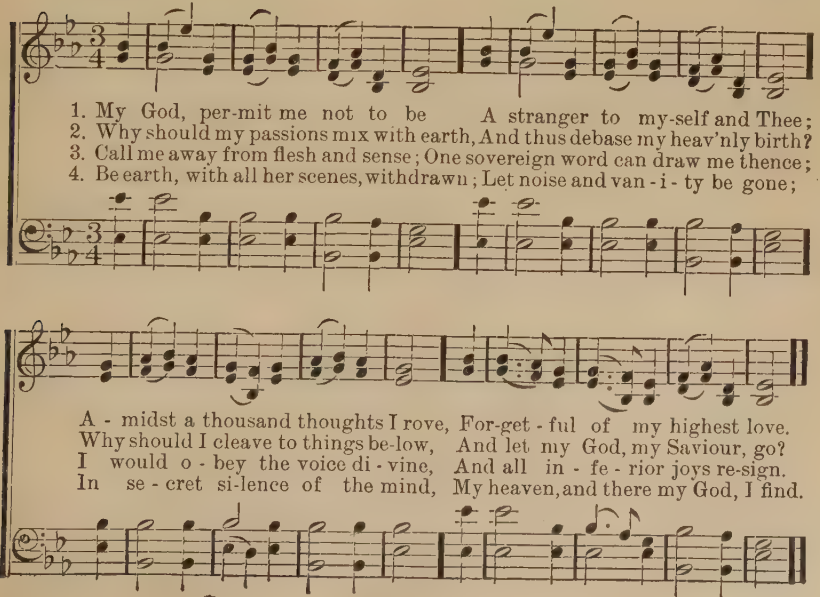

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild·
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,

Pilot.—*Concluded.*


Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Gratitude. L. M. 387

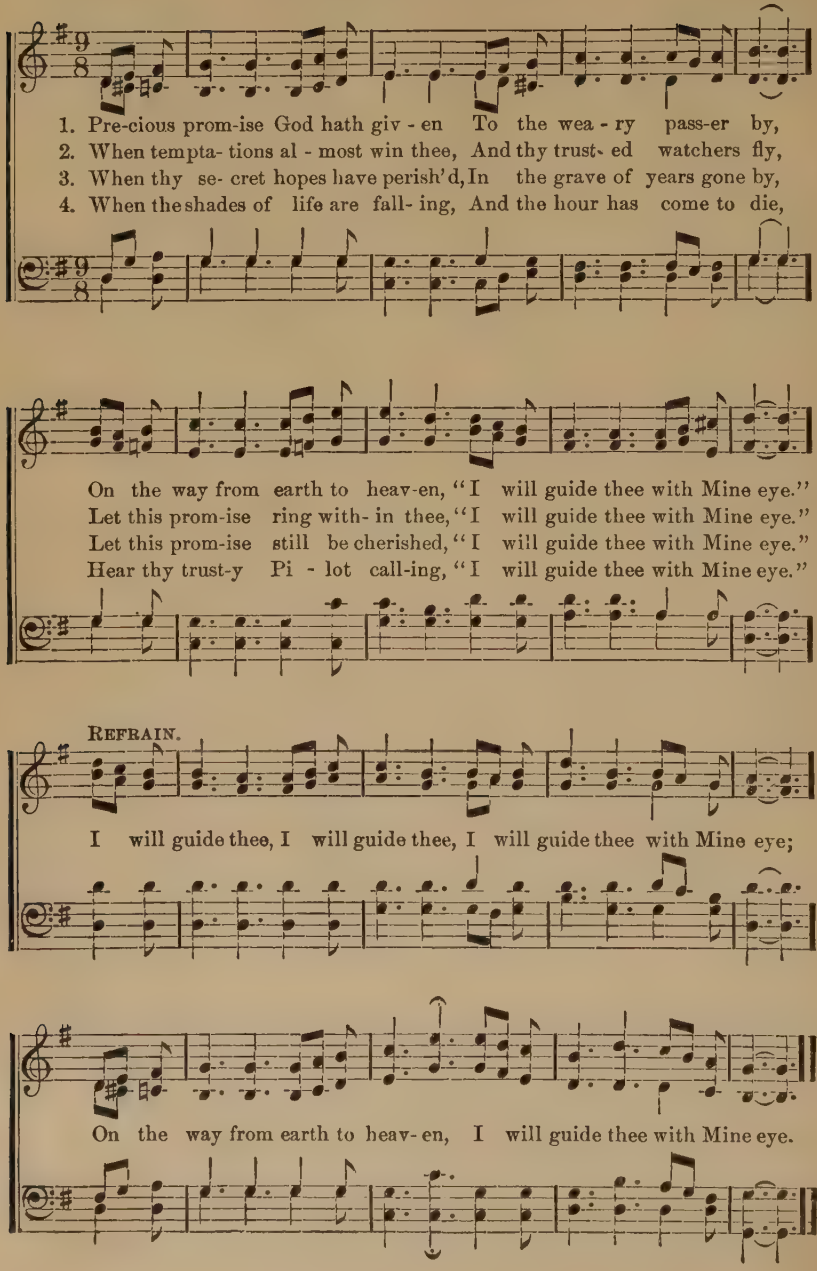
ISAAC WATTS. P. A. I. BOST.


1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stranger to my-self and Thee;
2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense; One sovereign word can draw me thence;
4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn; Let noise and van - i - ty be gone;
A - midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get - ful of my highest love.
Why should I cleave to things be-low, And let my God, my Saviour, go?
I would o - bey the voice di - vine, And all in - fe - rior joys re-sign.
In se - cret si-lence of the mind, My heaven, and there my God, I find.

388

Precious Promise.

NATH. NILES. P. P. BLISS.


1. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass-er by,
2. When tempta- tions al - most win thee, And thy trust- ed watchers fly,
3. When thy se- cret hopes have perish'd, In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall- ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with- in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear thy trust-y Pi - lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
REFRAIN.
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heav- en, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

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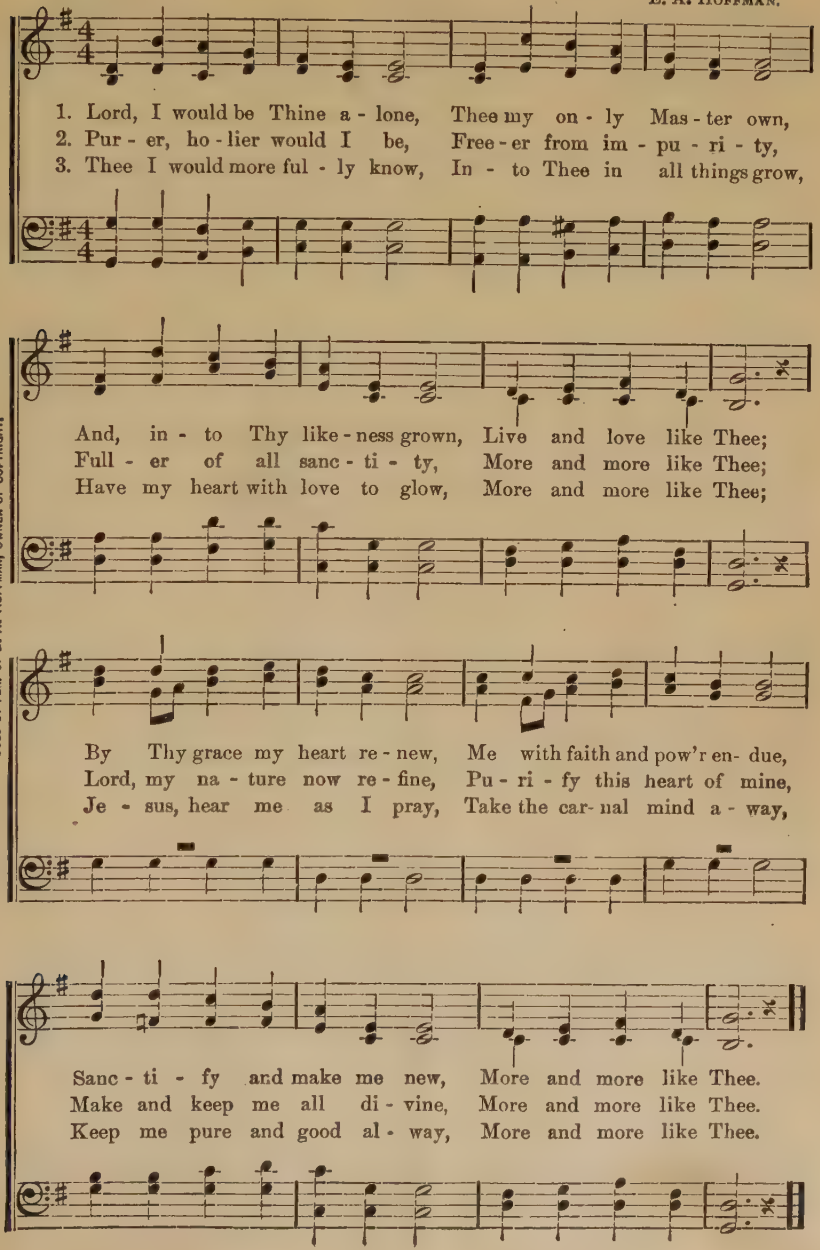
Purer, Holier Would I Be.

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. Lord, I would be Thine a - lone, Thee my on - ly Mas - ter own,
2. Pur - er, ho - lier would I be, Free - er from im - pu - ri - ty,
3. Thee I would more ful - ly know, In - to Thee in all things grow,
And, in - to Thy like - ness grown, Live and love like Thee;
Full - er of all sanc - ti - ty, More and more like Thee;
Have my heart with love to glow, More and more like Thee;
By Thy grace my heart re - new, Me with faith and pow'r en- due,
Lord, my na - ture now re - fine, Pu - ri - fy this heart of mine,
Je - sus, hear me as I pray, Take the car - nal mind a - way,
Sanc - ti - fy and make me new, More and more like Thee.
Make and keep me all di - vine, More and more like Thee.
Keep me pure and good al - way, More and more like Thee.

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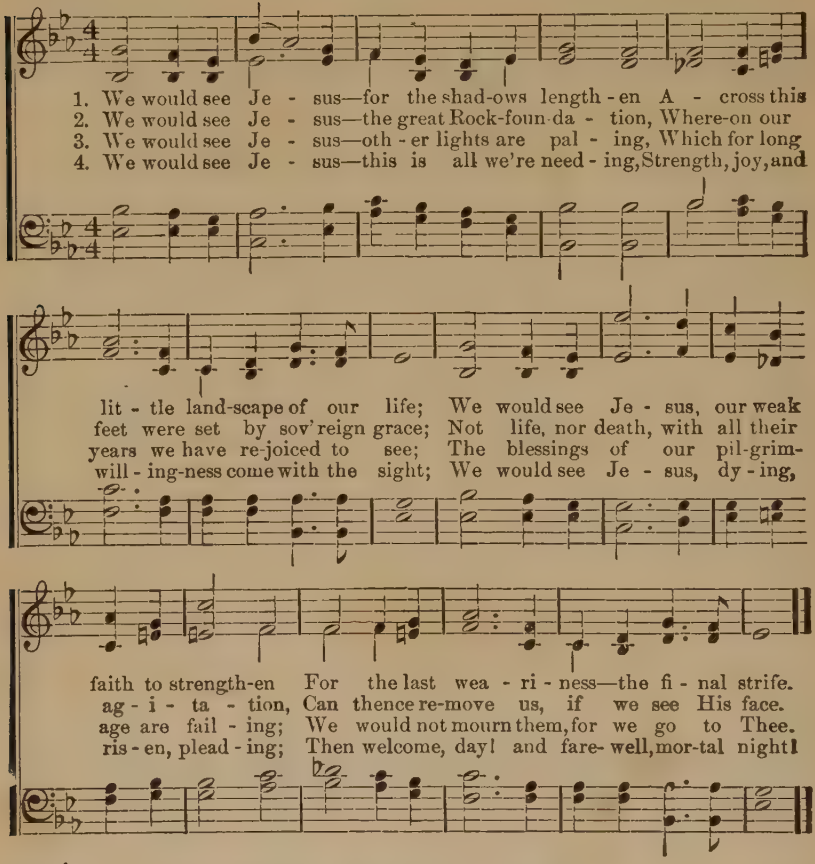
390

We Would See Jesus.

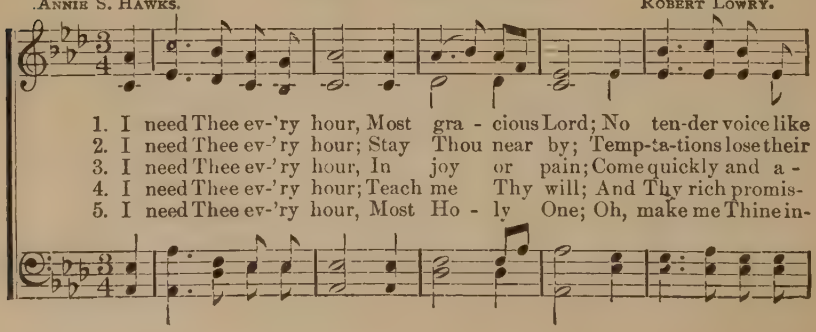
ANNA B. WARNER. F. MENDELSSOHN, Arr.


1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length - en A - cross this lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where-on our feet were set by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have re-joiced to see; The blessings of our pil-grim-
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,
faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris - en, plead - ing; Then welcome, day! and fare-well, mor-tal night!

391

I Need Thee. P. M.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

I Need Thee.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.
Thine peace af - ford.
Can pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fil.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I
need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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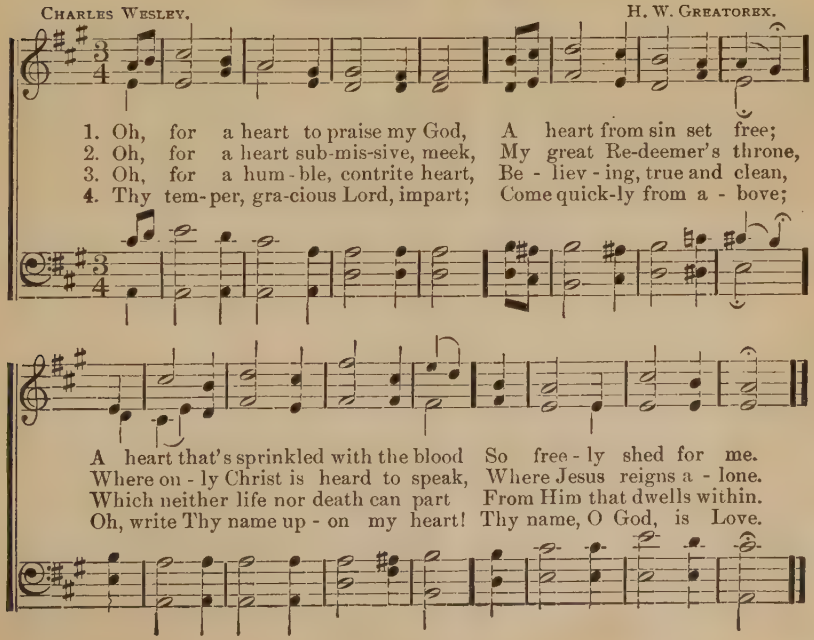
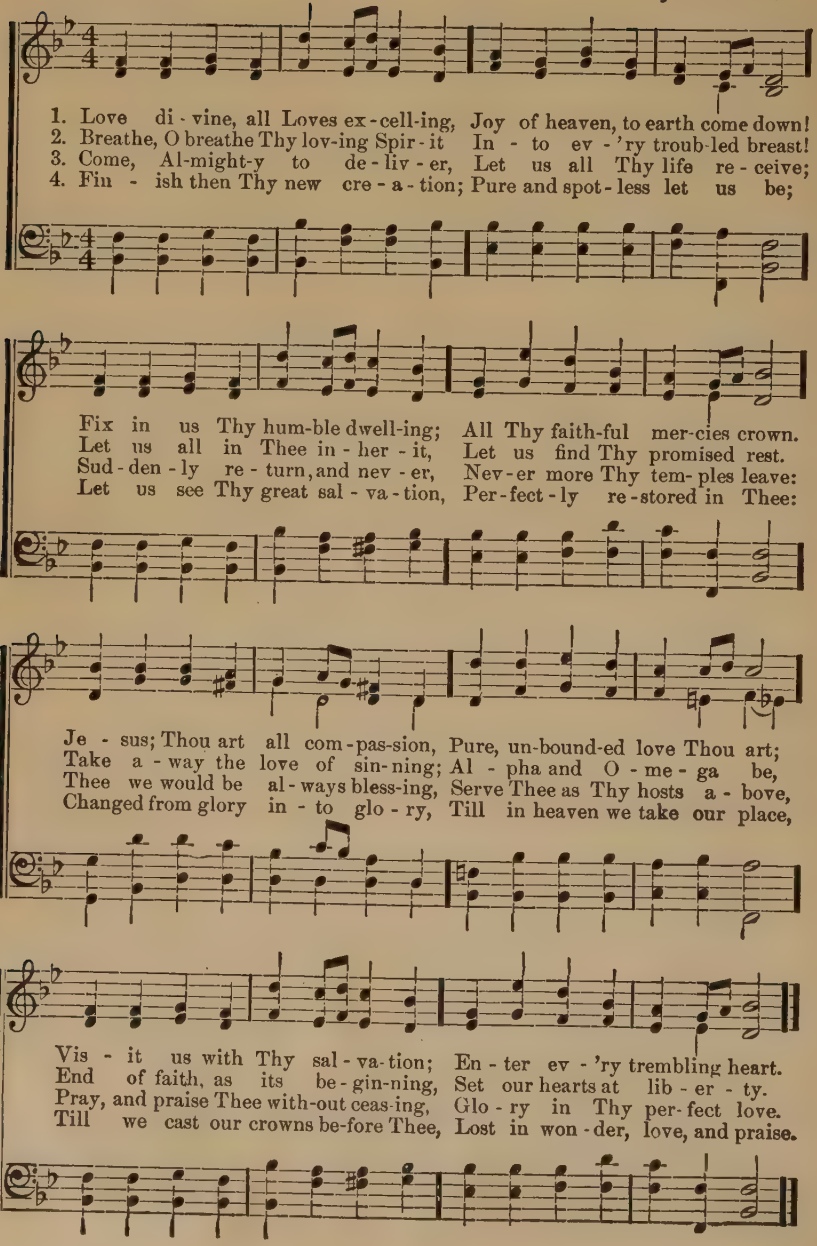
392

Manoah. C. M.


CHARLES WESLEY.
H. W. GREATOREX.
1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. Oh, for a heart sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deemer's throne,
3. Oh, for a hum - ble, contrite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
4. Thy tem-per, gra-cious Lord, impart; Come quick-ly from a - bove;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone.
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
Oh, write Thy name up - on my heart! Thy name, O God, is Love.

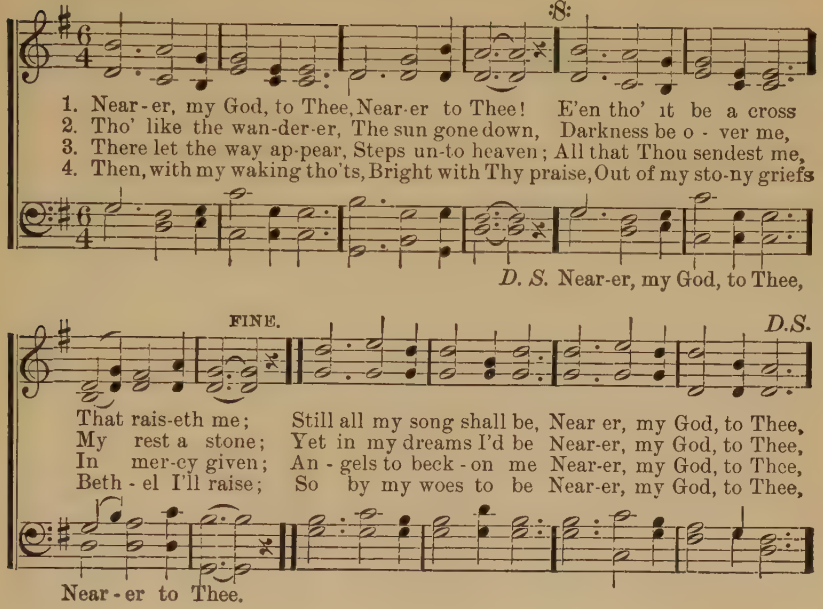
Beecher. 8s, 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di - vine, all Loves ex - cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promised rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem- ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus; Thou art all com - pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be,
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

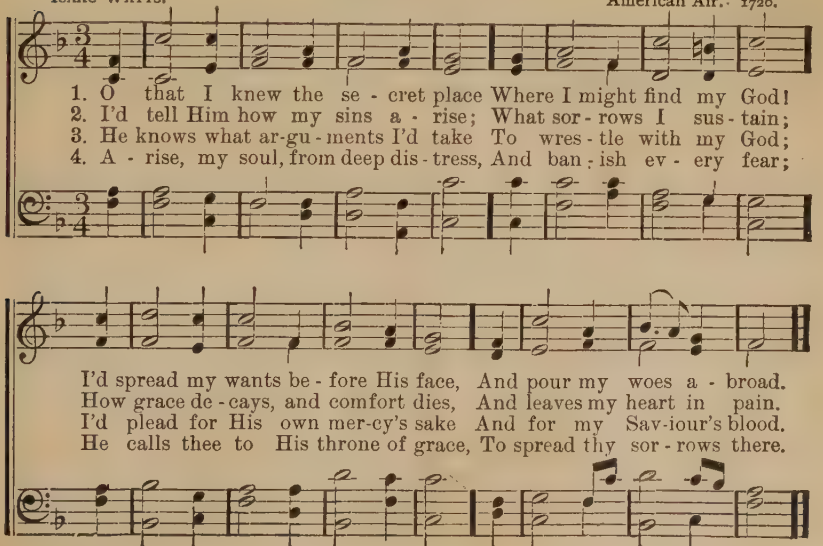
Bethany. P. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
D. S. Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D.S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee.

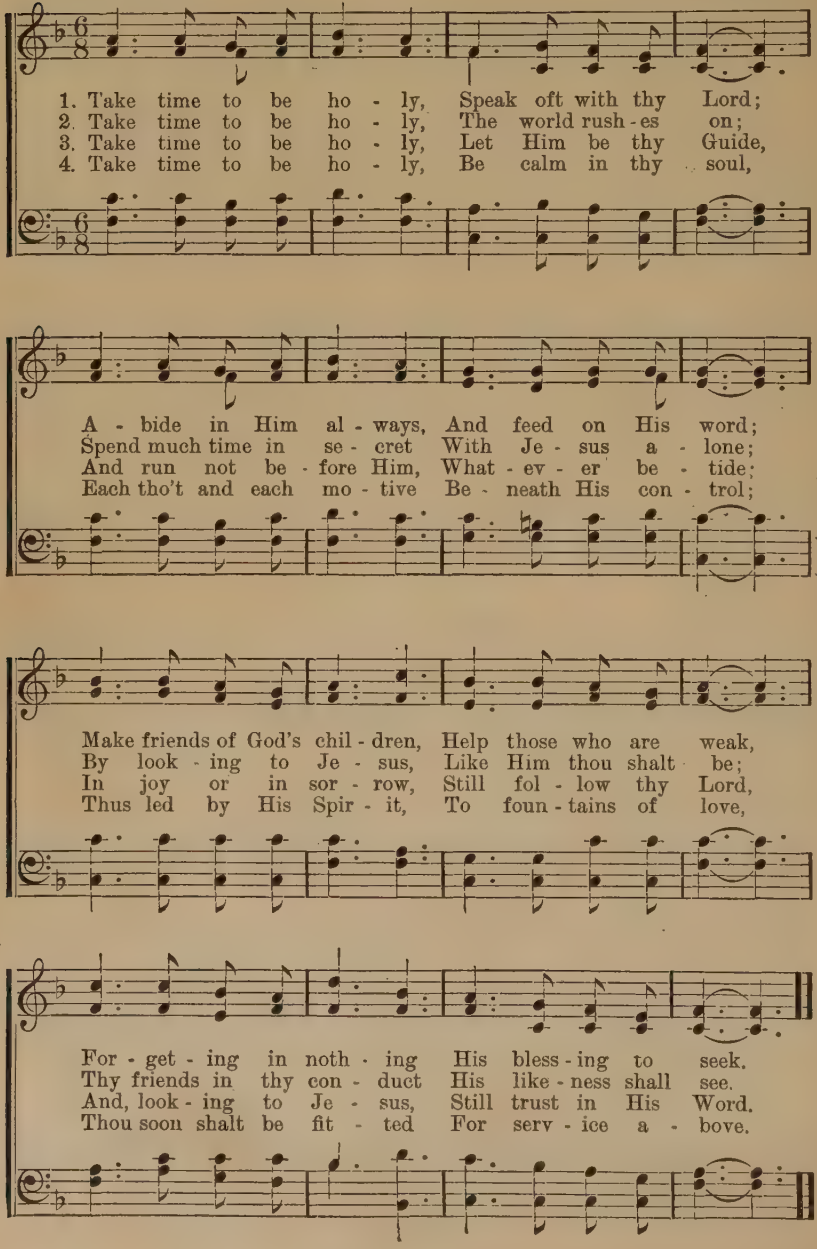
Mear. C. M. 395

ISAAC WATTS. American Air. 1726.


1. O that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God!
2. I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise; What sor - rows I sus - tain;
3. He knows what ar-gu - ments I'd take To wres - tle with my God;
4. A - rise, my soul, from deep dis - tress, And ban - ish ev - ery fear;
I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
How grace de - cays, and comfort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
I'd plead for His own mer-cy's sake And for my Sav-iour's blood.
He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sor - rows there.

Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,
A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His word;
Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each tho't and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it, To foun - tains of love,
For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-
ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-ery i - dol, cast
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou
out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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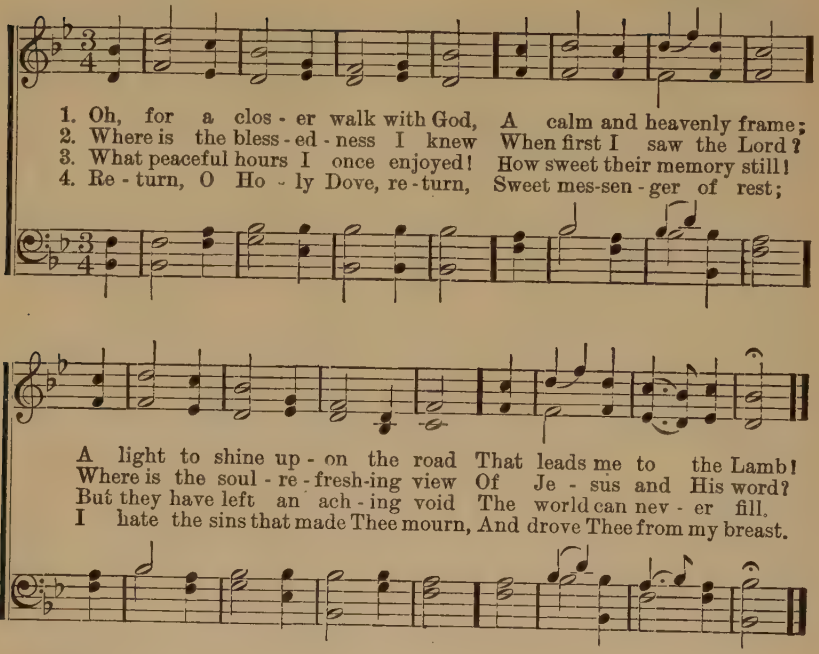
Balerma. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. HUGH WILSON.


1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame;
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

399 C. M.

1 We ask not, Father, for repose,
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

Anon.

400 C. M.

1 I think of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day;
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

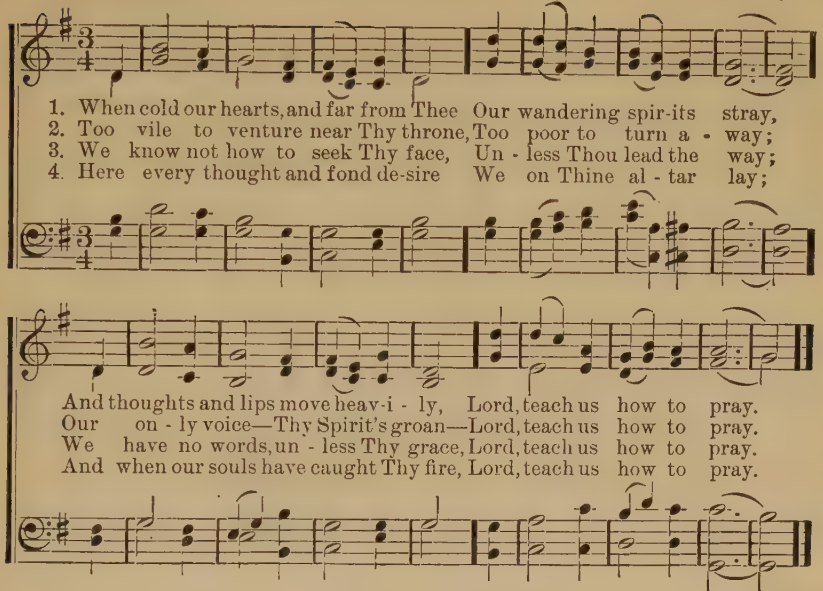
2 The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of Thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme Thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be,
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in Thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

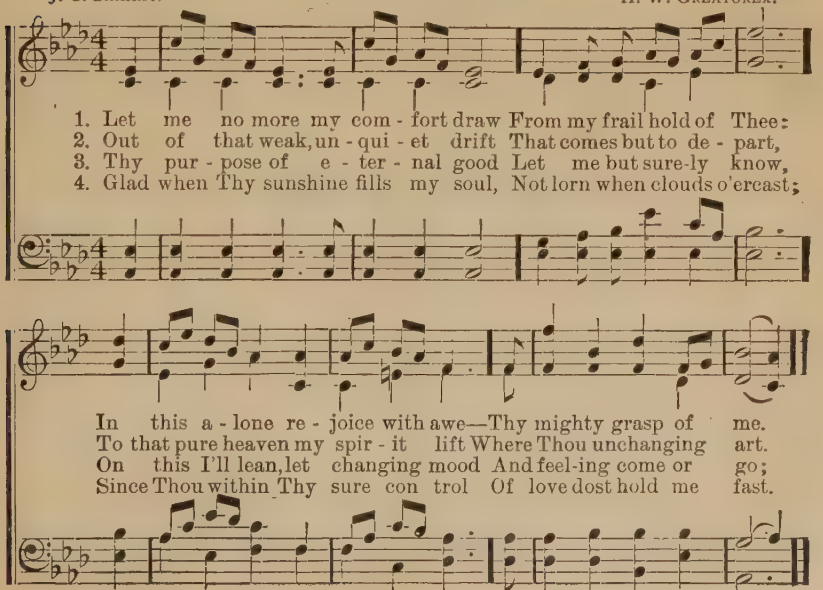
Vigils. C. M.

J. S. B. Monsell. Wm. Gardiner.


1. When cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wandering spir-its stray,
2. Too vile to venture near Thy throne, Too poor to turn a - way;
3. We know not how to seek Thy face, Un - less Thou lead the way;
4. Here every thought and fond de-sire We on Thine al - tar lay;
And thoughts and lips move heav-i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray.
Our on - ly voice—Thy Spirit's groan—Lord, teach us how to pray.
We have no words, un - less Thy grace, Lord, teach us how to pray.
And when our souls have caught Thy fire, Lord, teach us how to pray.

Trent. C. M. 402

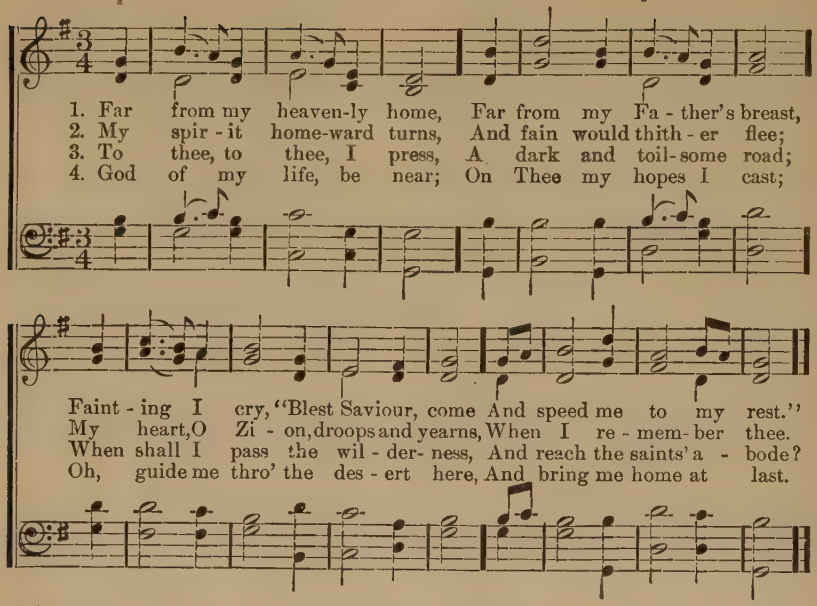
J. C. Shairp. H. W. Greatorex.


1. Let me no more my com - fort draw From my frail hold of Thee:
2. Out of that weak, un - qui - et drift That comes but to de - part,
3. Thy pur - pose of e - ter - nal good Let me but sure-ly know,
4. Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul, Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;
In this a - lone re - joice with awe—Thy mighty grasp of me.
To that pure heaven my spir - it lift Where Thou unchanging art.
On this I'll lean, let changing mood And feel-ing come or go;
Since Thou within Thy sure con trol Of love dost hold me fast.

403

Blandner. S. M.

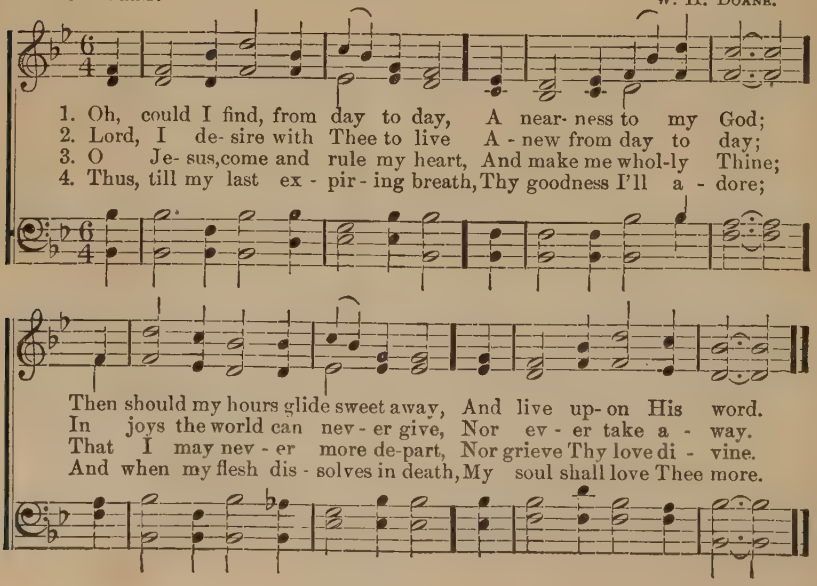
H. F. LYTE. JOHN M. EVANS.


1. Far from my heaven-ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,
2. My spir - it home-ward turns, And fain would thith - er flee;
3. To thee, to thee, I press, A dark and toil-some road;
4. God of my life, be near; On Thee my hopes I cast;
Faint - ing I cry, "Blest Saviour, come And speed me to my rest."
My heart, O Zi - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem-ber thee.
When shall I pass the wil - der-ness, And reach the saints' a - bode?
Oh, guide me thro' the des - ert here, And bring me home at last.

404

Claxton. C. M.

B. CLEAVLAND. W. H. DOANE.


1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God;
2. Lord, I de-sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day;
3. O Je-sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol-ly Thine;
4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing breath, Thy goodness I'll a - dore;
Then should my hours glide sweet away, And live up-on His word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er more de-part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.
And when my flesh dis - solves in death, My soul shall love Thee more.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

(G) THE SOUL ENDURING DISCIPLINE

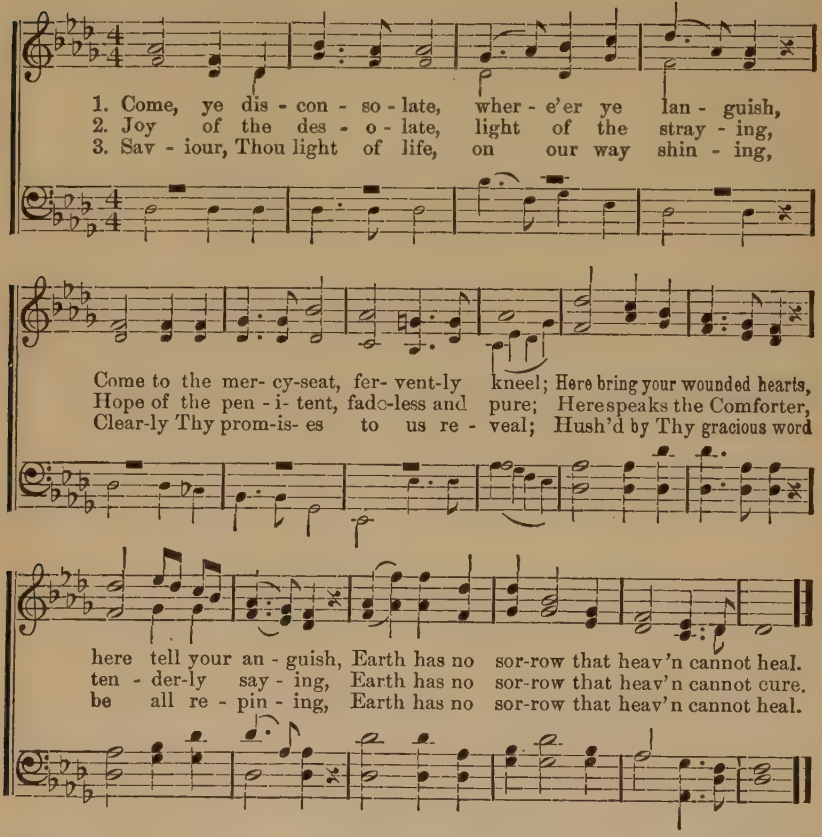
"Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness. For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." — PSALM XXX: 4, 5.

HYMNS 405–424

405

Come, Ye Disconsolate. P. M.

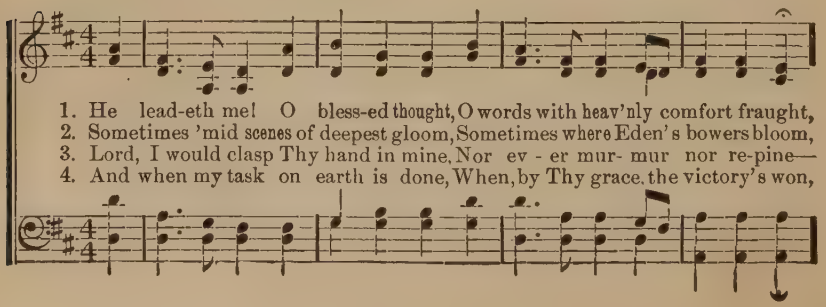
THOS. MOORE, V. 3, E. C. DARGAN. S. WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
3. Sav - iour, Thou light of life, on our way shin - ing,
Come to the mer- cy-seat, fer- vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
Hope of the pen - i- tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Comforter,
Clear-ly Thy prom-is- es to us re - veal; Hush'd by Thy gracious word
here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
ten - der-ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.
be all re - pin - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.

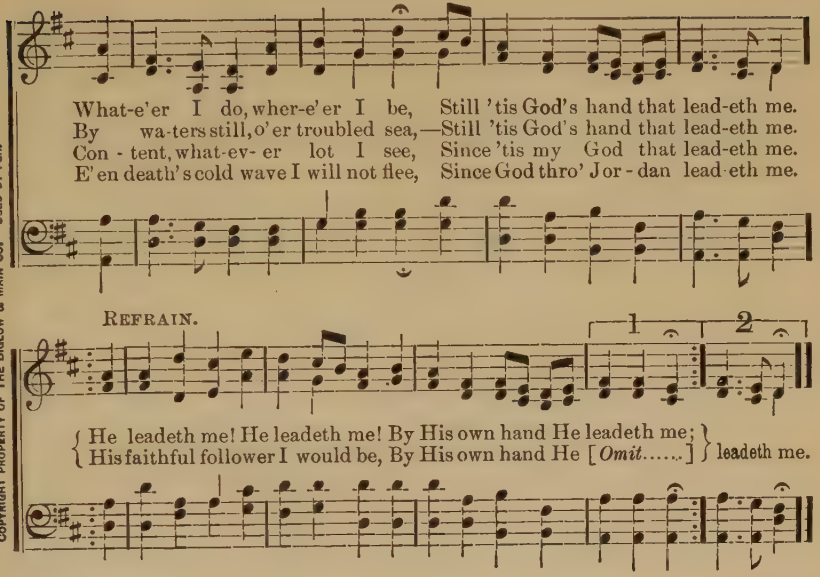
406

He Leadeth Me. L. M. D.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught,
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur- mur nor re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

He Leadeth Me.—*Concluded.*


What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev- er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
1
2
{ He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;
{ His faithful follower I would be, By His own hand He [*Omit*.....] } leadeth me.

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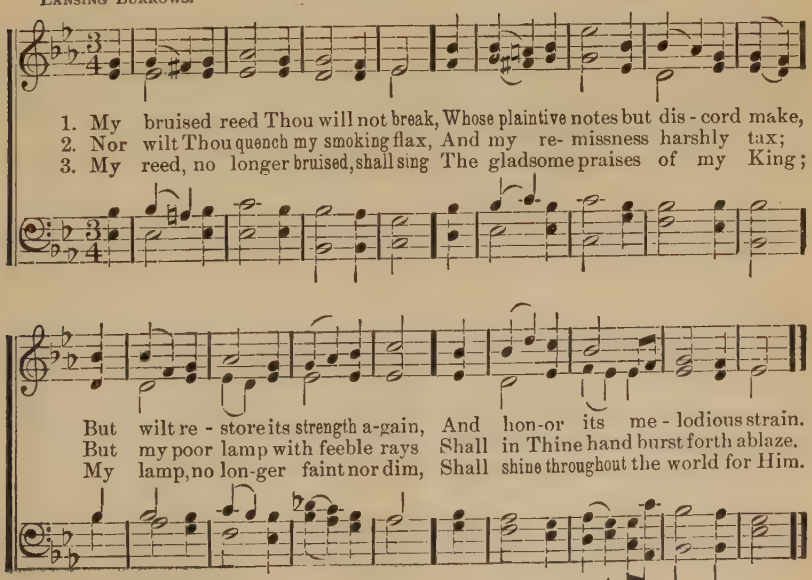
407

Staincliffe. L. M.

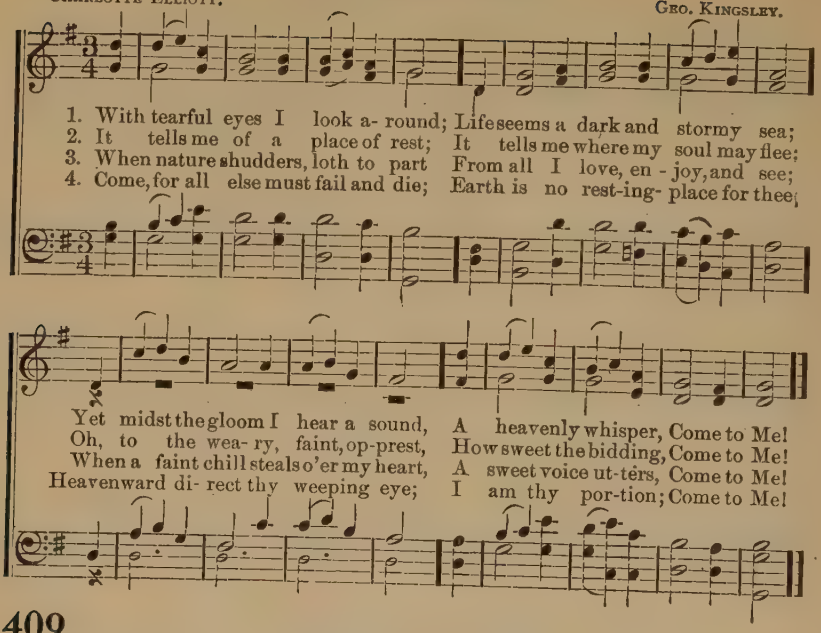
LANSING BURROWS. ROBERT W. DIXON.


1. My bruised reed Thou will not break, Whose plaintive notes but dis - cord make,
2. Nor wilt Thou quench my smoking flax, And my re- missness harshly tax;
3. My reed, no longer bruised, shall sing The gladsome praises of my King;
But wilt re - store its strength a-gain, And hon-or its me - lodious strain.
But my poor lamp with feeble rays Shall in Thine hand burst forth ablaze.
My lamp, no lon-ger faint nor dim, Shall shine throughout the world for Him.

408

Warner. L. M.

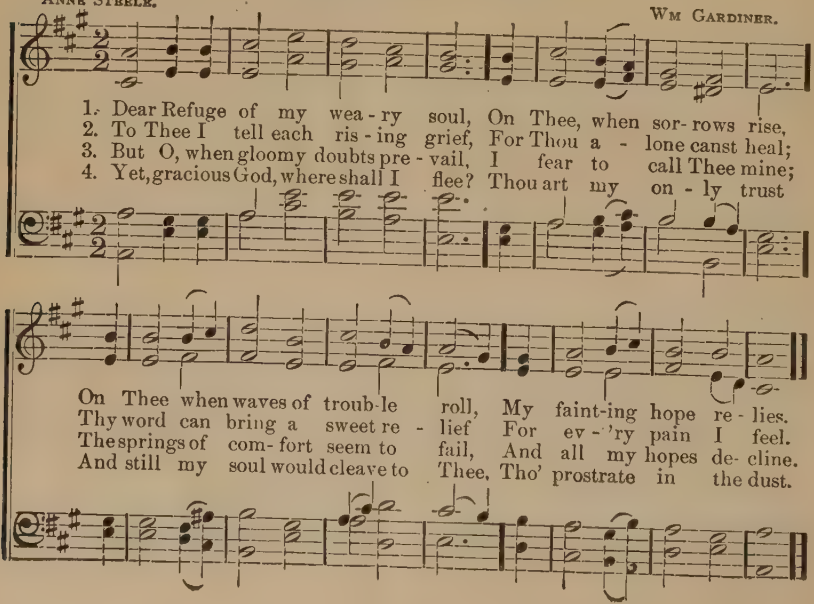
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. With tearful eyes I look a- round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;
3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en - joy, and see;
4. Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no rest-ing- place for thee;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, Come to Me!
Oh, to the wea- ry, faint, op-prest, How sweet the bidding, Come to Me!
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice ut-ters, Come to Me!
Heavenward di- rect thy weeping eye; I am thy por-tion; Come to Me!

409

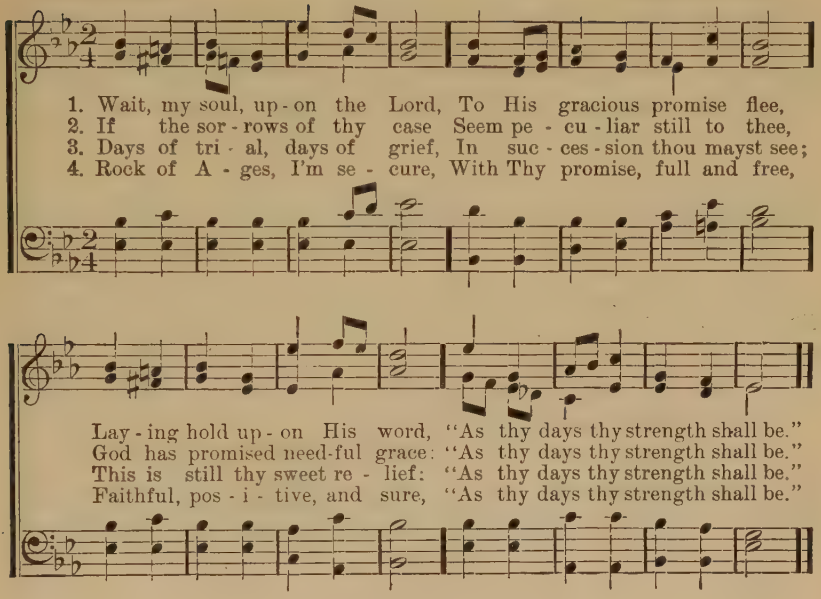
Dedham. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. WM GARDINER.


1. Dear Refuge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee, when sor- rows rise,
2. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal;
3. But O, when gloomy doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust
On Thee when waves of troub-le roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies.
Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
The springs of com- fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de- cline.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Tho' prostrate in the dust.

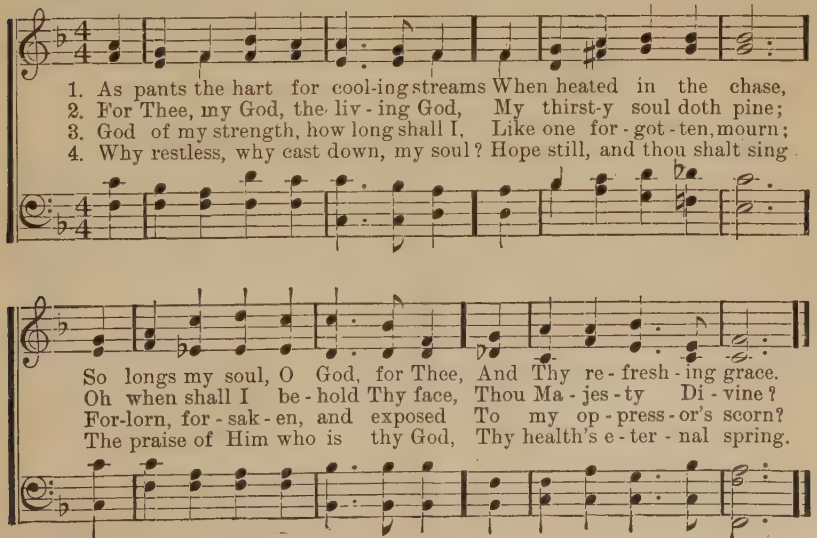
Solitude. 7s.

Wm. F. Lloyd. Lewis T. Downes.


1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gracious promise flee,
2. If the sor - rows of thy case Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee,
3. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - ces - sion thou mayst see;
4. Rock of A - ges, I'm se - cure, With Thy promise, full and free,
Lay - ing hold up - on His word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
God has promised need-ful grace: "As thy days thy strength shall be."
This is still thy sweet re - lief: "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Faithful, pos - i - tive, and sure, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

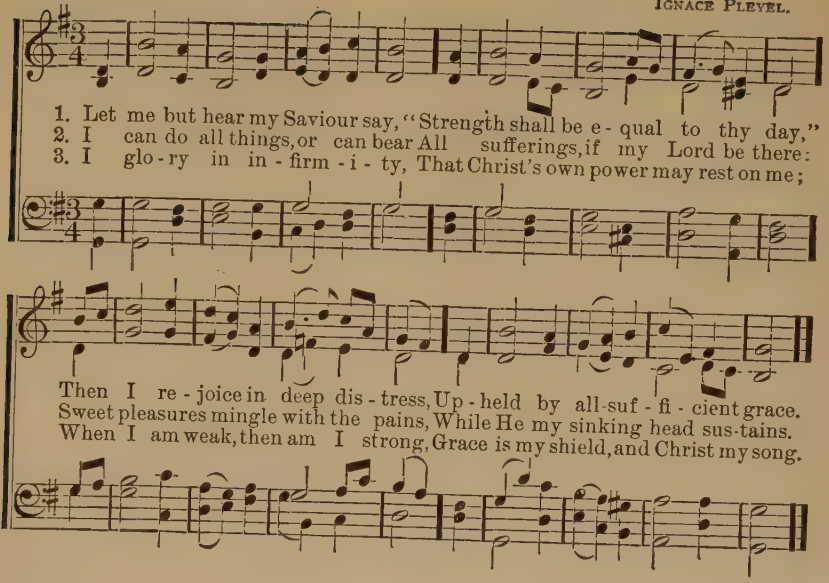
Dalehurst. C. M. 411

Brady & Tate & H. F. Lyte. Arthur Cottman.


1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heated in the chase,
2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
3. God of my strength, how long shall I, Like one for - got - ten, mourn;
4. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
Oh when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty Di - vine?
For-lorn, for - sak - en, and exposed To my op - press - or's scorn?
The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

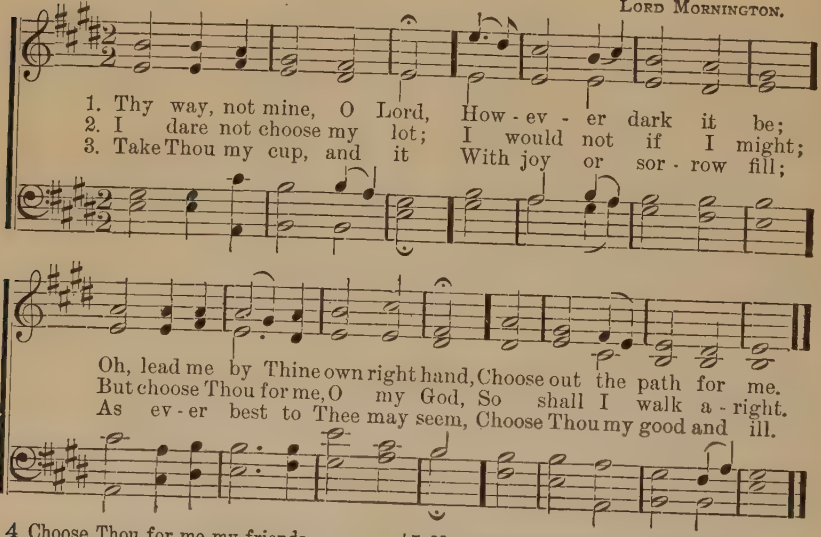
Seasons. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. Let me but hear my Saviour say, "Strength shall be e - qual to thy day,"
2. I can do all things, or can bear All sufferings, if my Lord be there:
3. I glo - ry in in - firm - i - ty, That Christ's own power may rest on me;
Then I re - joice in deep dis - tress, Up - held by all-suf - fi - cient grace.
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains, While He my sinking head sus-tains.
When I am weak, then am I strong, Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

413 Mornington. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. LORD MORNINGTON.


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be;
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
3. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sor - row fill;
Oh, lead me by Thine own right hand, Choose out the path for me.
But choose Thou for me, O my God, So shall I walk a - right.
As ev - er best to Thee may seem, Choose Thou my good and ill.

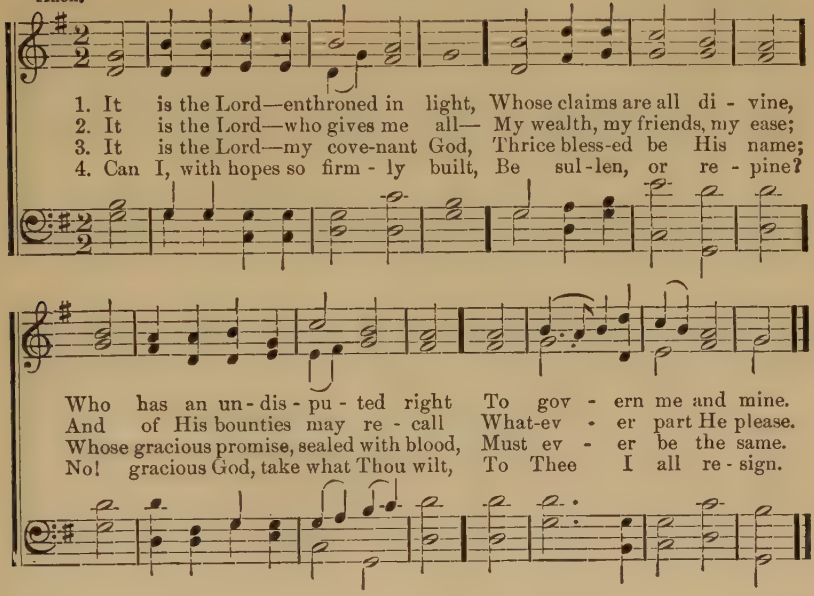
4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my guard, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

414

Peterboro. C. M.

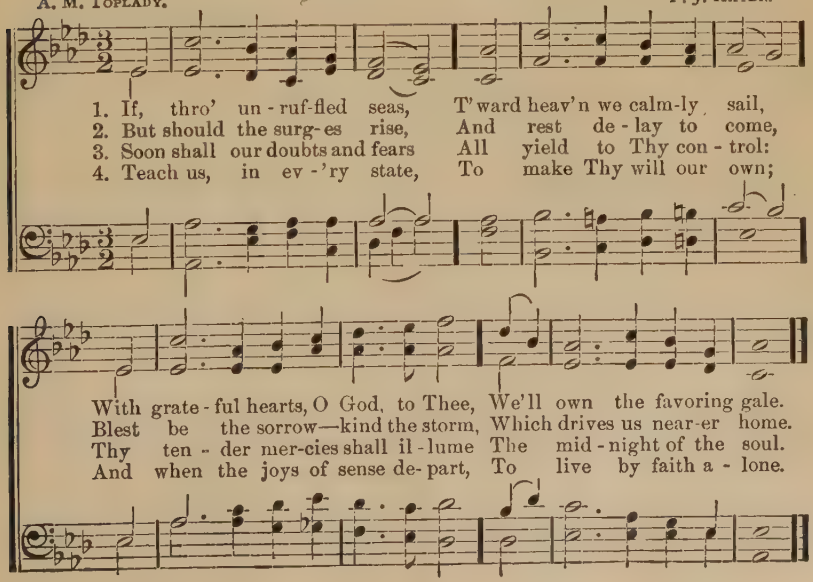
Anon. RALPH HARRISON.


1. It is the Lord—enthroned in light, Whose claims are all di - vine,
2. It is the Lord—who gives me all— My wealth, my friends, my ease;
3. It is the Lord—my cove-nant God, Thrice bless-ed be His name;
4. Can I, with hopes so firm - ly built, Be sul-len, or re - pine?
Who has an un-dis-pu-ted right To gov - ern me and mine.
And of His bounties may re - call What-ev - er part He please.
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood, Must ev - er be the same.
No! gracious God, take what Thou wilt, To Thee I all re - sign.

415

Haydn. S. M.

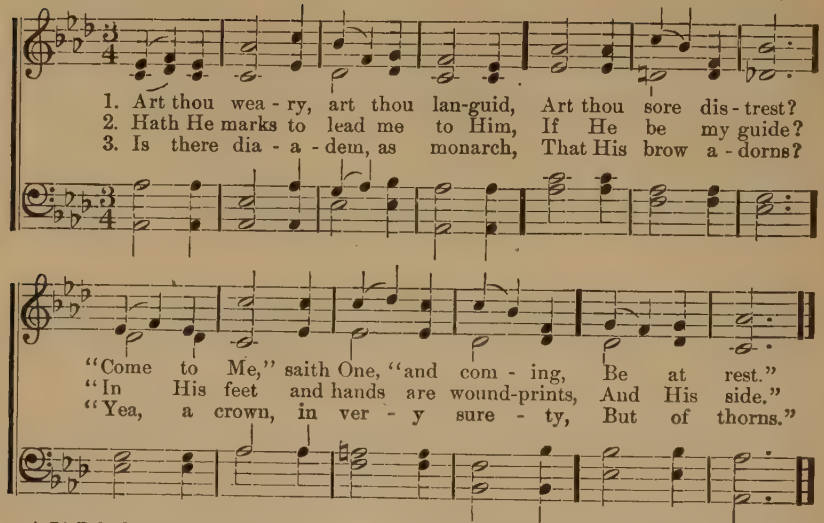
A. M. TOPLADY. F. J. HAYDN.


1. If, thro' un - ruf-fled seas, T'ward heav'n we calm-ly sail,
2. But should the surg-es rise, And rest de - lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol:
4. Teach us, in ev -'ry state, To make Thy will our own;
With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale.
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
Thy ten - der mer-cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone.

416

Bullinger. P. M.

J. M. Neale. E. W. Bullinger.


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there dia - a - dem, as monarch, That His brow a - dorns?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

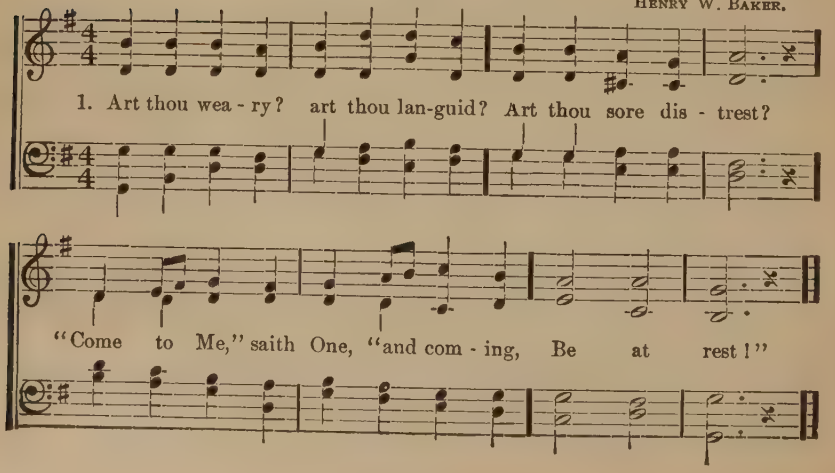
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

Stephanos. P. M.

SECOND TUNE.

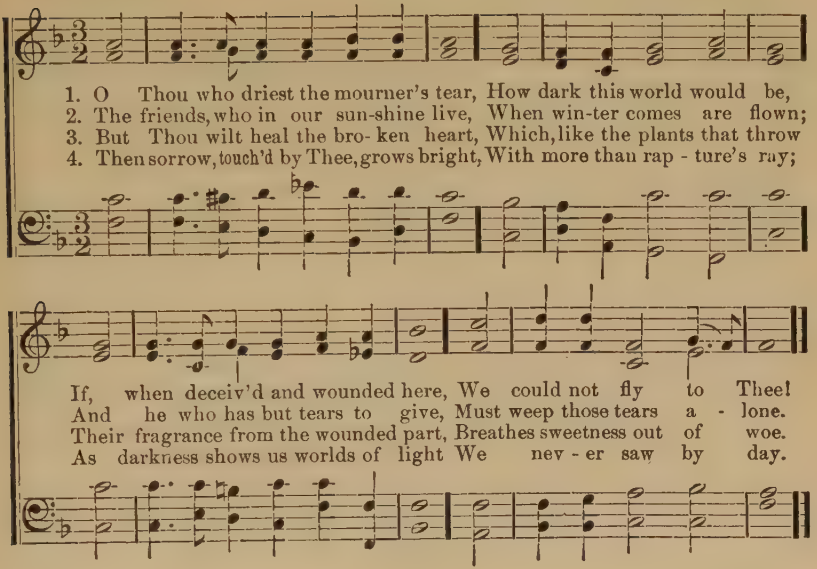
Henry W. Baker.



417

Byefield. C. M.

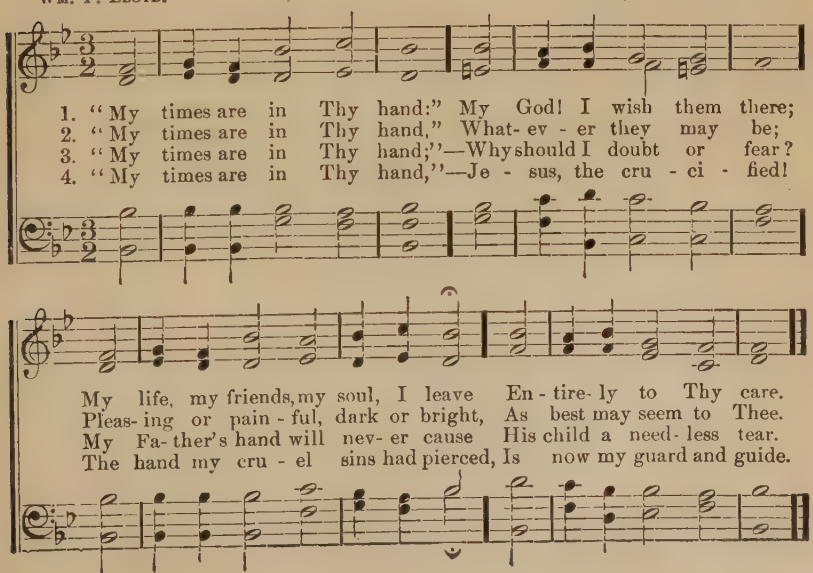
THOS. MOORE. THOMAS HASTINGS. Arr. H. P. M.


1. O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,
2. The friends, who in our sun-shine live, When win-ter comes are flown;
3. But Thou wilt heal the bro- ken heart, Which, like the plants that throw
4. Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright, With more than rap - ture's ray;
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here, We could not fly to Thee!
And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.
Their fragrance from the wounded part, Breathes sweetness out of woe.
As darkness shows us worlds of light We nev - er saw by day.

418

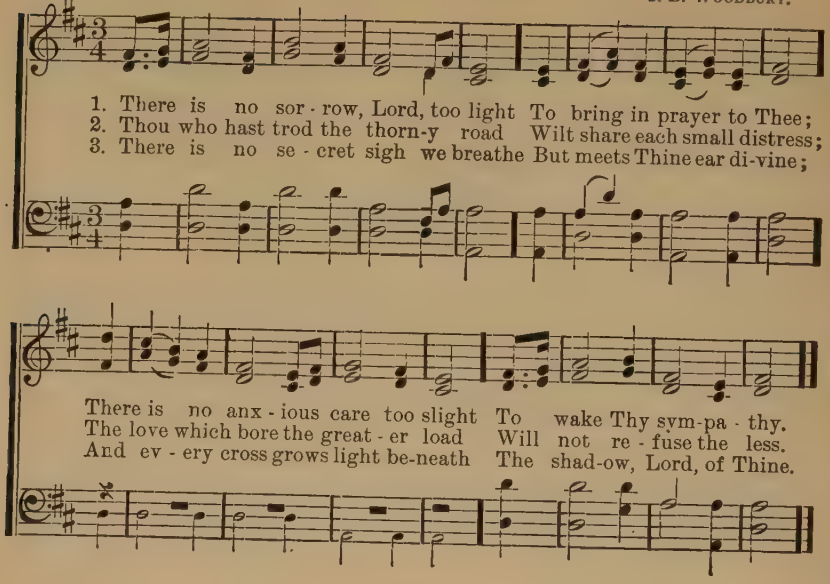
Olmutz. S. M.

WM. F. LLOYD. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God! I wish them there;
2. "My times are in Thy hand," What- ev - er they may be;
3. "My times are in Thy hand;"—Why should I doubt or fear?
4. "My times are in Thy hand,"—Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied!
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire- ly to Thy care.
Pleas- ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
My Fa- ther's hand will nev- er cause His child a need- less tear.
The hand my cru - el sins had pierced, Is now my guard and guide.

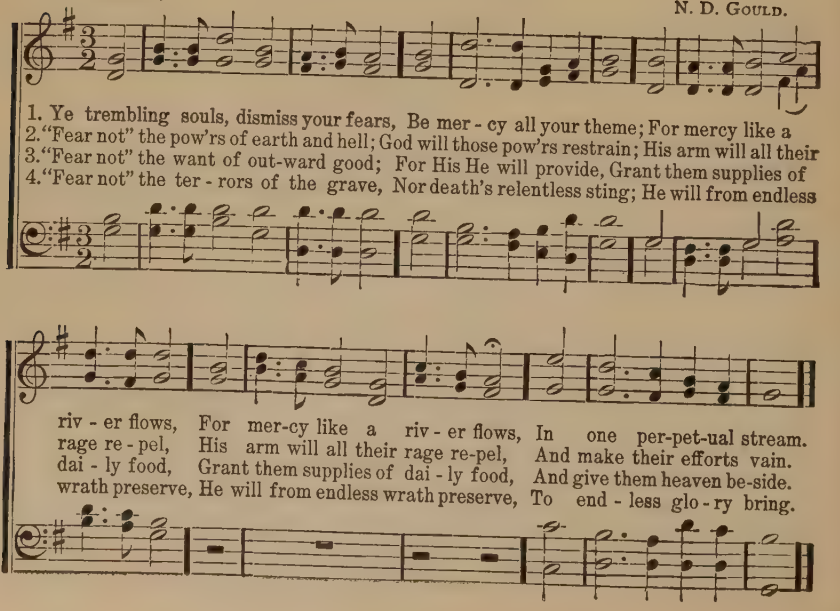
Siloam. C. M.

JANE CREWDSON. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. There is no sor - row, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to Thee;
2. Thou who hast trod the thorn-y road Wilt share each small distress;
3. There is no se - cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di-vine;
There is no anx - ious care too slight To wake Thy sym-pa - thy.
The love which bore the great - er load Will not re - fuse the less.
And ev - ery cross grows light be-neath The shad-ow, Lord, of Thine.

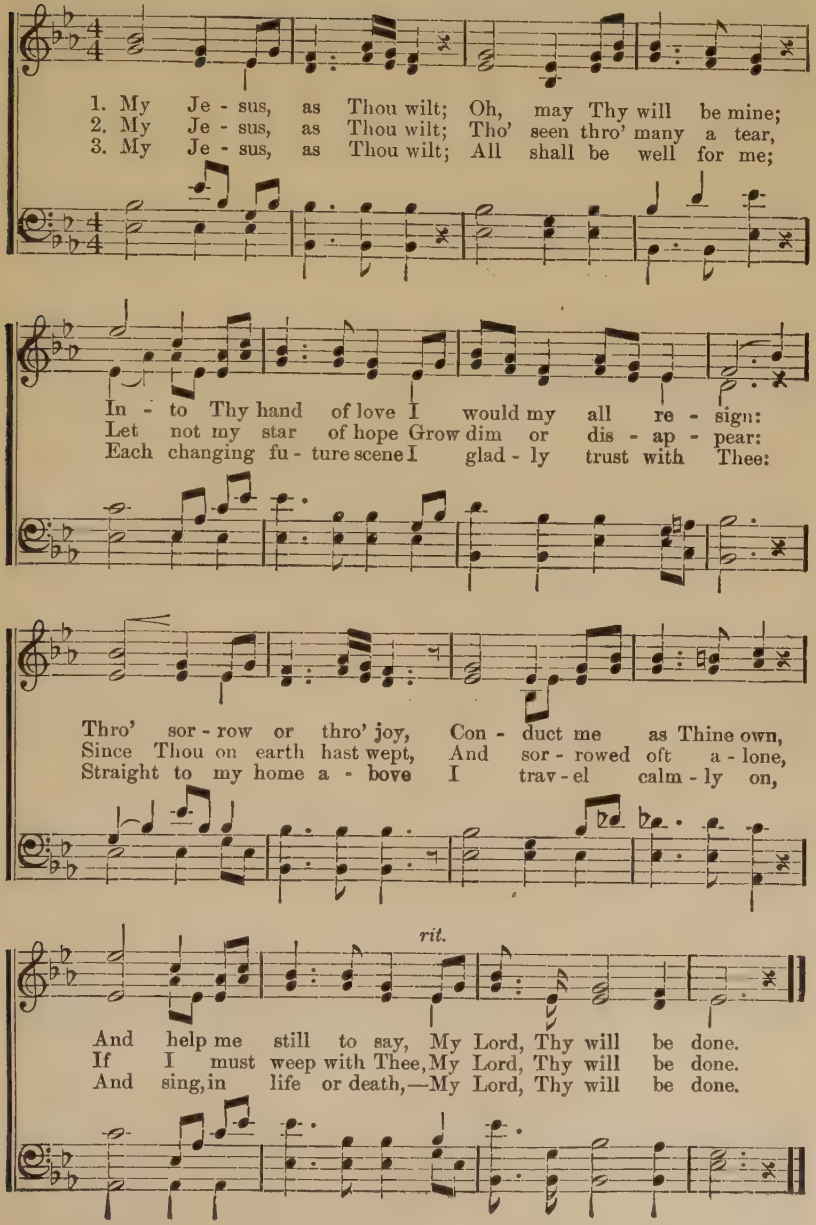
420 Woodland. C. M.

B. BEDDOME. N. D. GOULD.


1. Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mer - cy all your theme; For mercy like a
2. "Fear not" the pow'rs of earth and hell; God will those pow'rs restrain; His arm will all their
3. "Fear not" the want of out-ward good; For His He will provide, Grant them supplies of
4. "Fear not" the ter - rors of the grave, Nor death's relentless sting; He will from endless
riv - er flows, For mer-cy like a riv - er flows, In one per-pet-ual stream.
rage re - pel, His arm will all their rage re-pel, And make their efforts vain.
dai - ly food, Grant them supplies of dai - ly food, And give them heaven be-side.
wrath preserve, He will from endless wrath preserve, To end - less glo - ry bring.

Jewett. 6s.

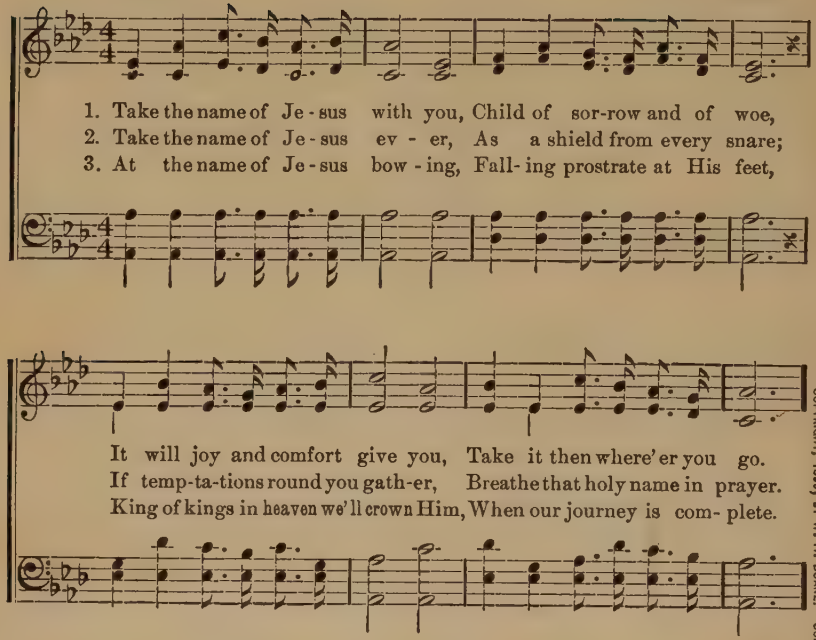
JANE BORTHWICK. CARL M. VON WEBER, arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine;
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me;
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign:
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear:
Each changing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee:
Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,
rit.
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.

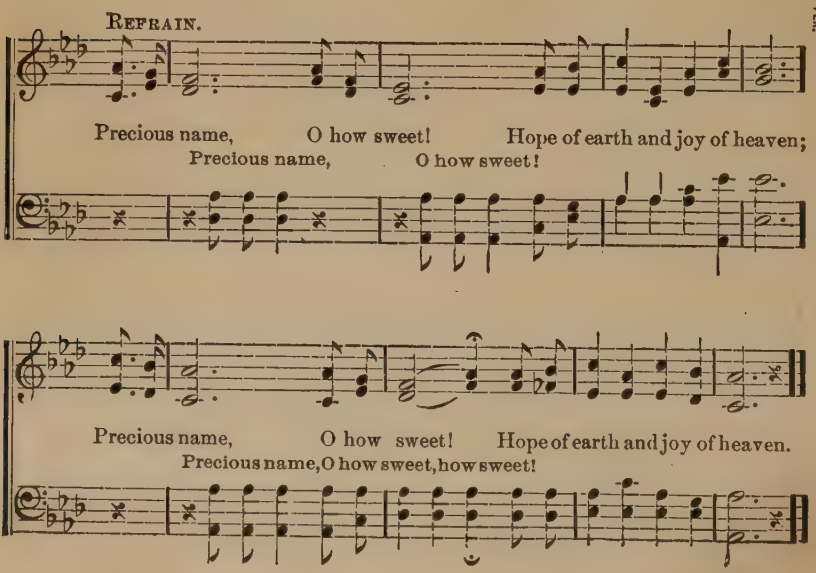
422

Precious Name.

LYDIA C. BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe,
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;
3. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him, When our journey is com- plete.

COPYRIGHT, 1869, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER.


REFRAIN.
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

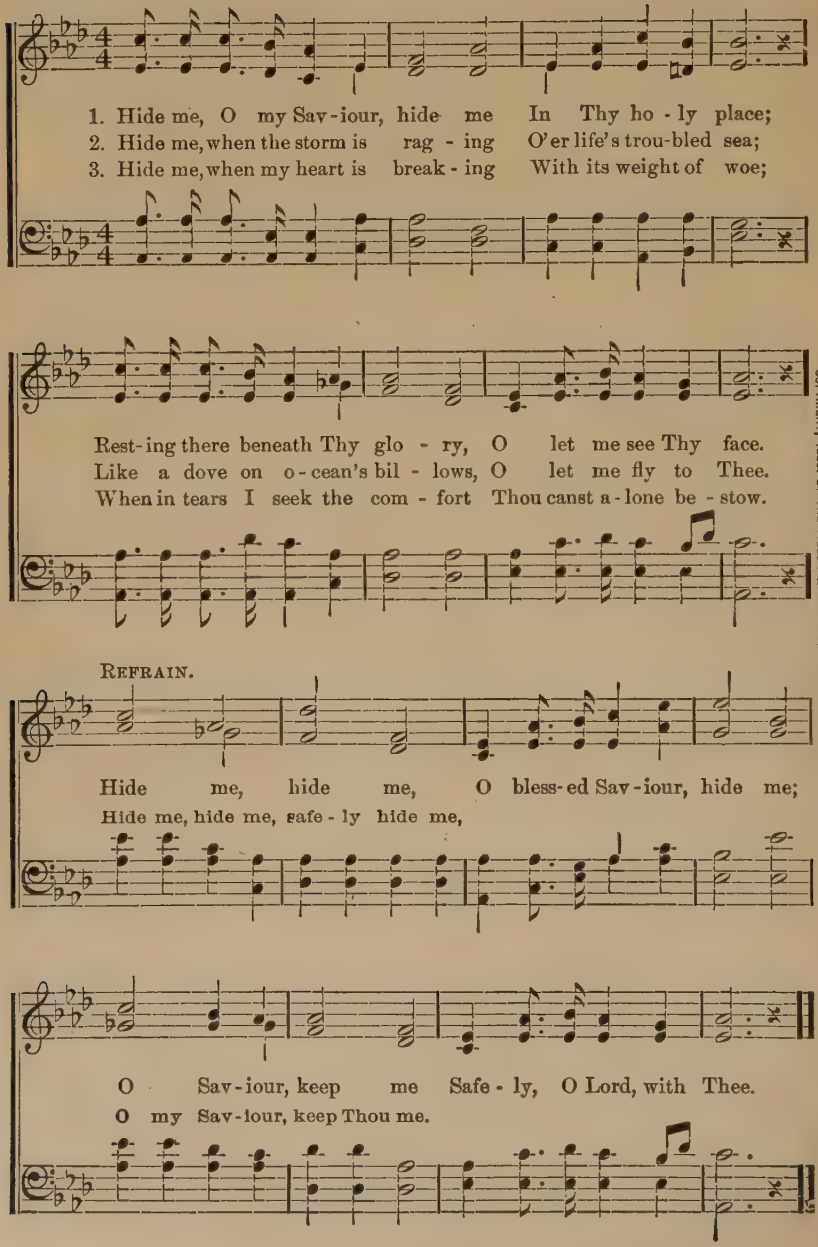
Lux Benígna. P. M.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, Kindly Light! a- mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on:
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor- rent, till the night is gone;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re- mem- ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

424 Hide Me. P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho-ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag-ing O'er life's trou-bled sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break-ing With its weight of woe;
Rest-ing there beneath Thy glo-ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o-cean's bil-lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com-fort Thou canst a-lone be-stow.
REFRAIN.
Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav-iour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe-ly hide me,
O Sav-iour, keep me Safe-ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O my Sav-iour, keep Thou me.

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VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

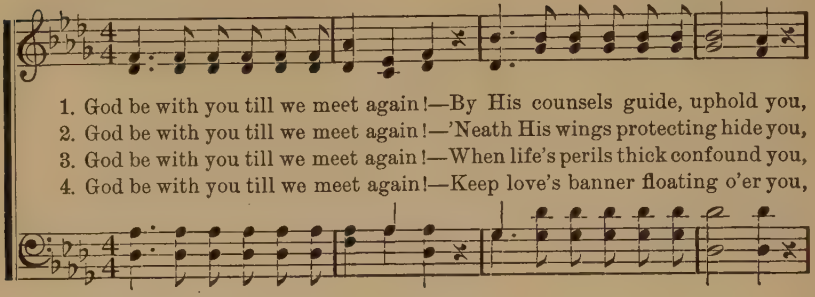
(H) THE SOUL REJOICING IN FELLOWSHIP

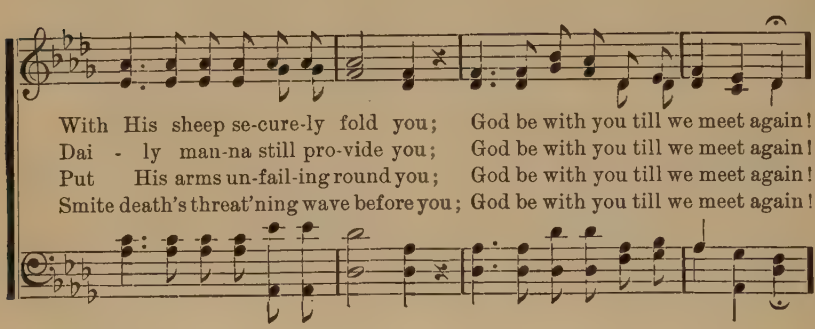
"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." EPHESIANS V: 19.

HYMNS 425–433

God be With You. P. M.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet again!—By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,


With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet again!
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet again!
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet again!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet again!

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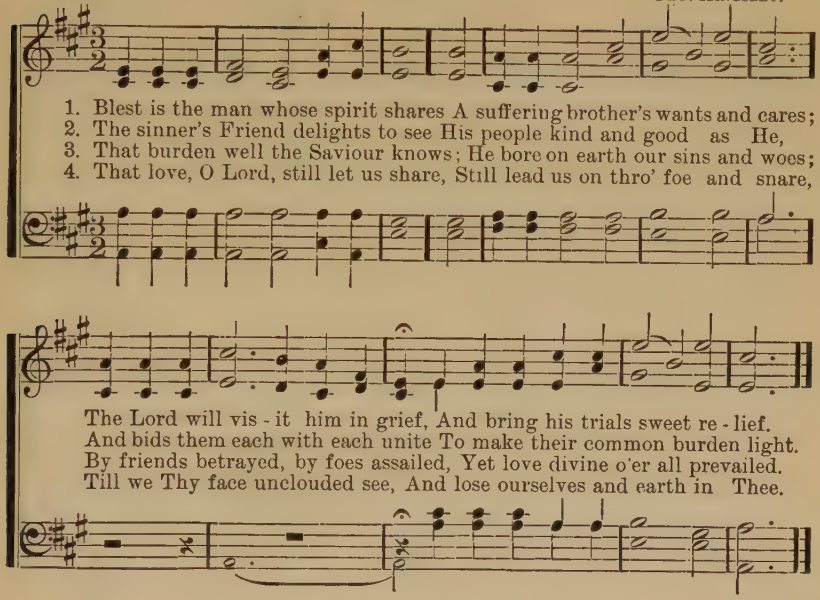
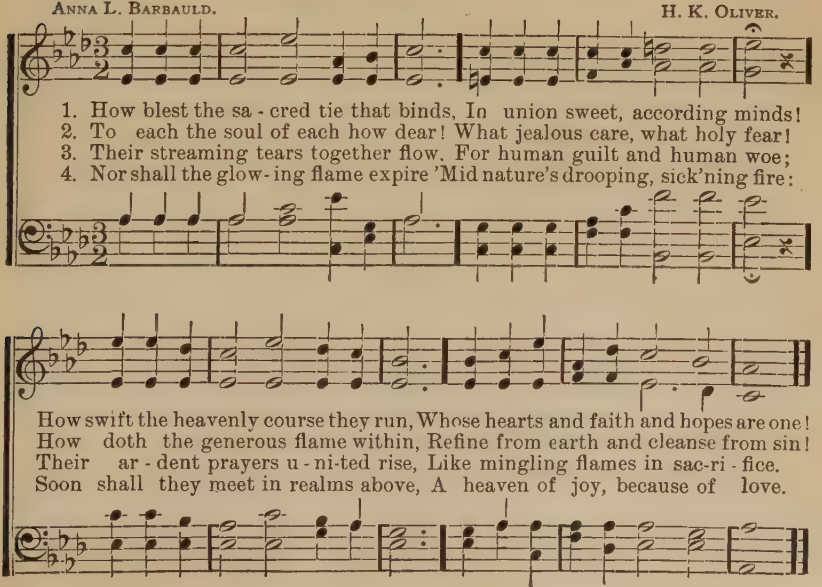
Ware. L. M.

H. F. Lyte. Geo. Kingsley.


1. Blest is the man whose spirit shares A suffering brother's wants and cares;
2. The sinner's Friend delights to see His people kind and good as He,
3. That burden well the Saviour knows; He bore on earth our sins and woes;
4. That love, O Lord, still let us share, Still lead us on thro' foe and snare,
The Lord will vis - it him in grief, And bring his trials sweet re - lief.
And bids them each with each unite To make their common burden light.
By friends betrayed, by foes assailed, Yet love divine o'er all prevailed.
Till we Thy face unclouded see, And lose ourselves and earth in Thee.

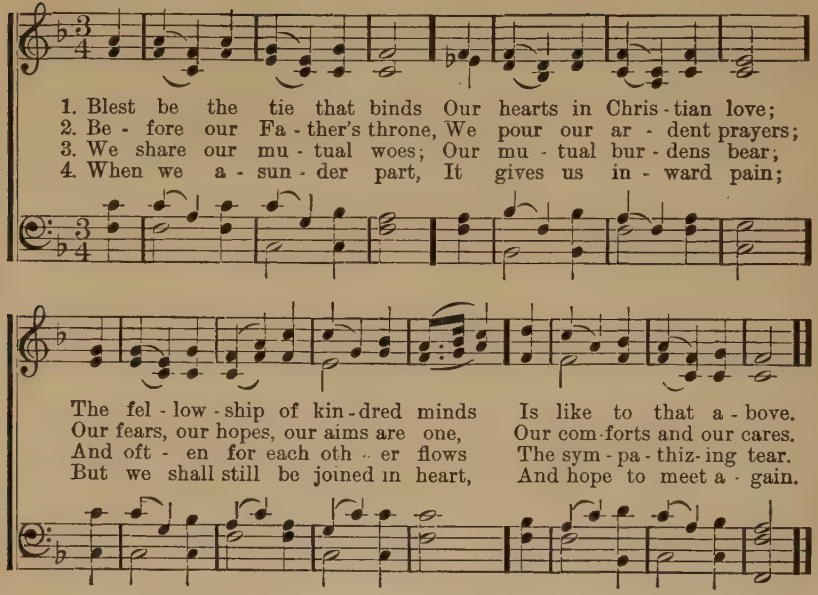
Harmony Grove. L. M. 427

Anna L. Barbauld. H. K. Oliver.


1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In union sweet, according minds!
2. To each the soul of each how dear! What jealous care, what holy fear!
3. Their streaming tears together flow, For human guilt and human woe;
4. Nor shall the glow - ing flame expire 'Mid nature's drooping, sick'ning fire:
How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!
How doth the generous flame within, Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
Their ar - dent prayers u - ni-ted rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri - fice.
Soon shall they meet in realms above, A heaven of joy, because of love.

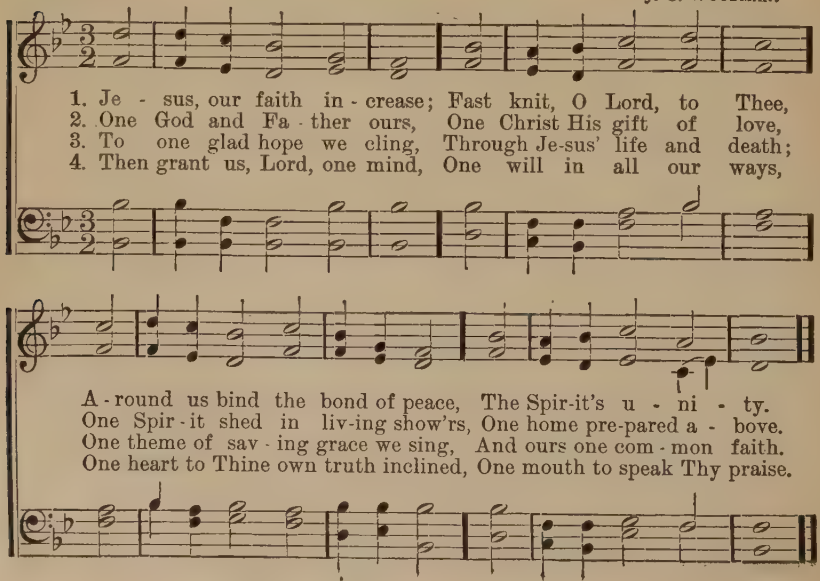
Dennis. S. M.

J. FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

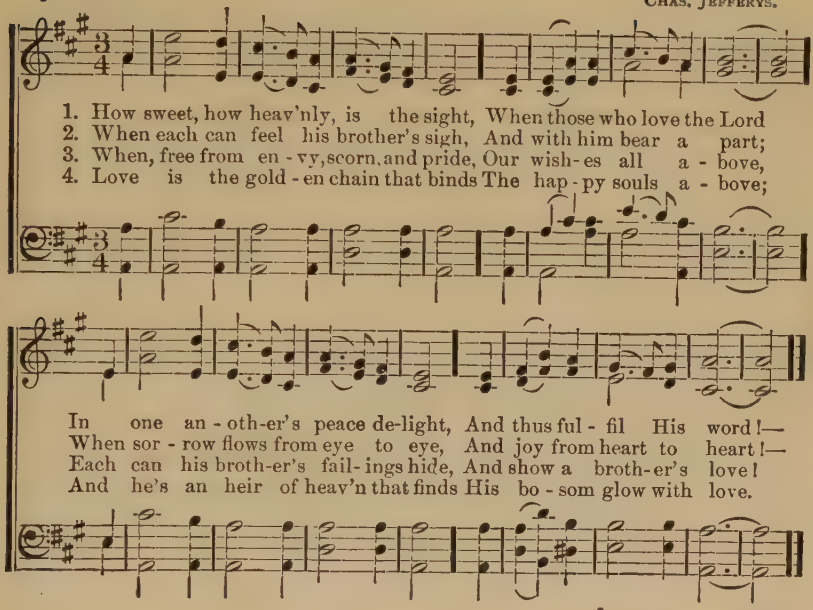
429 State Street. S. M.

Anon. J. C. WOODMAN.


1. Je-sus, our faith in-crease; Fast knit, O Lord, to Thee,
2. One God and Fa-ther ours, One Christ His gift of love,
3. To one glad hope we cling, Through Je-sus' life and death;
4. Then grant us, Lord, one mind, One will in all our ways,
A-round us bind the bond of peace, The Spir-it's u-ni-ty.
One Spir-it shed in liv-ing show'rs, One home pre-pared a-bove.
One theme of sav-ing grace we sing, And ours one com-mon faith.
One heart to Thine own truth inclined, One mouth to speak Thy praise.

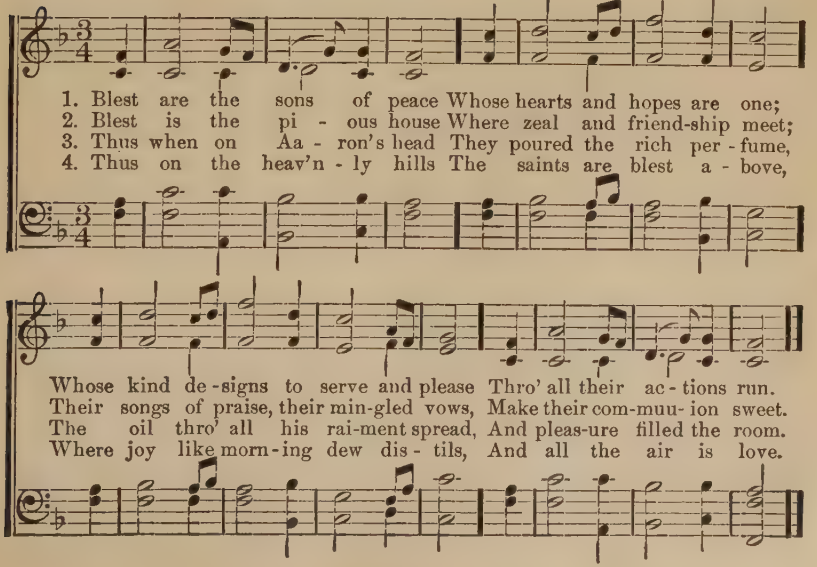
430 Boardman. C. M.

Jos. Swain. Chas. Jefferys.


1. How sweet, how heav'nly, is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a - bove,
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;
In one an - oth-er's peace de-light, And thus ful - fil His word!—
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart!—
Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love!
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bo - som glow with love.

431 Golden Hill. S. M.

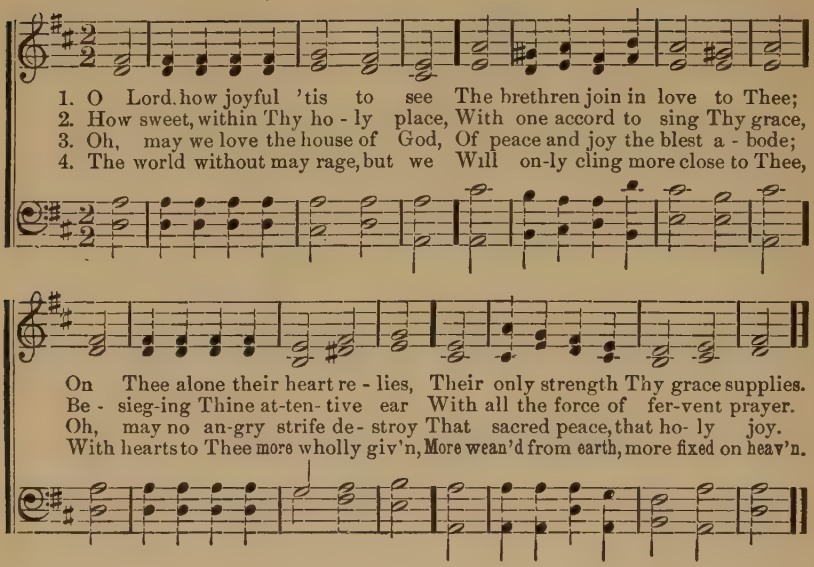
Isaac Watts. A. Davisson.


1. Blest are the sons of peace Whose hearts and hopes are one;
2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friend-ship meet;
3. Thus when on Aa - ron's head They poured the rich per - fume,
4. Thus on the heav'n - ly hills The saints are blest a - bove,
Whose kind de-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Make their com-muu- ion sweet.
The oil thro' all his rai-ment spread, And pleas-ure filled the room.
Where joy like morn-ing dew dis - tils, And all the air is love.

432

Ashwell. L. M.

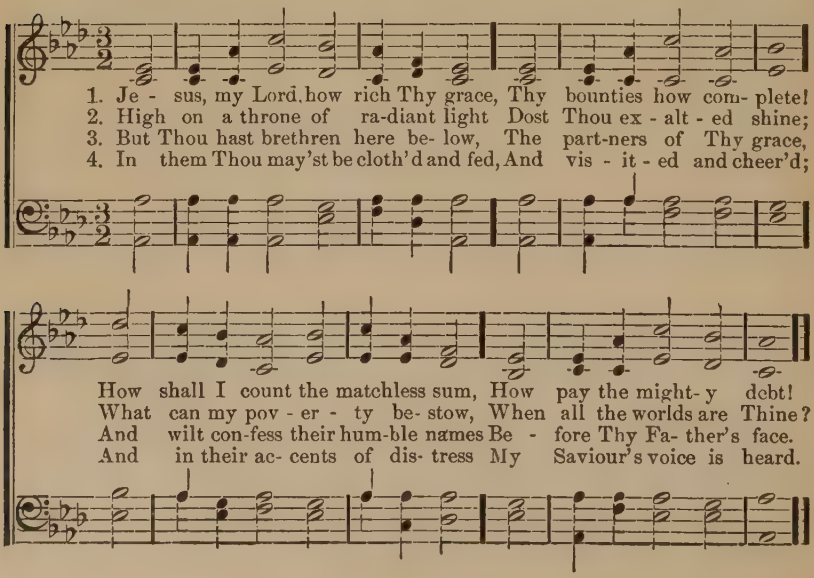
J. Chandler. Lowell Mason.


1. O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see The brethren join in love to Thee;
2. How sweet, within Thy ho - ly place, With one accord to sing Thy grace,
3. Oh, may we love the house of God, Of peace and joy the blest a - bode;
4. The world without may rage, but we Will on-ly cling more close to Thee,
On Thee alone their heart re - lies, Their only strength Thy grace supplies.
Be - sieg-ing Thine at-ten- tive ear With all the force of fer-vent prayer.
Oh, may no an-gry strife de- stroy That sacred peace, that ho- ly joy.
With hearts to Thee more wholly giv'n, More wean'd from earth, more fixed on heav'n.

433

Evan. C. M.

Philip Doddridge. W. H. Havergal.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace, Thy bounties how com- plete!
2. High on a throne of ra-diant light Dost Thou ex - alt - ed shine;
3. But Thou hast brethren here be- low, The part-ners of Thy grace,
4. In them Thou may'st be cloth'd and fed, And vis - it - ed and cheer'd;
How shall I count the matchless sum, How pay the might- y debt!
What can my pov - er - ty be- stow, When all the worlds are Thine?
And wilt con-fess their hum-ble names Be - fore Thy Fa- ther's face.
And in their ac- cents of dis- tress My Saviour's voice is heard.

VII

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

(I) THE SOUL INSPIRED TO WORK AND DUTY

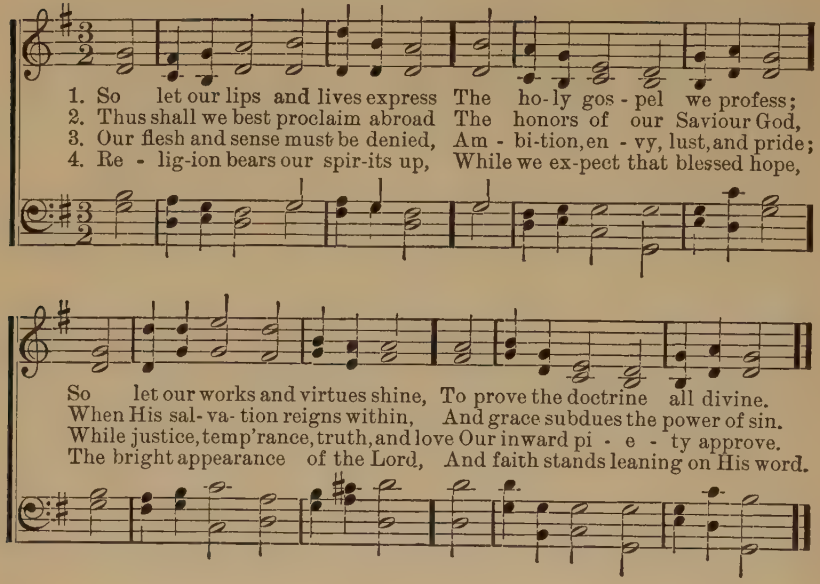
"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place."
II CORINTHIANS II: 14.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
I CORINTHIANS XV: 57.

HYMNS 434–462

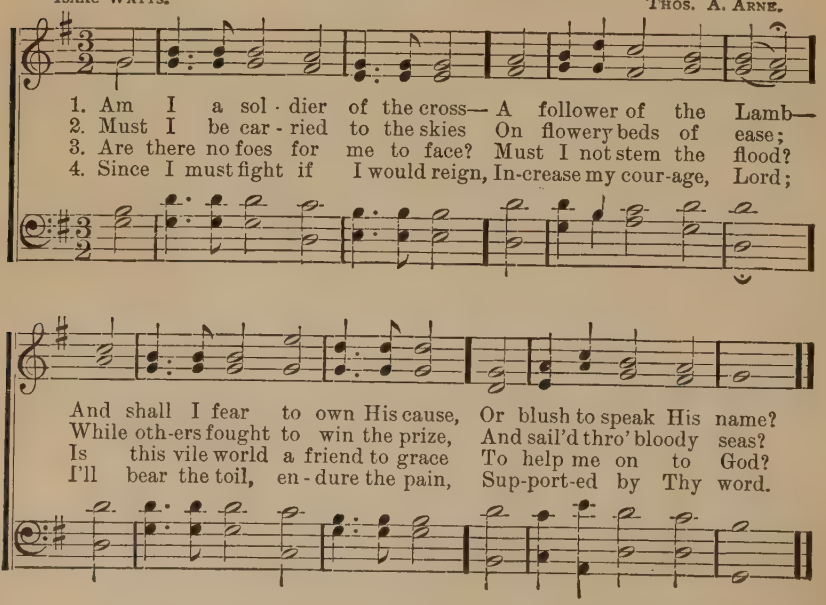
Rockingham. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. So let our lips and lives express The ho-ly gos - pel we profess;
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God,
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied, Am - bi-tion, en - vy, lust, and pride;
4. Re - lig-ion bears our spir-its up, While we ex-pect that blessed hope,
So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all divine.
When His sal-va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love Our inward pi - e - ty approve.
The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on His word.

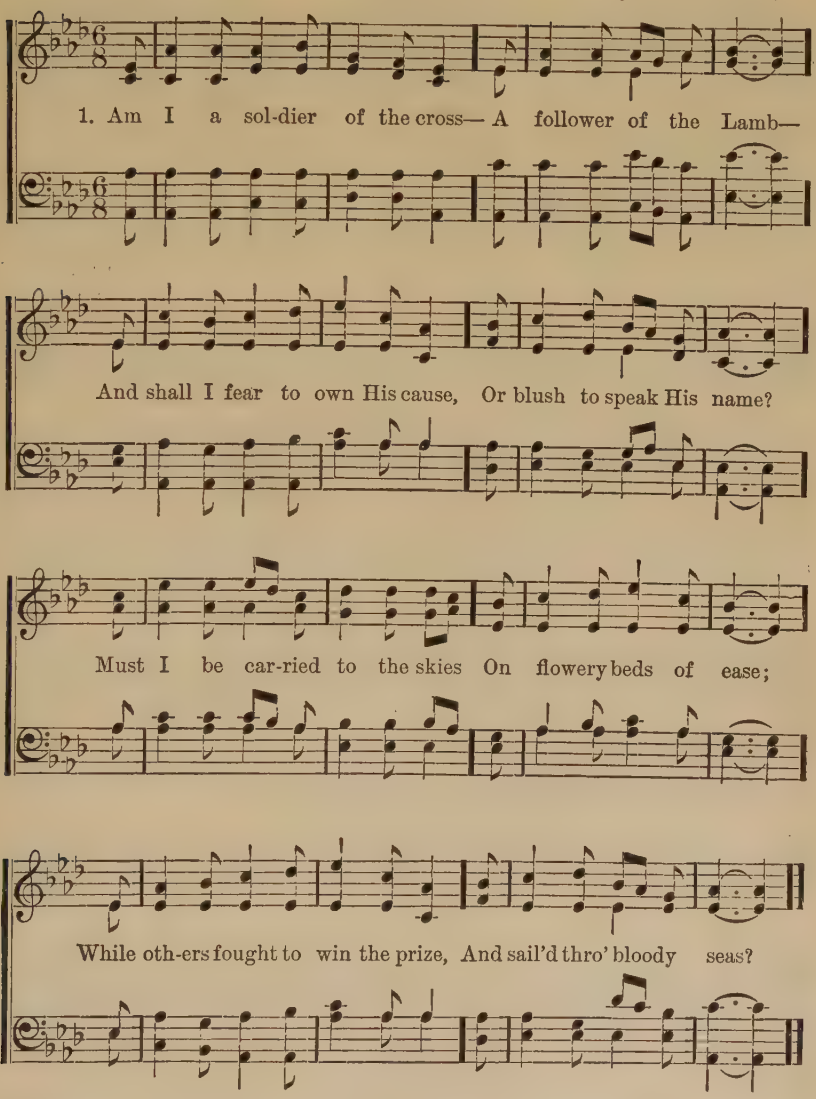
435 Arlington. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A follower of the Lamb—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

McAnally. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 435 SECOND TUNE. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross— A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

USED BY PERMISSION.

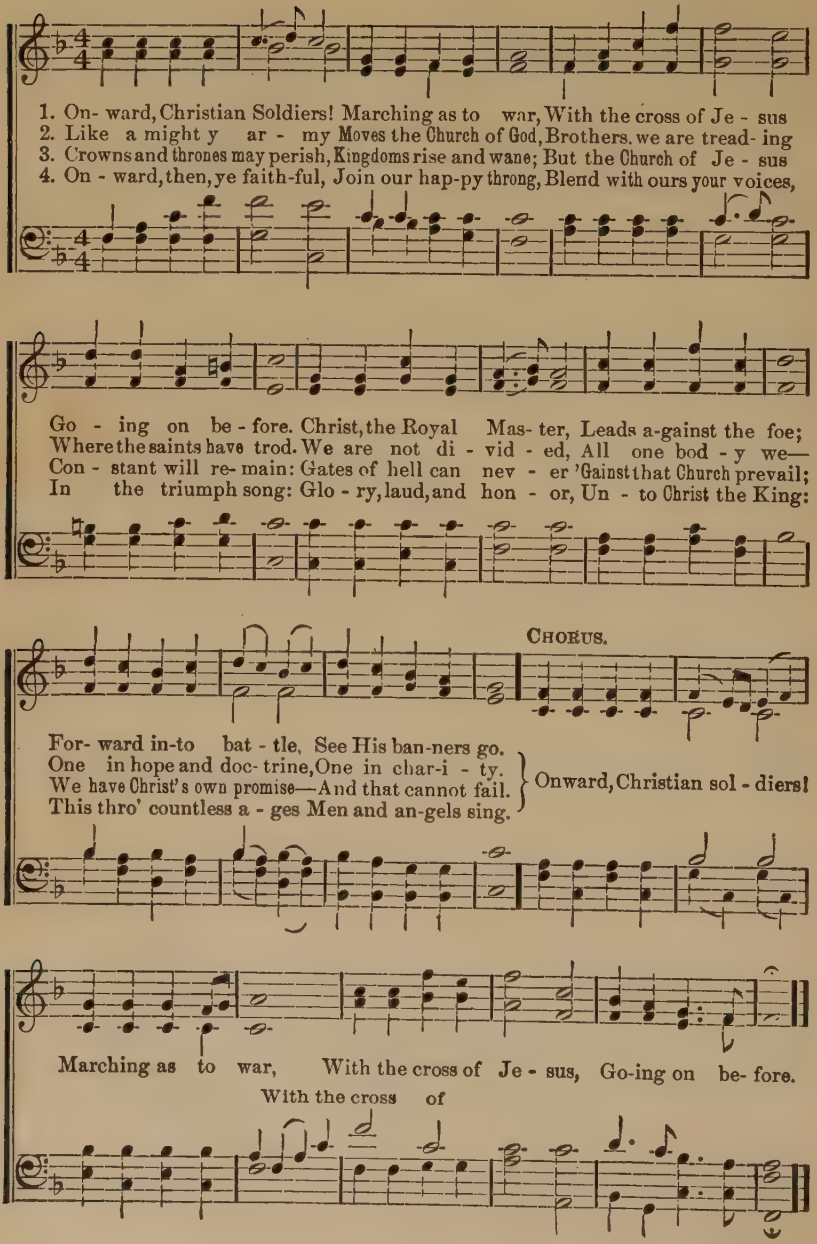
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

436

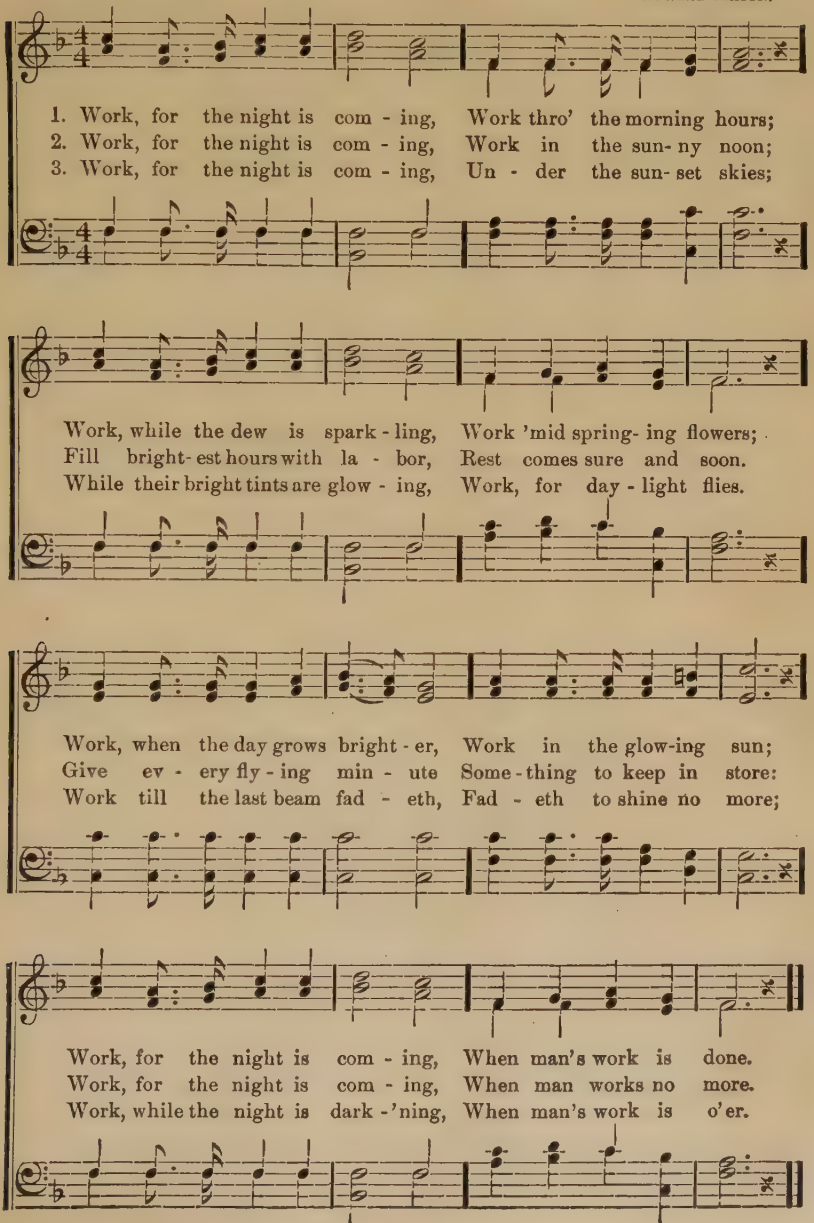
St. Gertrude. P. M.

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.


1. On- ward, Christian Soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers. we are tread- ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
4. On - ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices,
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Royal Mas- ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we—
Con - stant will re- main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
Chorus.
For- ward in-to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc- trine, One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise—And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be- fore.
With the cross of

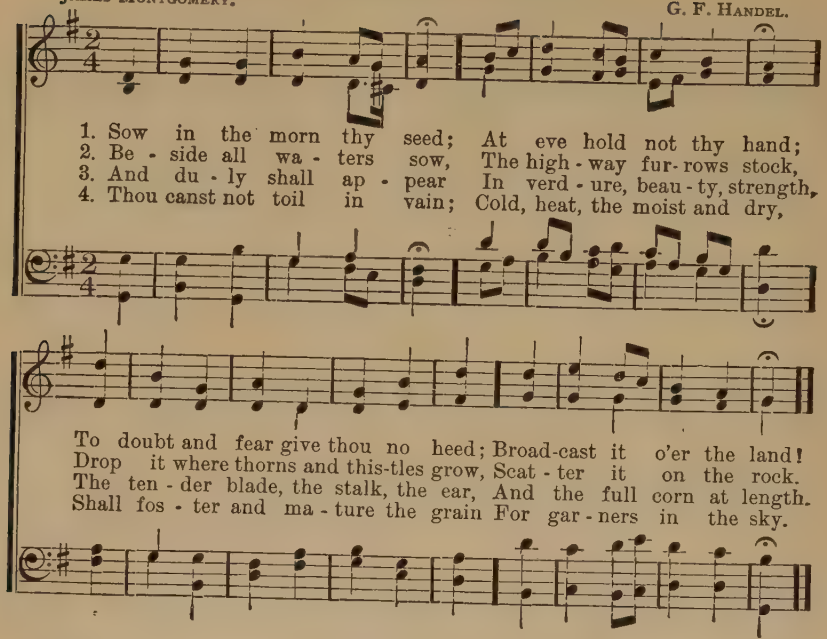
Work for the Night. P. M.

ANNIE L. COGHILL. LOWELL MASON.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work in the sun- ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun- set skies;
Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring- ing flowers;
Fill bright- est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

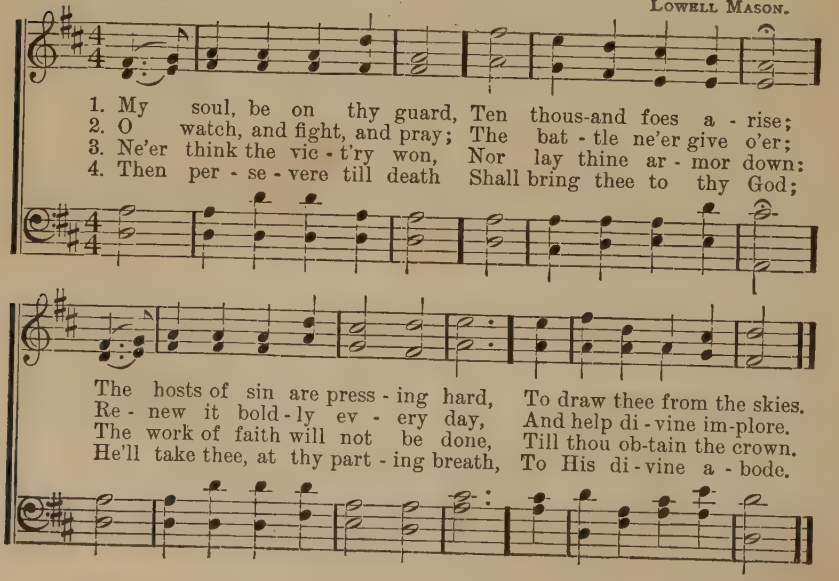
St. Thomas. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. G. F. HANDEL.


1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;
2. Be - side all wa - ters sow, The high - way fur - rows stock,
3. And du - ly shall ap - pear In verd - ure, beau - ty, strength,
4. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land!
Drop it where thorns and this-tles grow, Scat - ter it on the rock.
The ten - der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.

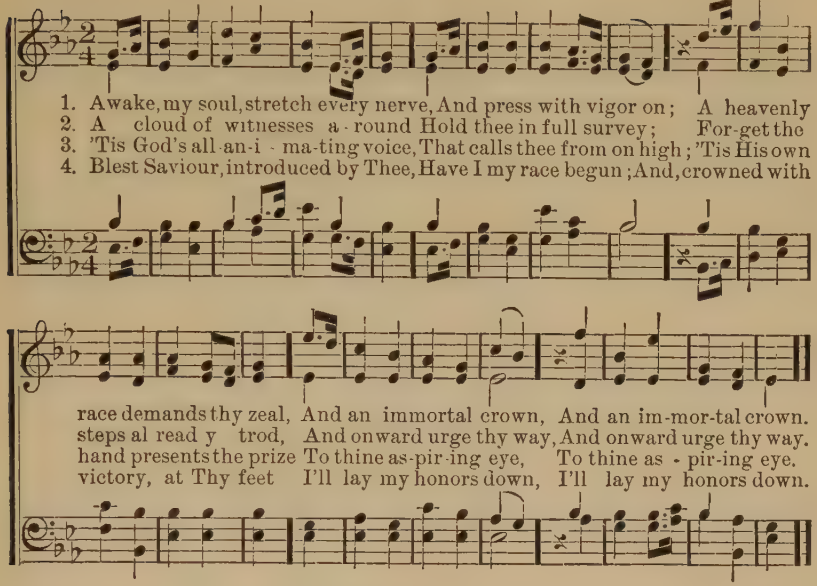
439 Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down:
4. Then per - se - vere till death Shall bring thee to thy God;
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

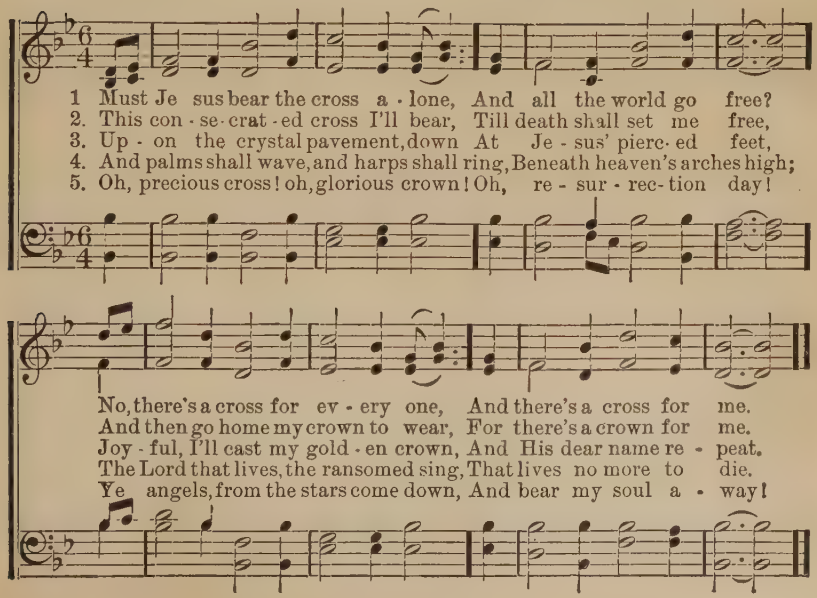
Christmas. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. G. F. HANDEL.


1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of witnesses a-round Hold thee in full survey; For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-ma-ting voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; And, crowned with
race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al ready trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my honors down.

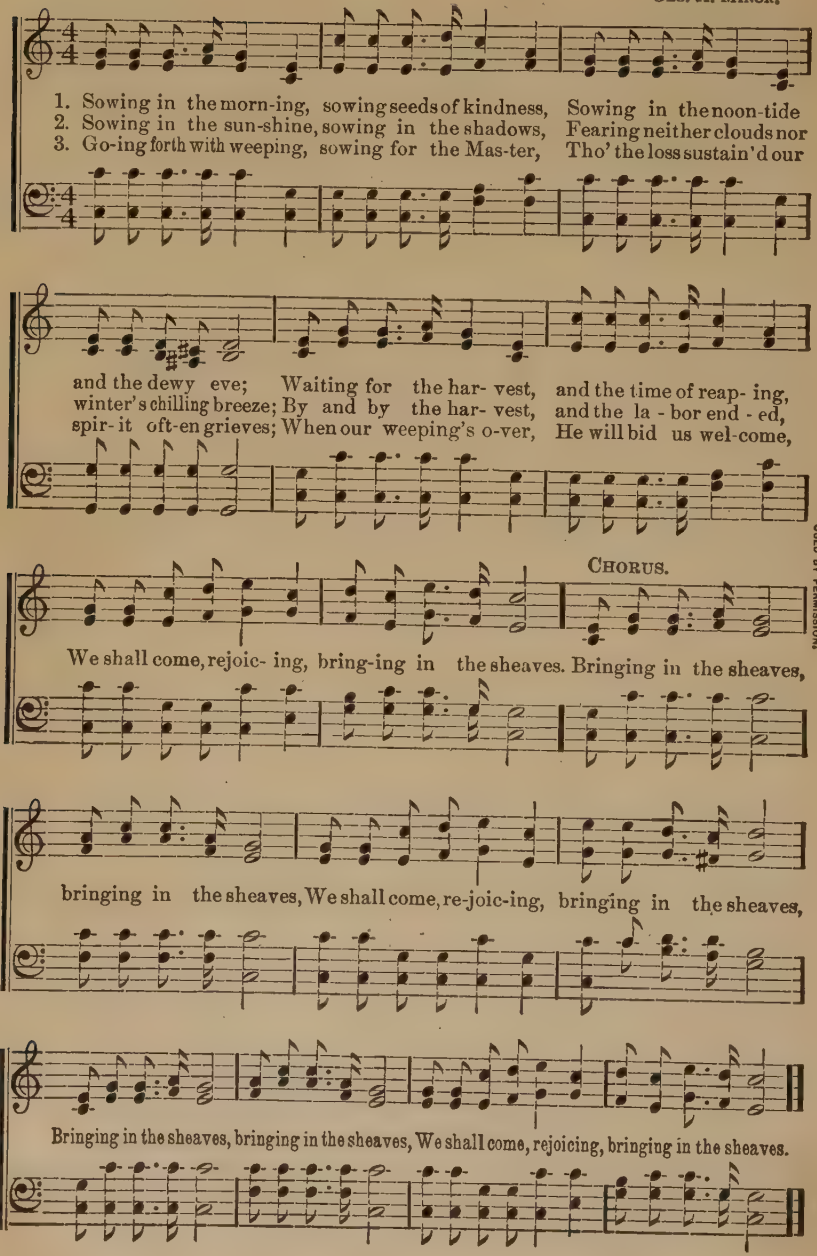
Maitland. C. M. 441

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEORGE N. ALLEN.


1 Must Je sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. This con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up-on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring, Beneath heaven's arches high;
5. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, re-sur-rec-tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy-ful, I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way!

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.


1. Sowing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our
and the dewy eve; Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap- ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir- it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,
CHORUS.
We shall come, rejoic- ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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While the Days are Going By.

GEO. COOPER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour-ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow;
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
Help your fall - en broth-er rise, While the days are go-ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go-ing by.
REFRAIN.
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing
go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by,
by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
go-ing by,

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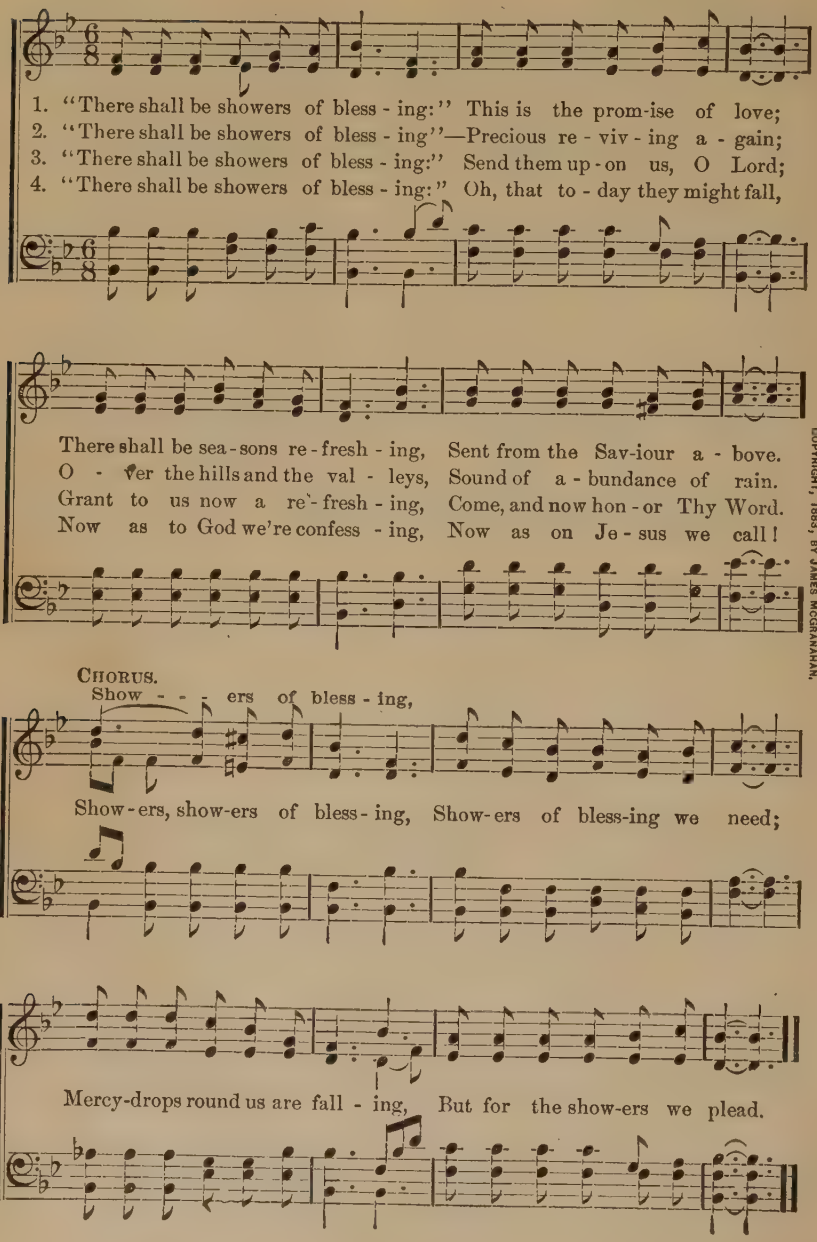
444 There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"—Precious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're confess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - - ers of bless - ing,
Show - ers, show-ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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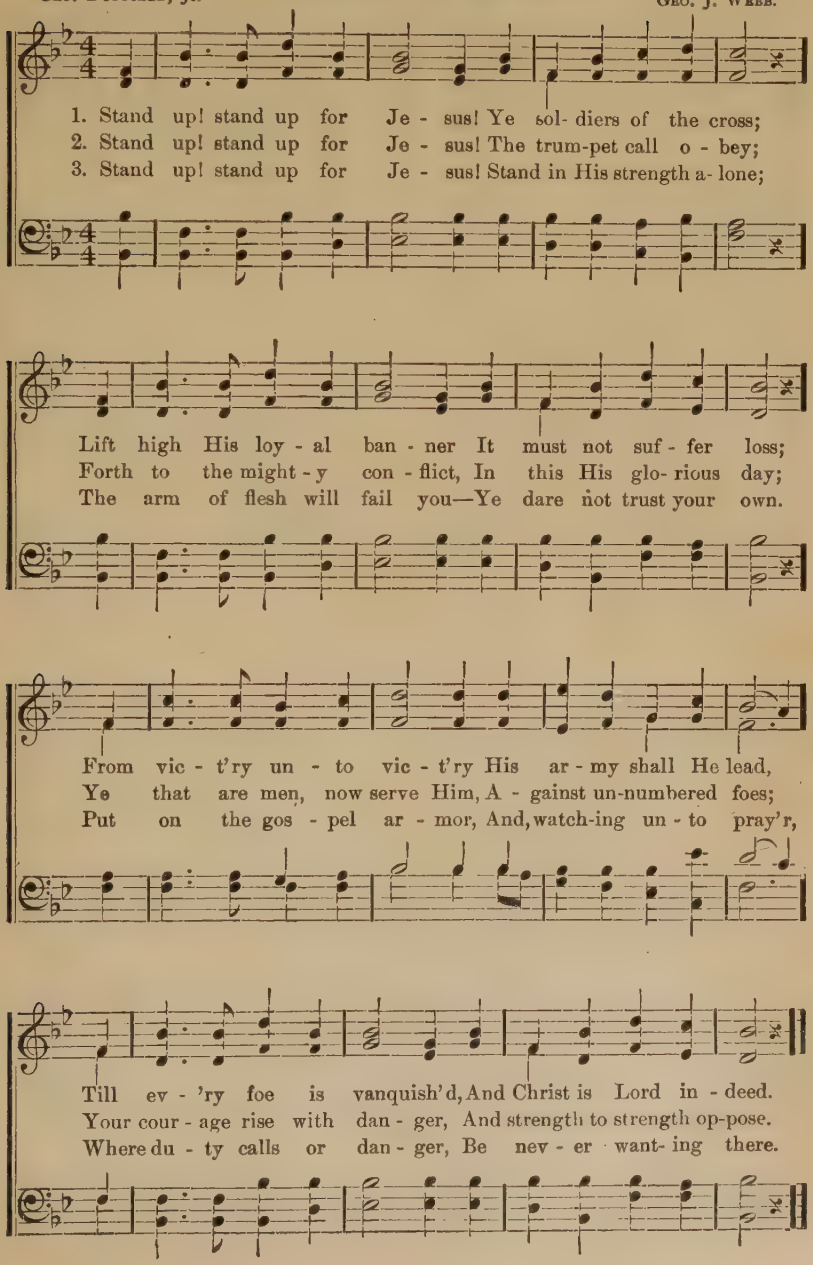
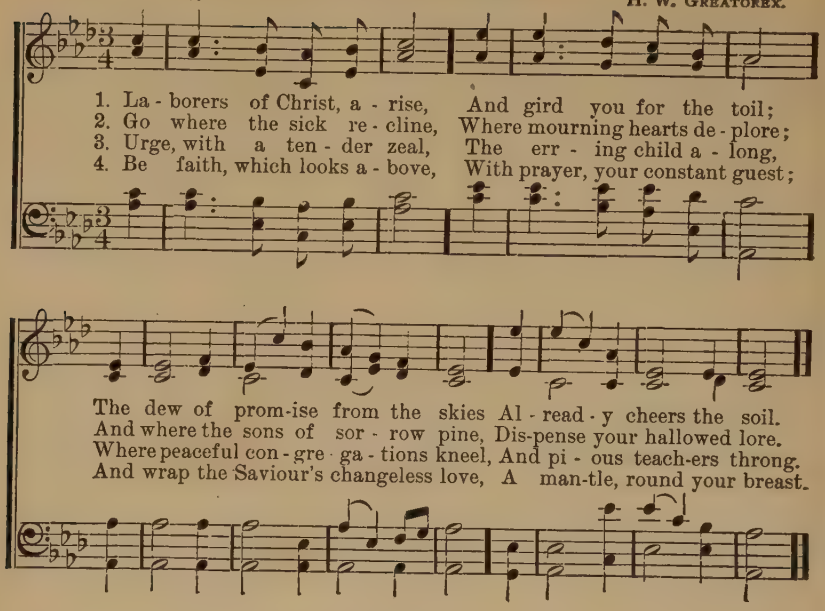
GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr.

GEO. J. WEBB.


1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol- diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a- lone;
Lift high His loy - al ban - ner It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo- rious day;
The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un-numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch-ing un - to pray'r,
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want- ing there.

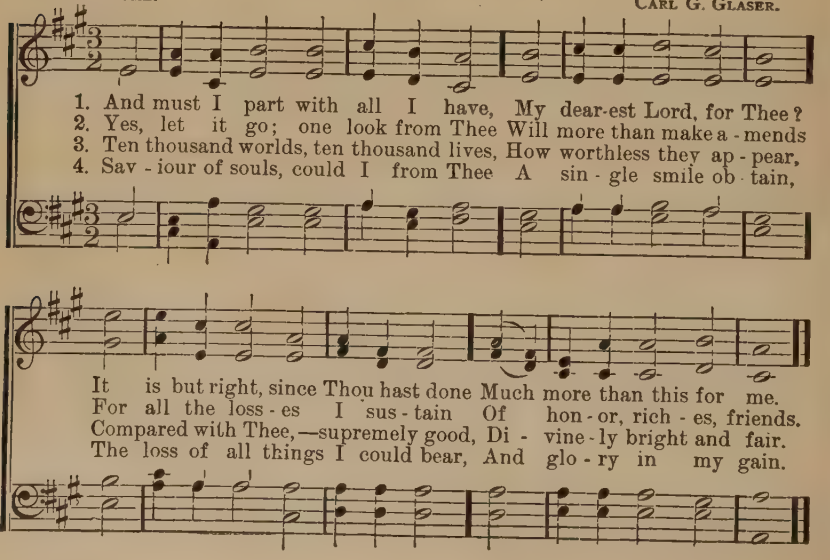
Ahira. S. M.

L. H. Sigourney. H. W. Greatorex.


1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts de - plore;
3. Urge, with a ten - der zeal, The err - ing child a - long,
4. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With prayer, your constant guest;
The dew of prom-ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis-pense your hallowed lore.
Where peaceful con - gre - ga - tions kneel, And pi - ous teach-ers throng.
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love, A man-tle, round your breast.

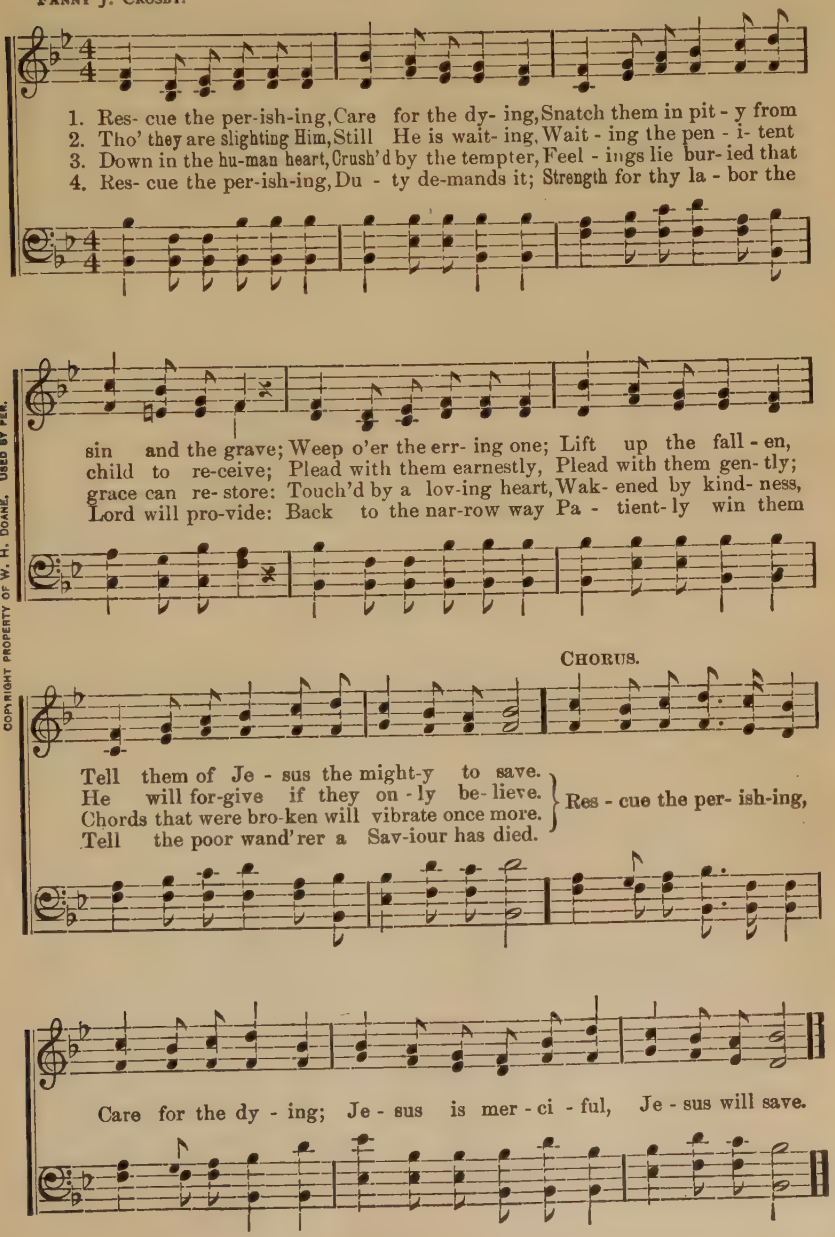
447 Denfield. C. M.

B. Beddome. Carl G. Glaser.


1. And must I part with all I have, My dear-est Lord, for Thee?
2. Yes, let it go; one look from Thee Will more than make a - mends
3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they ap - pear,
4. Sav - iour of souls, could I from Thee A sin - gle smile ob - tain,
It is but right, since Thou hast done Much more than this for me.
For all the loss - es I sus - tain Of hon - or, rich - es, friends.
Compared with Thee,—supremely good, Di - vine - ly bright and fair.
The loss of all things I could bear, And glo - ry in my gain.

Rescue the Perishing. P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res- cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy- ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait- ing, Wait - ing the pen - i- tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur- ied that
4. Res- cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err- ing one; Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen- tly;
grace can re- store: Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak- ened by kind- ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient- ly win them
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Chords that were bro-ken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died.
Res - cue the per- ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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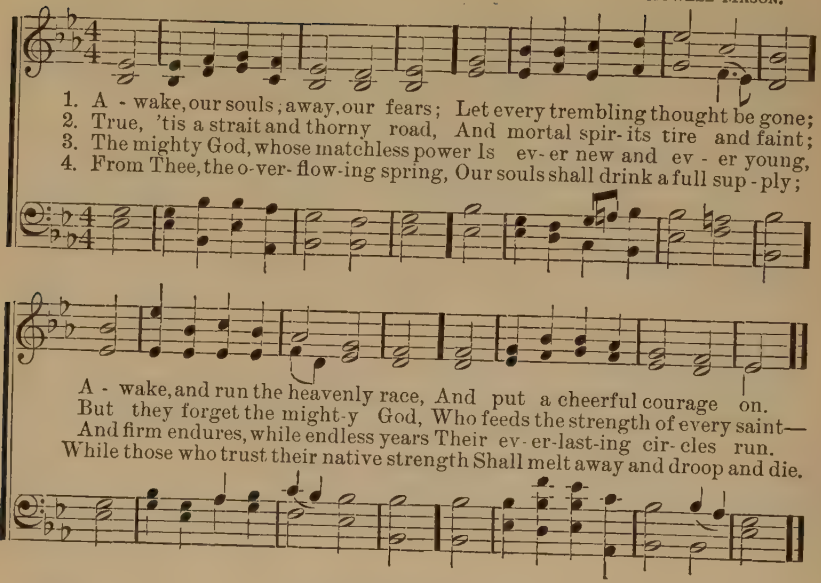
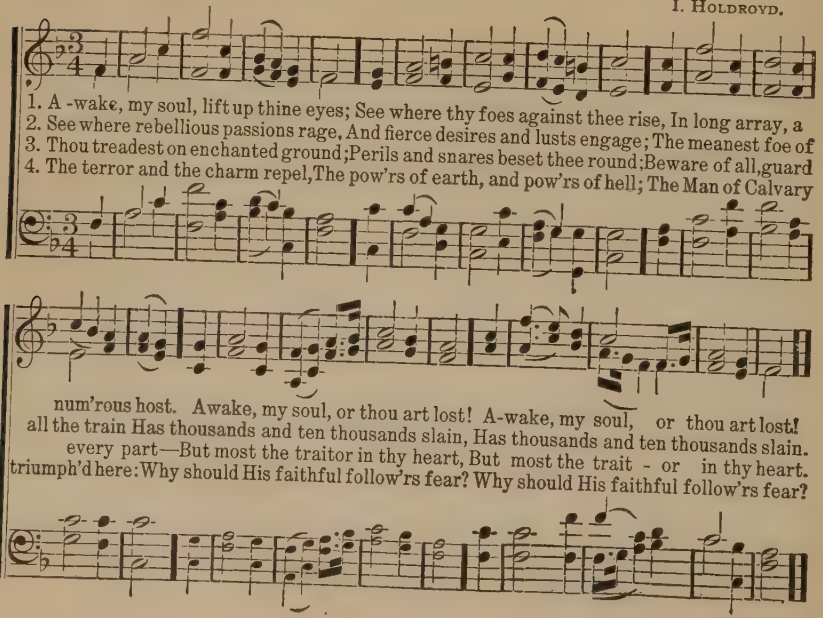
Uxbridge. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. A - wake, our souls; away, our fears; Let every trembling thought be gone;
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mortal spir- its tire and faint;
3. The mighty God, whose matchless power Is ev- er new and ev - er young,
4. From Thee, the o-ver- flow-ing spring, Our souls shall drink a full sup - ply;
A - wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
But they forget the might-y God, Who feeds the strength of every saint—
And firm endures, while endless years Their ev- er-last-ing cir- cles run.
While those who trust their native strength Shall melt away and droop and die.

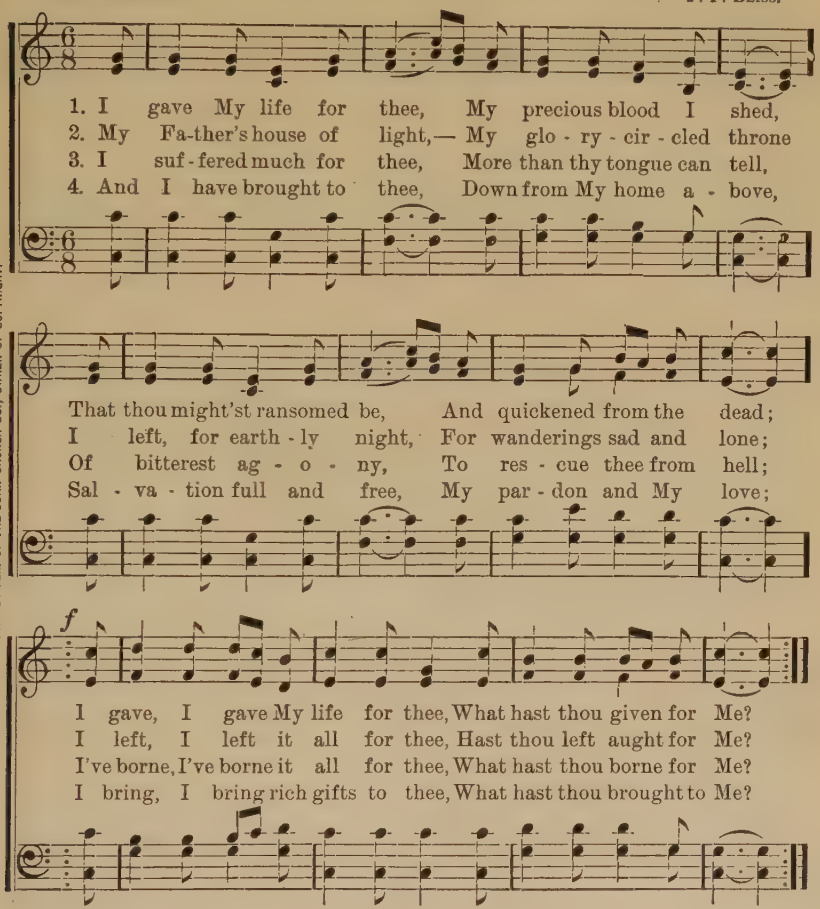
450 Rothwell. L. M.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. I. HOLDROYD.


1. A -wake, my soul, lift up thine eyes; See where thy foes against thee rise, In long array, a
2. See where rebellious passions rage, And fierce desires and lusts engage; The meanest foe of
3. Thou treadest on enchanted ground; Perils and snares beset thee round; Beware of all, guard
4. The terror and the charm repel, The pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell; The Man of Calvary
num'rous host. Awake, my soul, or thou art lost! A-wake, my soul, or thou art lost!
all the train Has thousands and ten thousands slain, Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
every part—But most the traitor in thy heart, But most the trait - or in thy heart.
triumph'd here: Why should His faithful follow'rs fear? Why should His faithful follow'rs fear?

What Hast Thou Done For Me?

F. R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.


1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wanderings sad and lone;
Of bitterest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

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L. M.

Tune:—Opposite page.

452

1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, His glorious power.

Philip Doddridge.

Will There Be Any Stars.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav - iour I stand: Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray; Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day, When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls.
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be - hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there be a - ny stars in my crown.

Chorus.

Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown, When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

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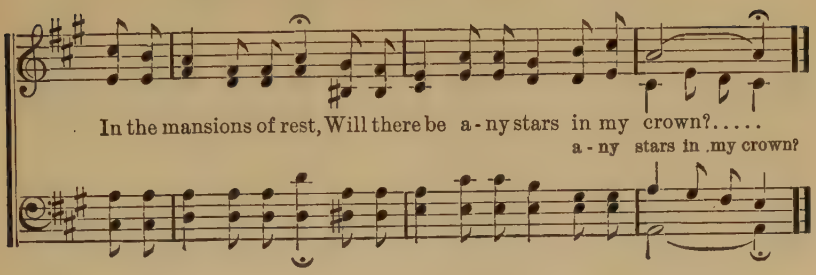
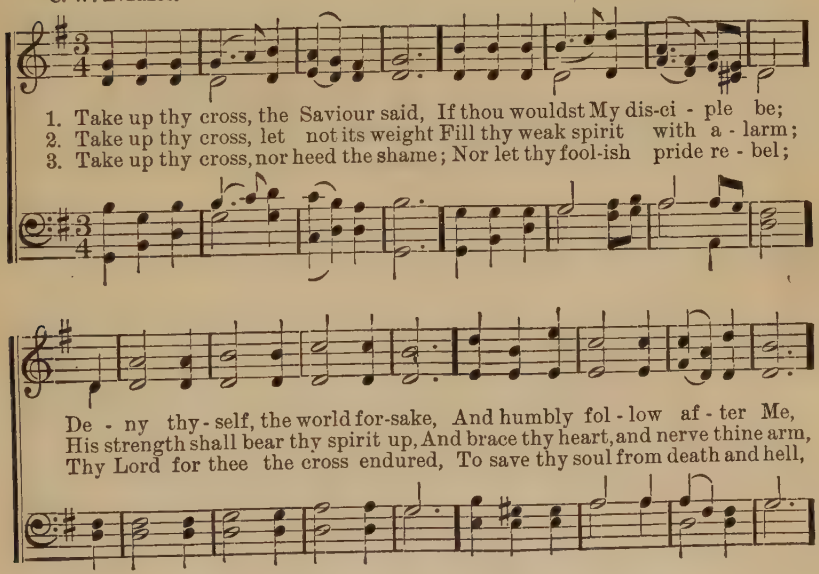
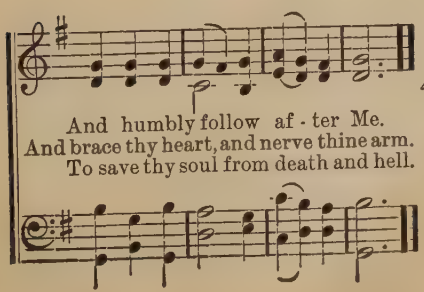
Will There be Any Stars.—*Concluded.*



Park Street. L. M. 454

C. W. Everest. F. M. A. Venua.


1. Take up thy cross, the Saviour said, If thou wouldst My dis-ci - ple be;
2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with a - larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy fool-ish pride re - bel;
De - ny thy - self, the world for-sake, And humbly fol - low af - ter Me,
His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm,
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured, To save thy soul from death and hell,



4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Gathering Gems for His Crown.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Gather- ing from each kin-dred and na - tion, Gath-er-ing from the
2. Gather- ing from the hedg- es and high-ways, Gath-er-ing from the
3. Gather- ing in the sin - ful and wea - ry, Out of a life un -
4. Gather- ing in the lost and transgress - ing, Gath-er-ing souls their

earth's wide cre - a - tion, Gath-er- ing in the heirs of sal - va - tion,
lanes and the by - ways, Gath-er- ing from the far and the nigh ways,
hap - py and drear - y, Un - to a life all sun-bright and cheer - y,
Sav - iour con - fess - ing, Gath-er- ing them to share heav-en's bless- ing,

CHORUS.

Gath-er - ing souls as gems for His crown. Gath-er-ing gems for the King's cor-o-

na-tion, Jewels of love from each kindred and na - tion, Gathering in the

heirs of sal - va - tion, Gathering beau-ti-ful gems for His crown.

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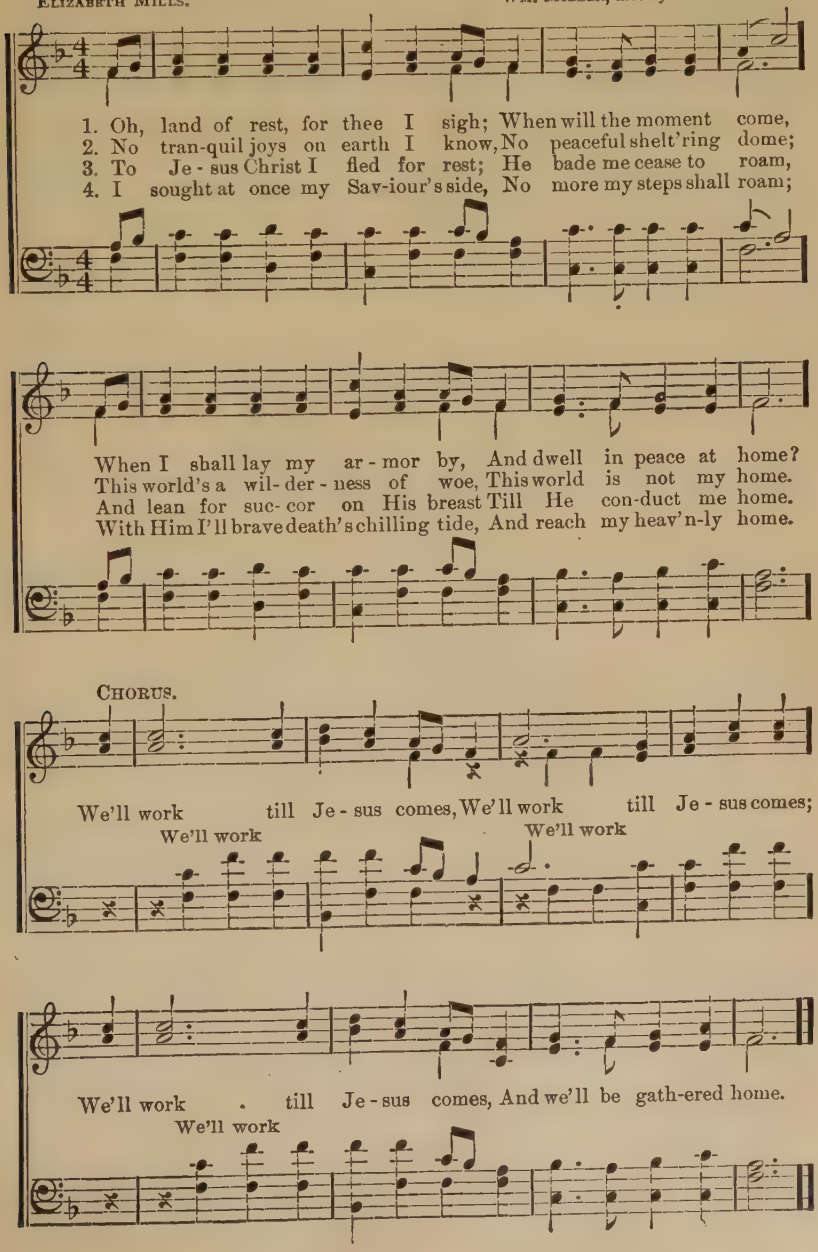
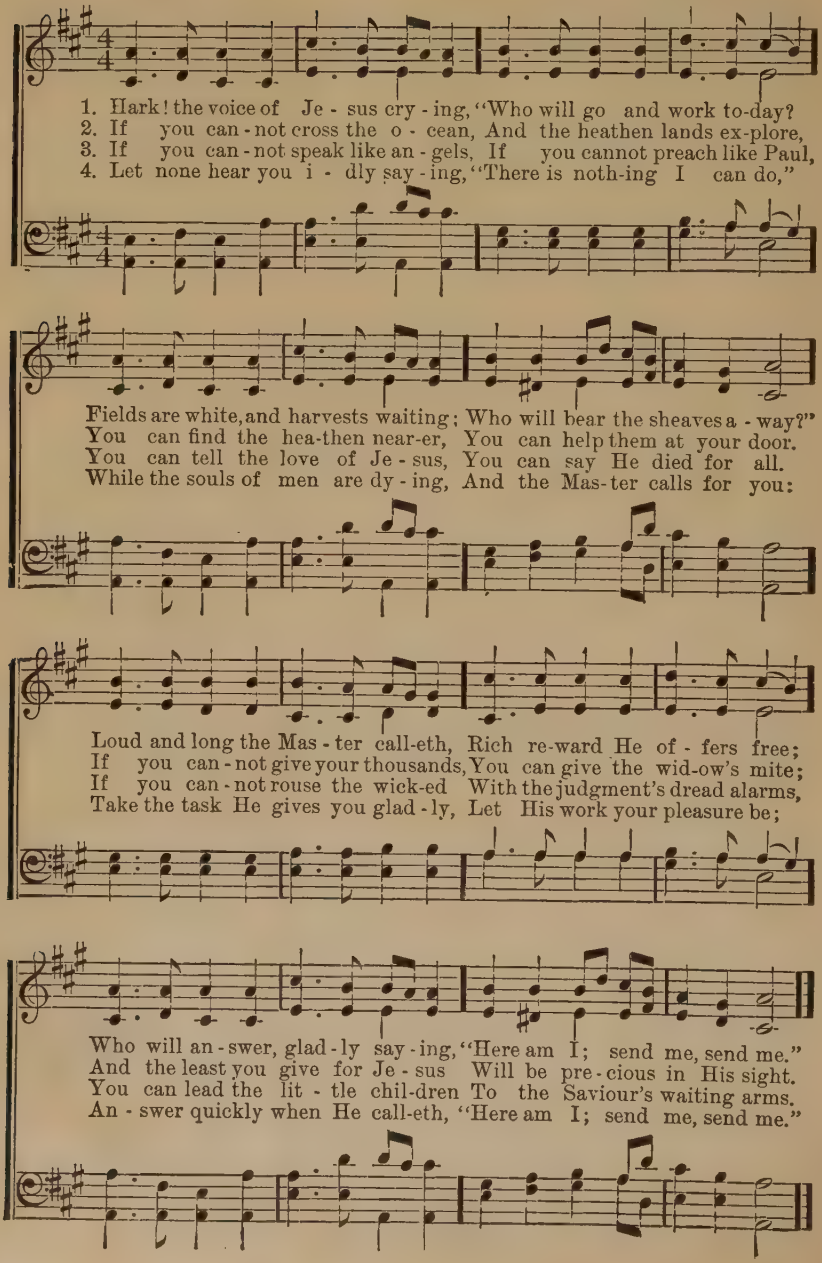
We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS. WM. MILLER, arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc- cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
CHORUS.
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work
We'll work
We'll work . till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

Disciple. 8s, 7s.

DANIEL MARCH. Fr. MOZART, by H. P. MAIN.


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore,
3. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you cannot preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth-ing I can do,"
Fields are white, and harvests waiting; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the hea-then near-er, You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you:
Loud and long the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the wid-ow's mite;
If you can - not rouse the wick-ed With the judgment's dread alarms,
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleasure be;
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me."
And the least you give for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
You can lead the lit - tle chil-dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
An - swer quickly when He call-eth, "Here am I; send me, send me."

Throw Out the Life-Line!

E. S. U. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin-ger so long; See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way! Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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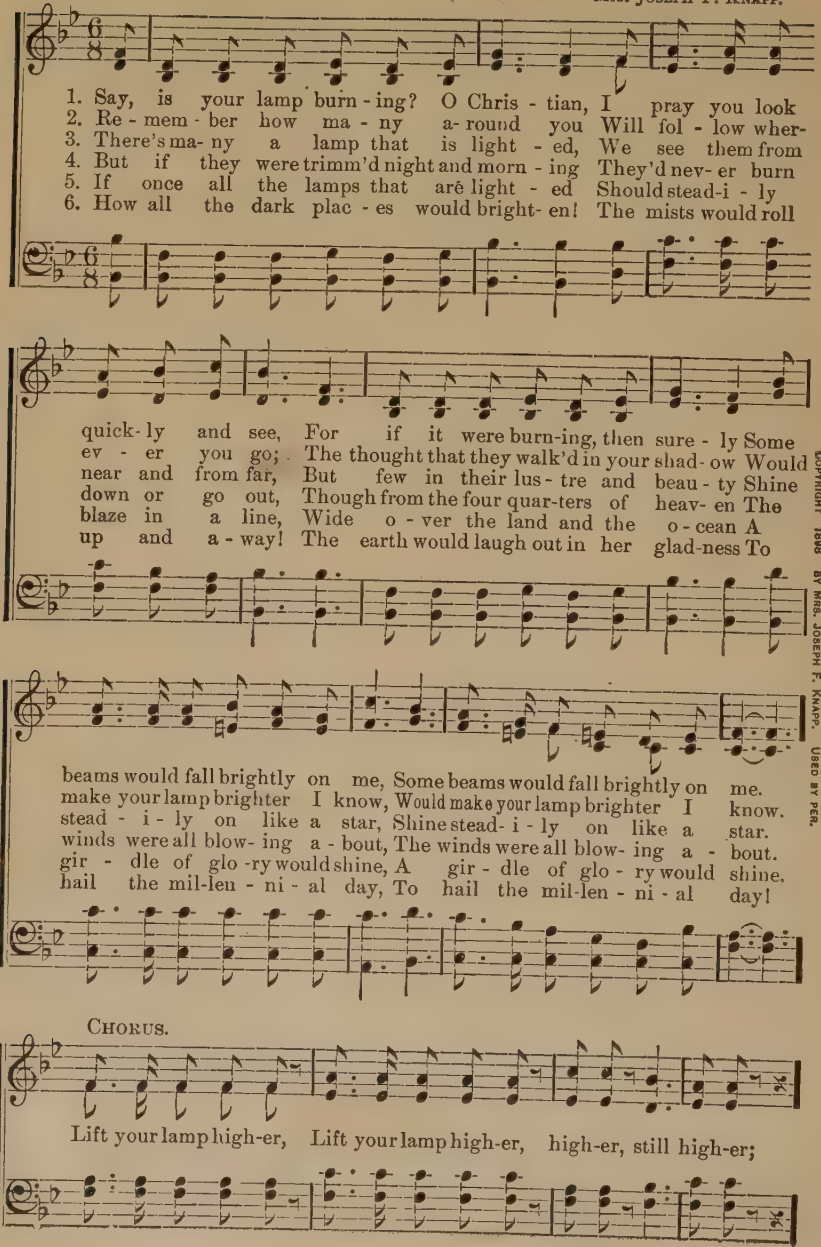
459

Is Your Lamp Burning?

E. M. H. GATES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Say, is your lamp burn - ing? O Chris - tian, I pray you look
2. Re - mem - ber how ma - ny a - round you Will fol - low wher-
3. There's ma - ny a lamp that is light - ed, We see them from
4. But if they were trimm'd night and morn - ing They'd nev- er burn
5. If once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead-i - ly
6. How all the dark plac - es would bright- en! The mists would roll
quick- ly and see, For if it were burn-ing, then sure - ly Some
ev - er you go; The thought that they walk'd in your shad- ow Would
near and from far, But few in their lus - tre and beau - ty Shine
down or go out, Though from the four quar-ters of heav- en The
blaze in a line, Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean A
up and a - way! The earth would laugh out in her glad-ness To
beams would fall brightly on me, Some beams would fall brightly on me.
make your lamp brighter I know, Would make your lamp brighter I know.
stead - i - ly on like a star, Shine stead- i - ly on like a star.
winds were all blow- ing a - bout, The winds were all blow- ing a - bout.
gir - dle of glo -ry would shine, A gir - dle of glo - ry would shine.
hail the mil-len - ni - al day, To hail the mil-len - ni - al day!
CHORUS.
Lift your lamp high-er, Lift your lamp high-er, high-er, still high-er;

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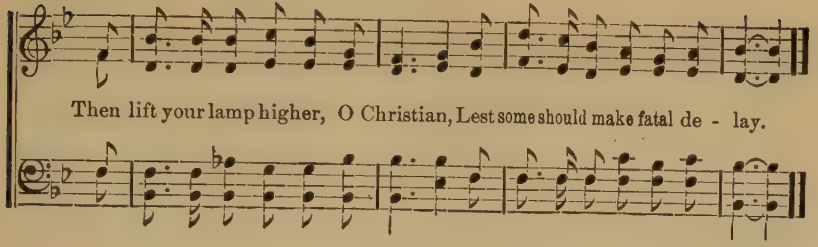
Is Your Lamp Burning?—*Concluded.*



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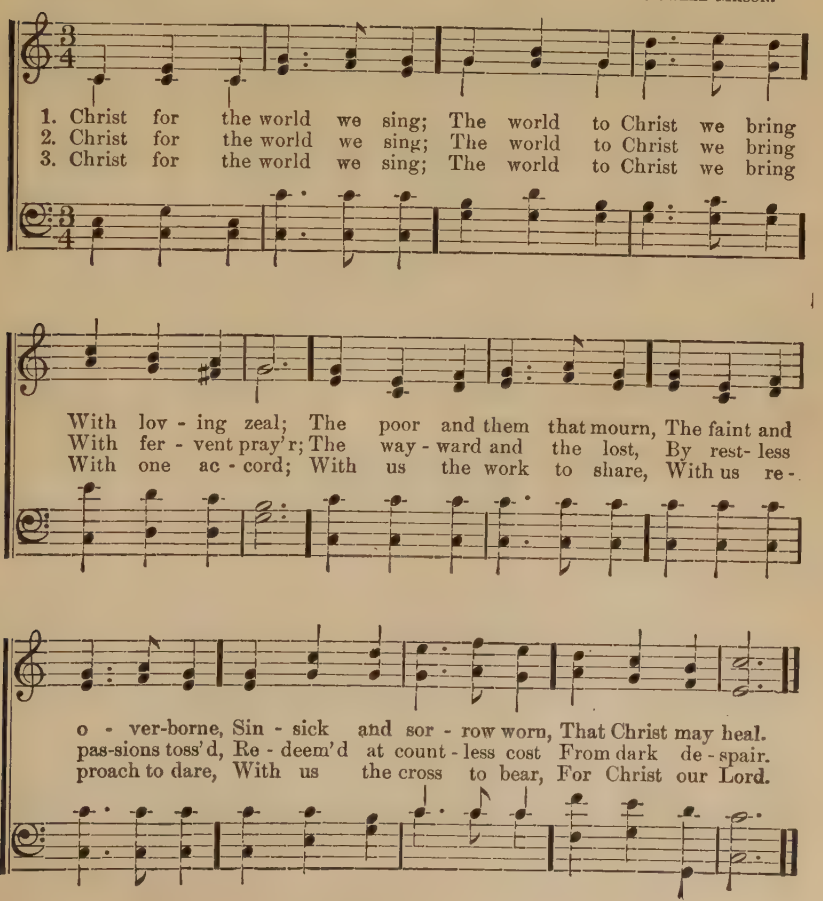
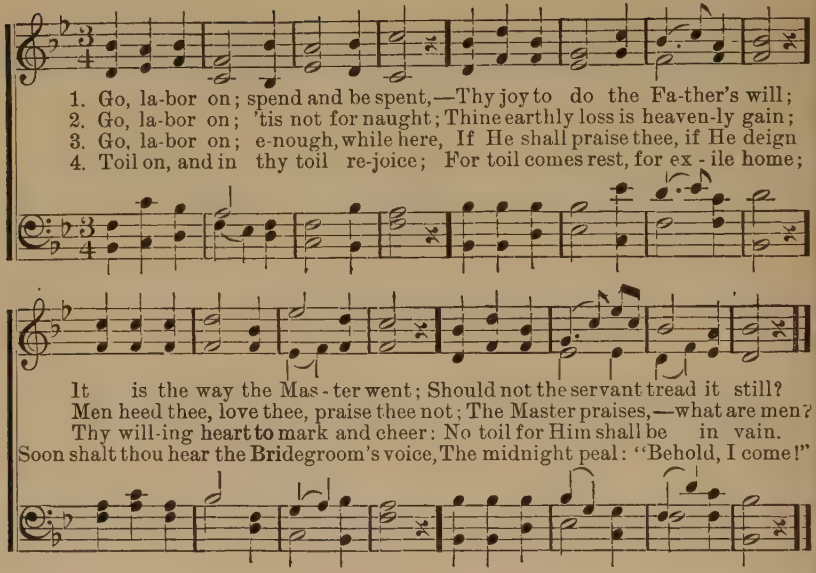
SAMUEL WOLCOTT. LOWELL MASON.


1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer - vent pray'r; The way - ward and the lost, By rest- less
With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row worn, That Christ may heal.
pas-sions toss'd, Re - deem'd at count - less cost From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.

461

Mendon. L. M.

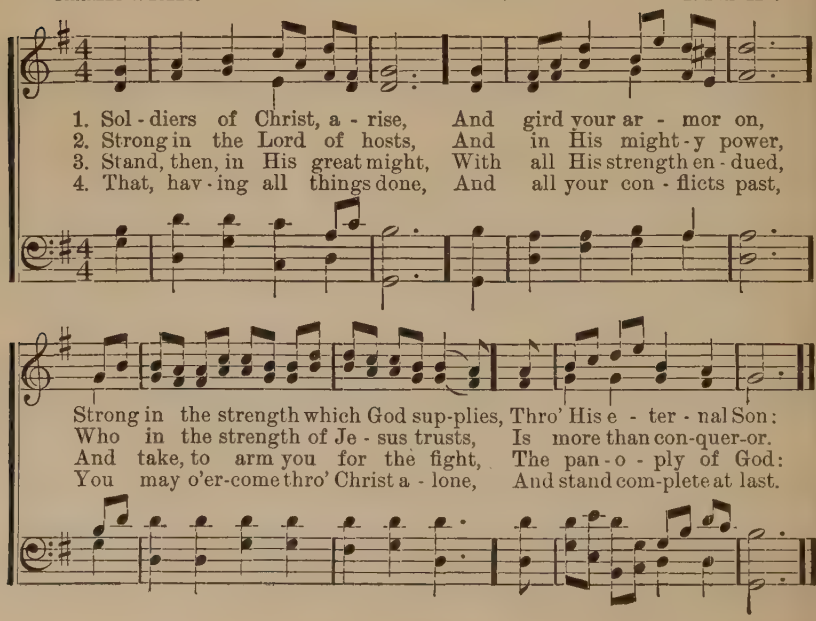
HORATIUS BONAR. LOWELL MASON.


1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
2. Go, la-bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heaven-ly gain;
3. Go, la-bor on; e-nough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice; For toil comes rest, for ex-ile home;
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises,—what are men?
Thy will-ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

462

Shirland. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. STANLEY.


1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And gird your ar-mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y power,
3. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en-dued,
4. That, hav-ing all things done, And all your con-flicts past,
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Thro' His e-ter-nal Son:
Who in the strength of Je-sus trusts, Is more than con-quer-or.
And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan-o-ply of God:
You may o'er-come thro' Christ a-lone, And stand com-plete at last.

VIII

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH

HER ORDINANCES, MISSION AND OCCASIONAL EXERCISES

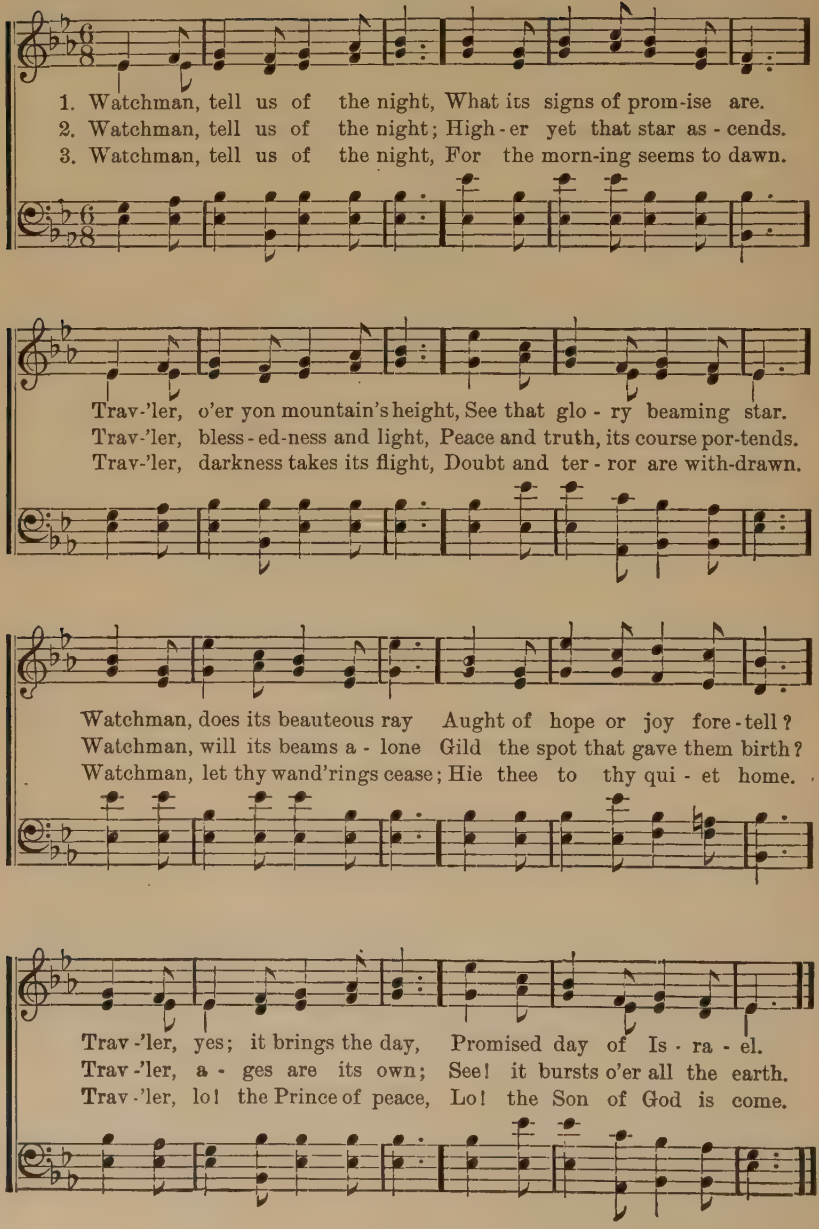
"I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked. I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord: that I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works. . . . My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the Lord." PSALM XXVI: 5–7, 12.

HYMNS 463–518

Watchman. 7s.

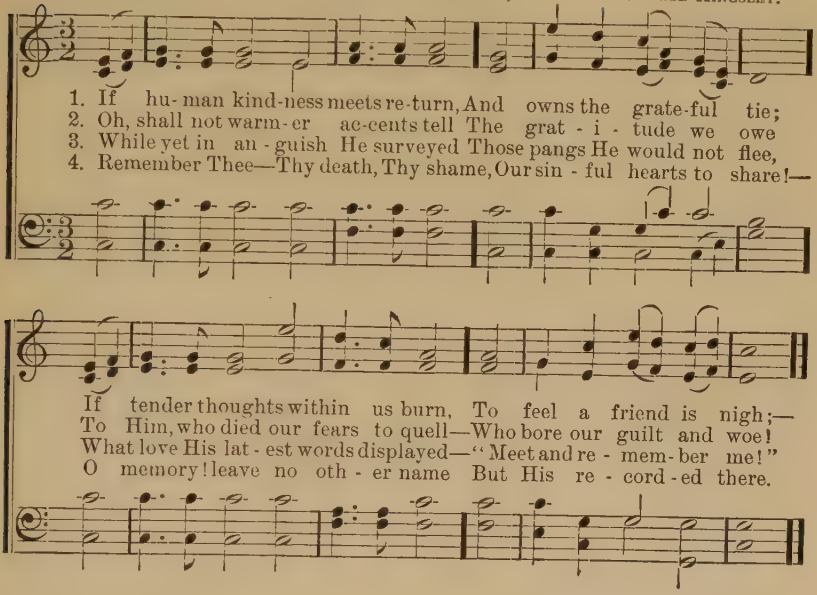
(MISSIONS.)

JOHN BOWRING. LOWELL MASON.


1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High-er yet that star as-cends.
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.
Trav-'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry beaming star.
Trav-'ler, bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends.
Trav-'ler, darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?
Watchman, will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home.
Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav-'ler, a-ges are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav-'ler, lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

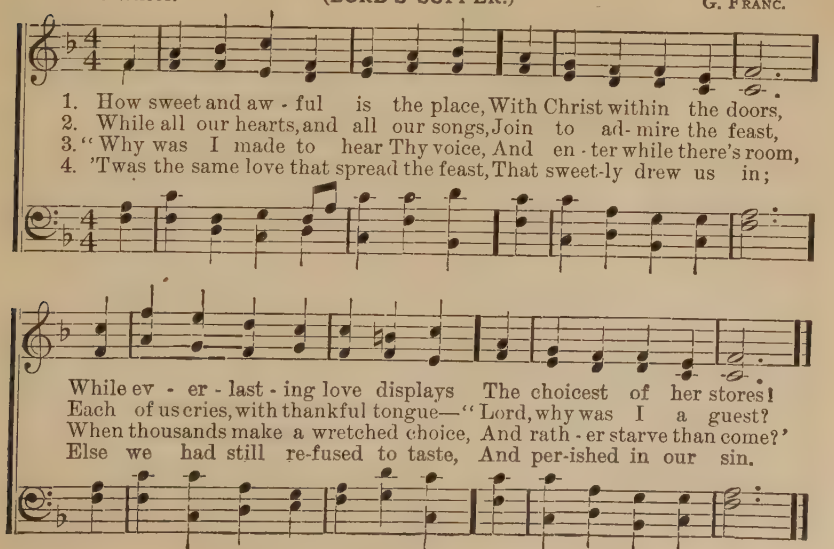
Heber. C. M.

G. T. Noel. (LORD'S SUPPER.) George Kingsley.


1. If hu-man kind-ness meets re-turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;
2. Oh, shall not warm-er ac-cents tell The grat-i-tude we owe
3. While yet in an-guish He surveyed Those pangs He would not flee,
4. Remember Thee—Thy death, Thy shame, Our sin-ful hearts to share!—
If tender thoughts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh;—
To Him, who died our fears to quell—Who bore our guilt and woe!
What love His lat-est words displayed—"Meet and re-mem-ber me!"
O memory! leave no oth-er name But His re-cord-ed there.

Dundee. C. M. 465

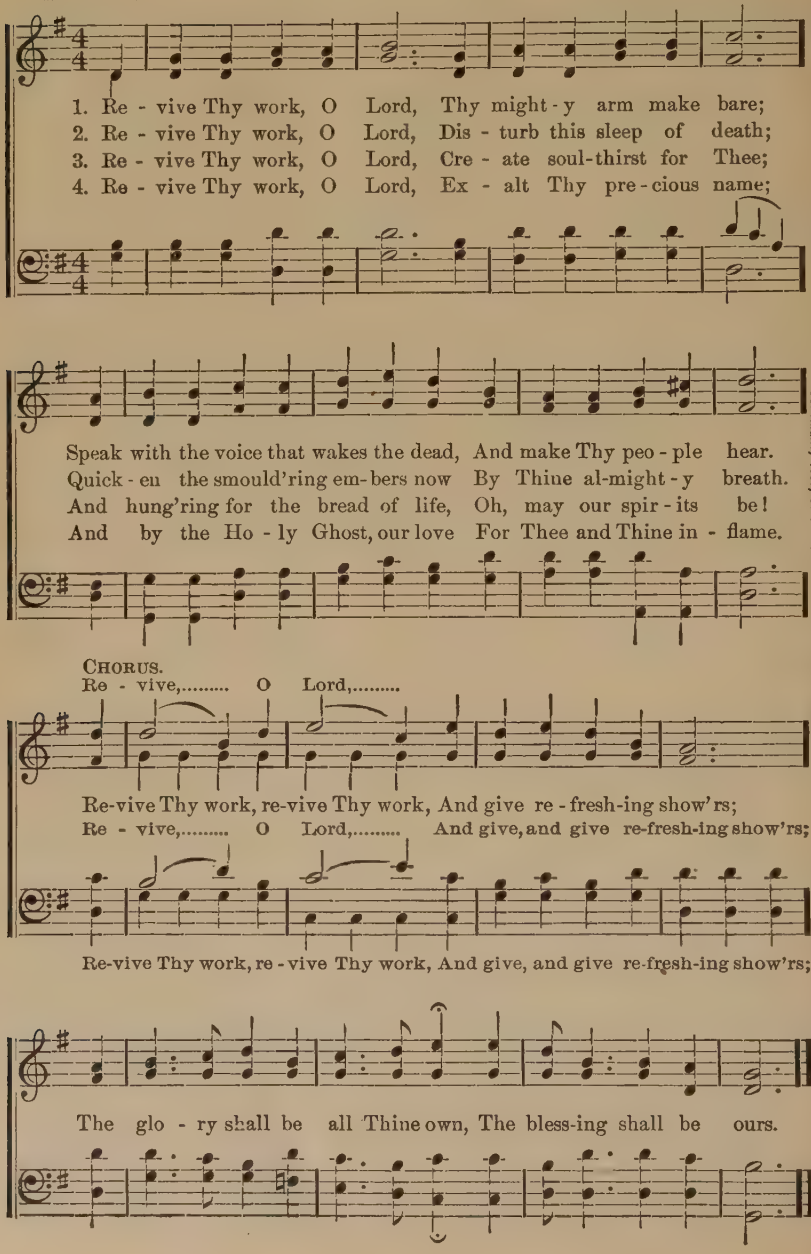
Isaac Watts. (LORD'S SUPPER.) G. Franc.


1. How sweet and aw-ful is the place, With Christ within the doors,
2. While all our hearts, and all our songs, Join to ad-mire the feast,
3. "Why was I made to hear Thy voice, And en-ter while there's room,
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweet-ly drew us in;
While ev-er-last-ing love displays The choicest of her stores!
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue—"Lord, why was I a guest?
When thousands make a wretched choice, And rath-er starve than come?'
Else we had still re-fused to taste, And per-ished in our sin.

466

Revive Thy Work.

A. MIDLANE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick - en the smould'ring em-bers now By Thine al-might - y breath.
And hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.
CHORUS.
Re - vive,..... O Lord,.....
Re-vive Thy work, re-vive Thy work, And give re - fresh-ing show'rs;
Re - vive,..... O Lord,..... And give, and give re-fresh-ing show'rs;
Re-vive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, And give, and give re-fresh-ing show'rs;
The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless-ing shall be ours.

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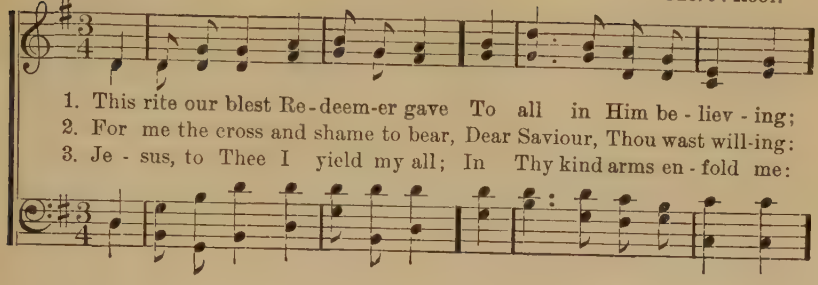
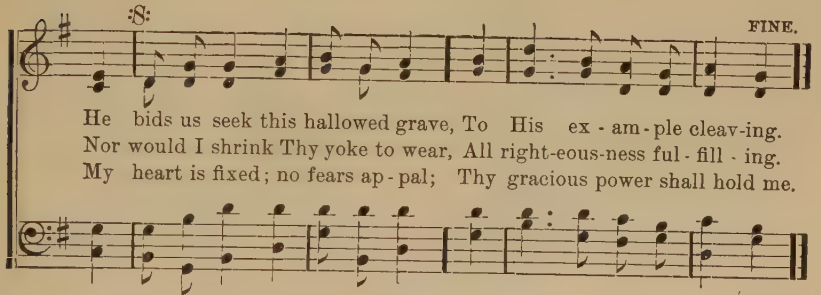
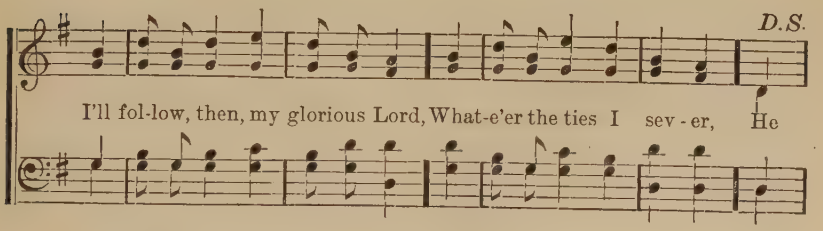
Shining Shore. 8s, 7s.

S. D. PHELPS. (BAPTISM.) GEO. F. ROOT.


1. This rite our blest Re-deem-er gave To all in Him be-liev-ing;
2. For me the cross and shame to bear, Dear Saviour, Thou wast will-ing:
3. Je-sus, to Thee I yield my all; In Thy kind arms en-fold me:


FINE.
He bids us seek this hallowed grave, To His ex-am-ple cleav-ing.
Nor would I shrink Thy yoke to wear, All right-eous-ness ful-fill-ing.
My heart is fixed; no fears ap-pal; Thy gracious power shall hold me.
D.S.—saved my soul, and left His word To guide me now and ev-er.



8s, 7s. 468

1 In silence of the lonely night,
I'll follow Thee, my Saviour;
And in the noontide's glaring light,
I'll follow Thee, my Saviour.

CHO.—I'll follow on, my gracious Lord,
In gladness or in sorrow,
Accept Thy grace, believe Thy word,
And trust Thee for the morrow.

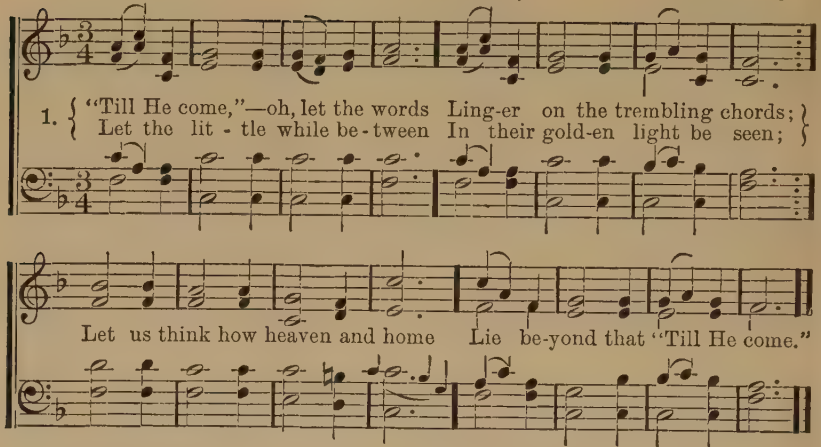
2 I'll leave Thee to mark out my way,
I'll follow Thee, my Saviour;
Thou canst not lead my steps astray,
I'll follow Thee, my Saviour.—CHO.

3 In singleness of heart and aim,
I'll follow Thee, my Saviour;
Rejoicing in Thy saving name,
I'll follow Thee, my Saviour.—CHO.

Lansing Burrows.

Aletta. 7s. 6 l.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. (LORD'S SUPPER.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

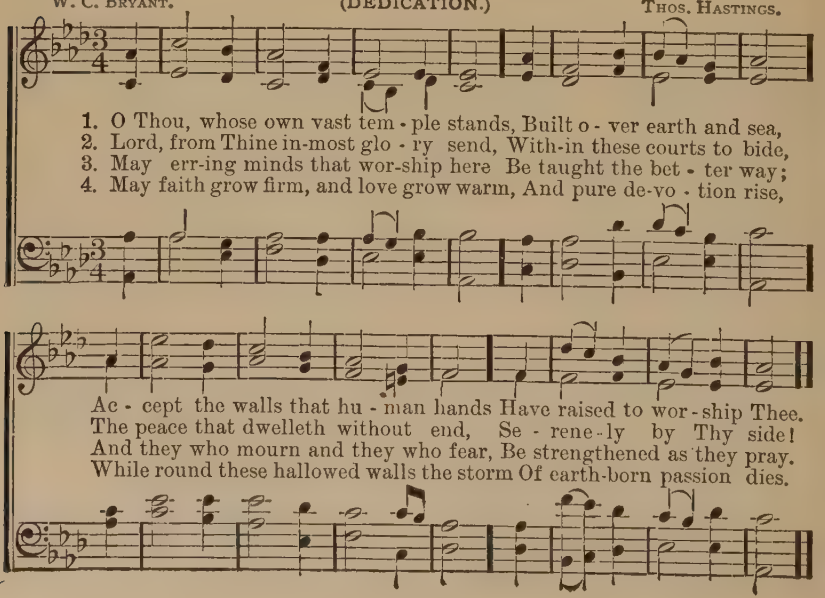

1. "Till He come,"—oh, let the words Ling-er on the trembling chords;
Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold-en light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some:
Severed only "Till He come."

470 Romberg. C. M.

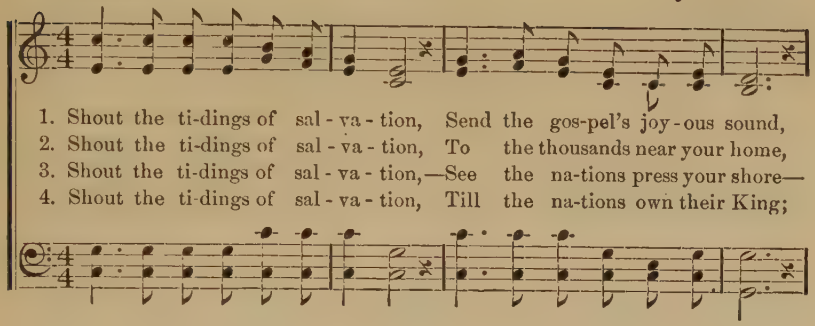
W. C. BRYANT. (DEDICATION.) THOS. HASTINGS.

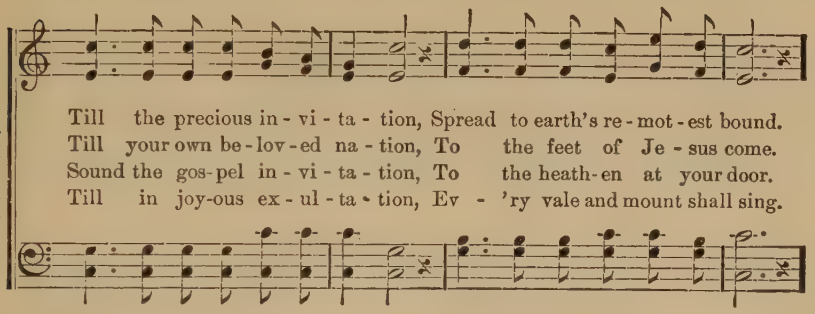

1. O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
2. Lord, from Thine in-most glo - ry send, With-in these courts to bide,
3. May err-ing minds that wor-ship here Be taught the bet - ter way;
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure de-vo - tion rise,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee.
The peace that dwelleth without end, Se - rene - ly by Thy side!
And they who mourn and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.
While round these hallowed walls the storm Of earth-born passion dies.

Shout the Tidings. P. M.

(MISSIONS.)

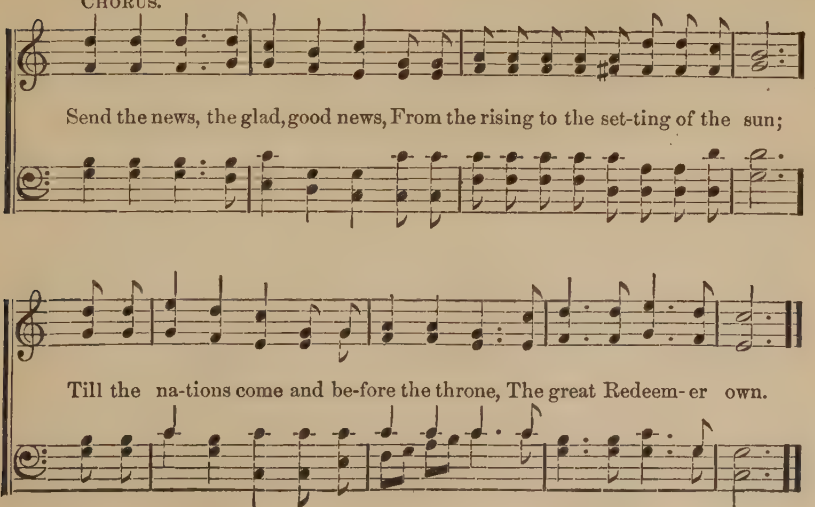
S. M. Brown. J. M. Hunt.


1. Shout the ti-dings of sal-va-tion, Send the gos-pel's joy-ous sound,
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal-va-tion, To the thousands near your home,
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal-va-tion,—See the na-tions press your shore—
4. Shout the ti-dings of sal-va-tion, Till the na-tions own their King;


Till the precious in-vi-ta-tion, Spread to earth's re-mot-est bound.
Till your own be-lov-ed na-tion, To the feet of Je-sus come.
Sound the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion, To the heath-en at your door.
Till in joy-ous ex-ul-ta-tion, Ev-'ry vale and mount shall sing.

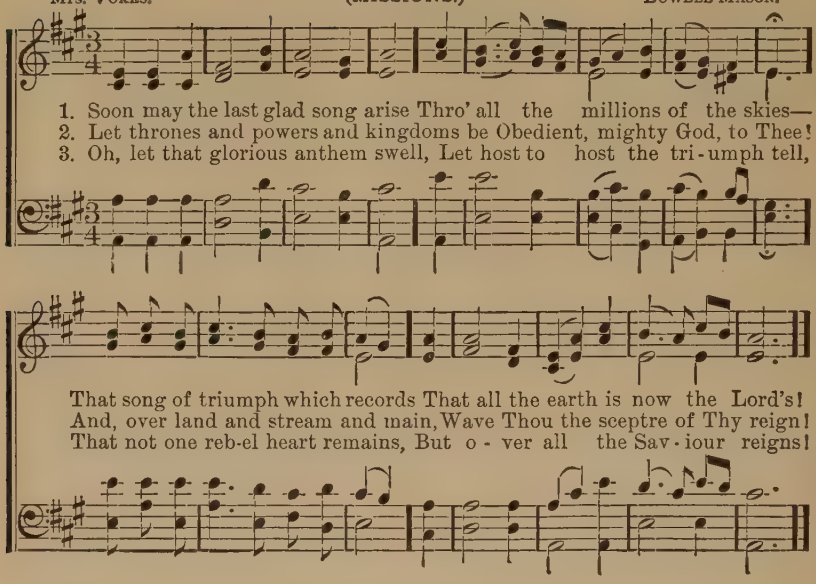
USED BY PERMISSION.

CHORUS.


Send the news, the glad, good news, From the rising to the set-ting of the sun;
Till the na-tions come and be-fore the throne, The great Redeem-er own.

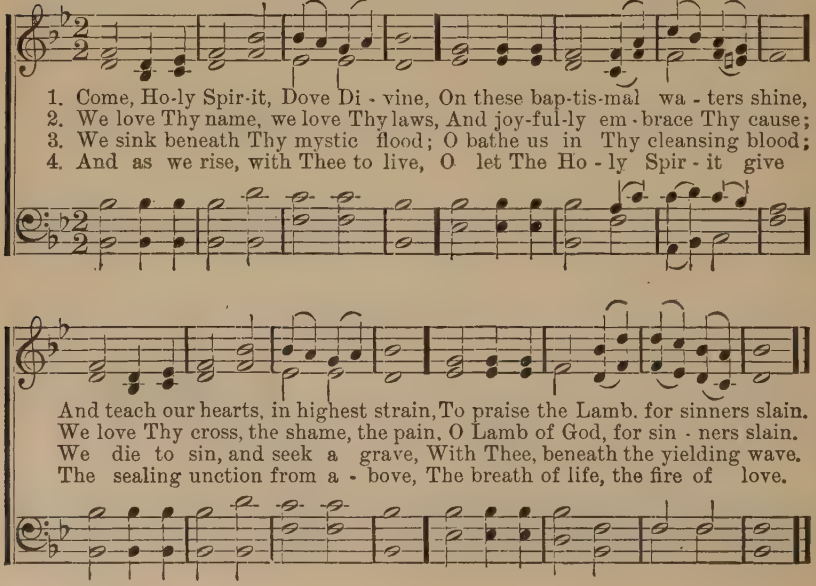
Migdol. L. M.

Mrs. Vokes. (MISSIONS.) Lowell Mason.


1. Soon may the last glad song arise Thro' all the millions of the skies—
2. Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
3. Oh, let that glorious anthem swell, Let host to host the tri-umph tell,
That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's!
And, over land and stream and main, Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!
That not one reb-el heart remains, But o-ver all the Sav-iour reigns!

473 Ernan. L. M.

Adoniram Judson. (BAPTISM.) Lowell Mason.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Dove Di-vine, On these bap-tis-mal wa-ters shine,
2. We love Thy name, we love Thy laws, And joy-ful-ly em-brace Thy cause;
3. We sink beneath Thy mystic flood; O bathe us in Thy cleansing blood;
4. And as we rise, with Thee to live, O let The Ho-ly Spir-it give
And teach our hearts, in highest strain, To praise the Lamb. for sinners slain.
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain.
We die to sin, and seek a grave, With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.
The sealing unction from a-bove, The breath of life, the fire of love.

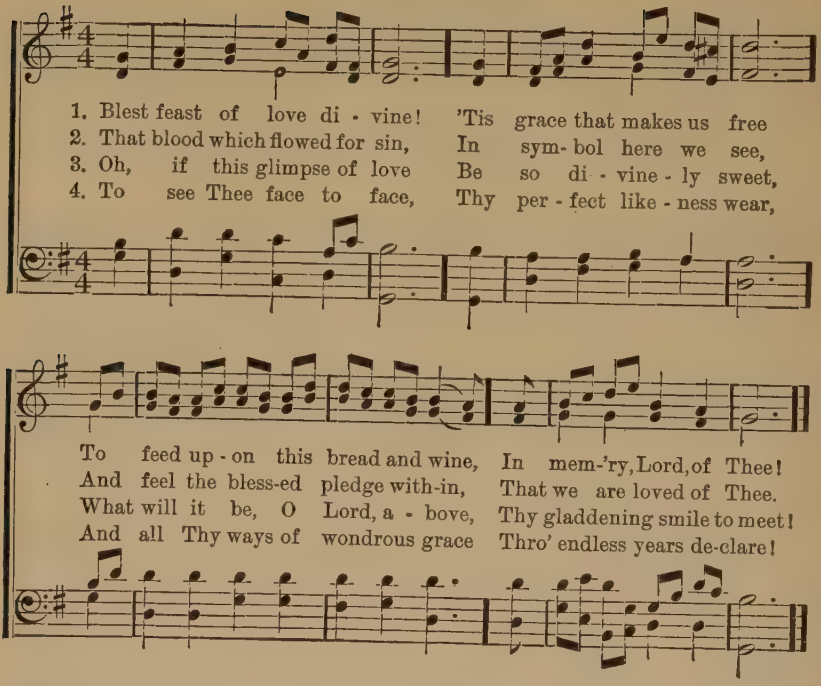
Bealoth. S. M.

T. DWIGHT. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode;
2. If e'er to bless Thy sons My voice or hands de - ny,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'r as - cend;
4. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav-iour and our King,
The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood,
These hands let use - ful skill for-sake, This voice in si - lence die.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end,
Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liver-ance bring.
I love Thy Church, O God: Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
If e'er my heart for - get Her wel - fare, or her woe,
Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
Let ev - 'ry joy this heart for-sake And ev - 'ry grief o'er - flow.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

Shirland. S. M.

Anon. (LORD'S SUPPER.) S. STANLEY.


1. Blest feast of love di - vine! 'Tis grace that makes us free
2. That blood which flowed for sin, In sym- bol here we see,
3. Oh, if this glimpse of love Be so di - vine - ly sweet,
4. To see Thee face to face, Thy per - fect like - ness wear,
To feed up - on this bread and wine, In mem-'ry, Lord, of Thee!
And feel the bless-ed pledge with-in, That we are loved of Thee.
What will it be, O Lord, a - bove, Thy gladdening smile to meet!
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace Thro' endless years de-clare!

476 S. M.

(BAPTISM.)

1 Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And He who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed His head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade His ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 On Thee, on Thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O Thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

4 We trust Thy sacrifice;
To Thy dear cross we flee;
O may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in Thee.

S. F. Smith.

477 S. M.

(MISSIONS.)

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

H. B. Johns

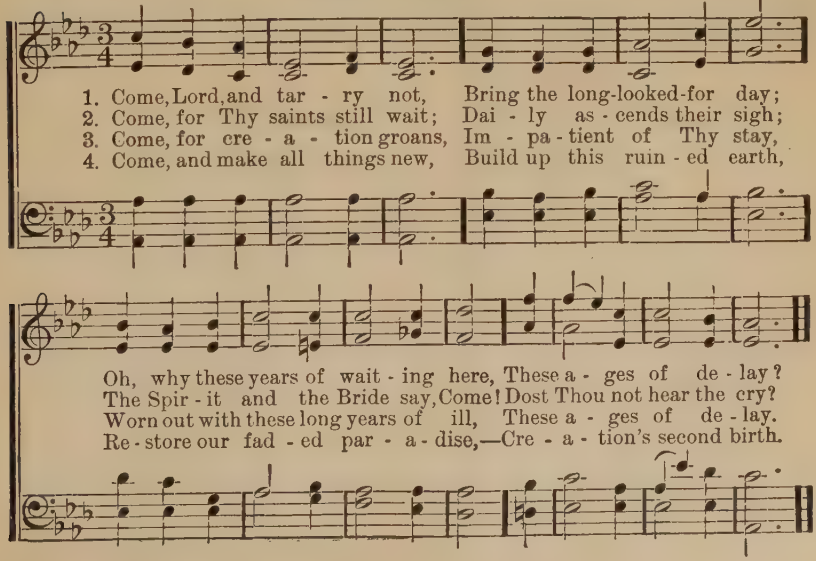
St. Thomas. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. (DEDICATION.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;
2. In Zi - on God is known A ref - uge in dis - tress;
3. Oft have our fa - thers told, Our eyes have of - ten seen,
4. In ev - ery new dis - tress We'll to His house re - pair,
He makes His churches His a - bode, His most de - light-ful seat.
How bright has His sal - va - tion shone Thro' all her pal - a - ces!
How well our God se - cures the fold Where His own sheep have been.
We'll think up - on His wondrous grace, And seek de - liv-'rance there.

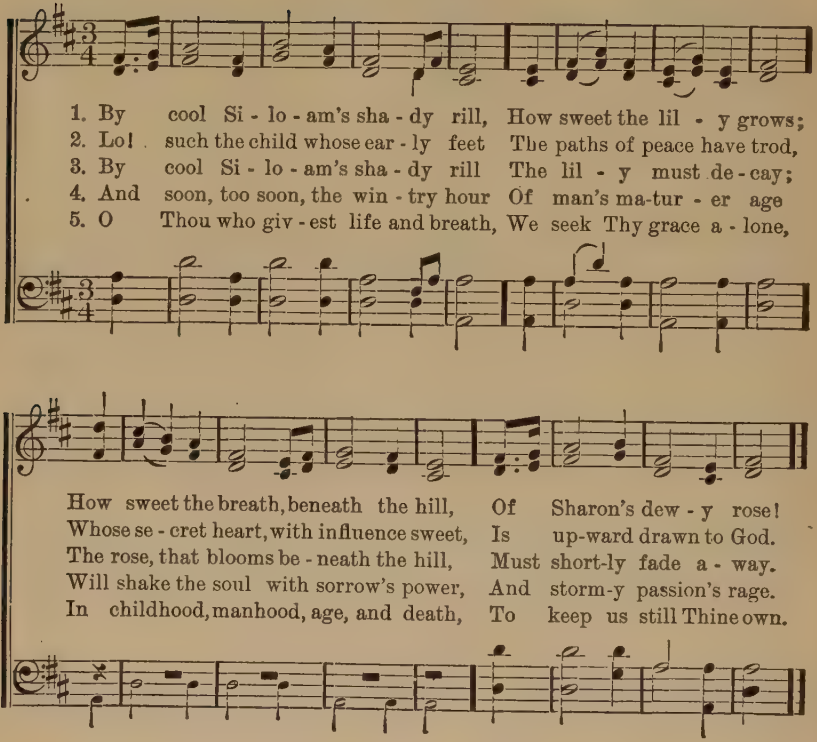
Greenwood. S. M. 479

HORATIUS BONAR. (SECOND COMING.) J. E. SWEETSER.


1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long-looked-for day;
2. Come, for Thy saints still wait; Dai - ly as - cends their sigh;
3. Come, for cre - a - tion groans, Im - pa - tient of Thy stay,
4. Come, and make all things new, Build up this ruin - ed earth,
Oh, why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay?
The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come! Dost Thou not hear the cry?
Worn out with these long years of ill, These a - ges of de - lay.
Re - store our fad - ed par - a - dise,—Cre - a - tion's second birth.

Siloam. C. M.

R. Heber. (CHILDREN.) I. B. Woodbury.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the lil - y grows;
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma-tur - er age
5. O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
The rose, that blooms be - neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power, And storm-y passion's rage.
In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

481 C. M.

(BAPTISM.)

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views Him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds Him rise.

2 Thus do His willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in His footsteps tread,
And would His cause maintain,—
Like Him be numbered with the dead,
And with Him rise and reign.

B. Beddome.

482 C. M.

(LORD'S SUPPER.)

1 Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

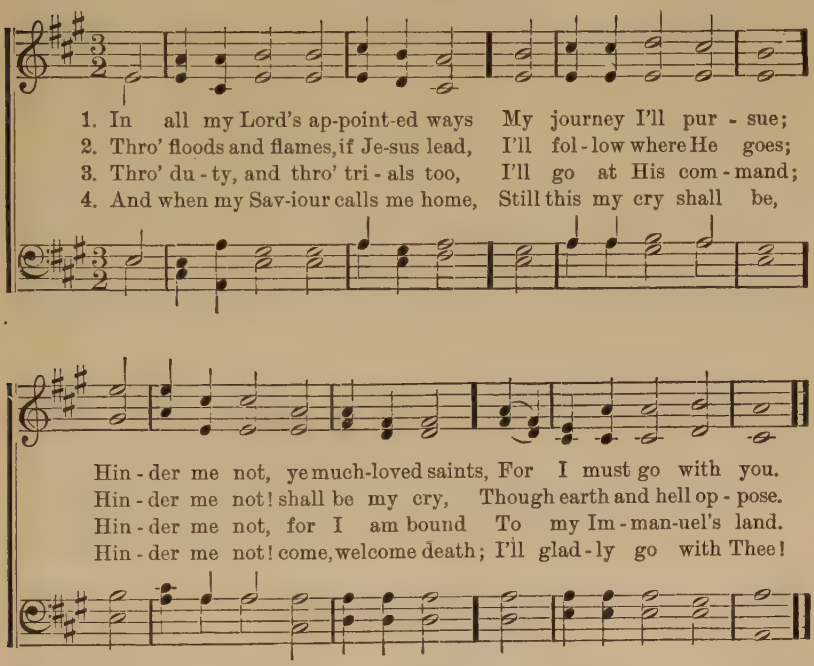
2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour,—so divine;
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to Thine.

Samuel Stennett.

Denfield. C. M.

JOHN RYLAND. (BAPTISM.) CARL. G. GLASER.


1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways My journey I'll pur - sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
3. Thro' du - ty, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His com - mand;
4. And when my Sav-iour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,
Hin - der me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
Hin - der me not! shall be my cry, Though earth and hell op - pose.
Hin - der me not, for I am bound To my Im - man-uel's land.
Hin - der me not! come, welcome death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee!

C. M. 484

(FELLOWSHIP.)

1 Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord.

2 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O Thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

3 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

4 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

Samuel F. Smith.

C. M. 485

(NEW YEAR.)

1 Our Father! through the coming year,
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to Thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

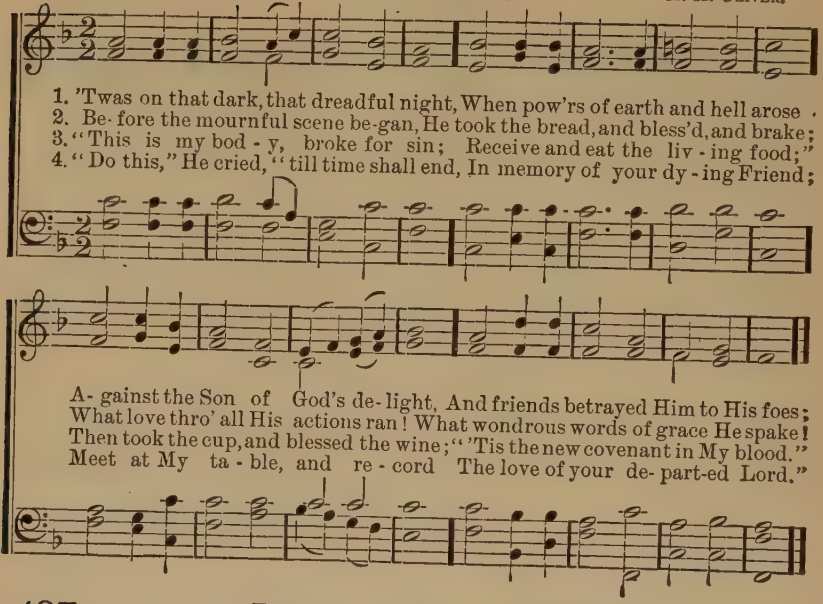
3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art Perfect Love.

Wm. Gaskell.

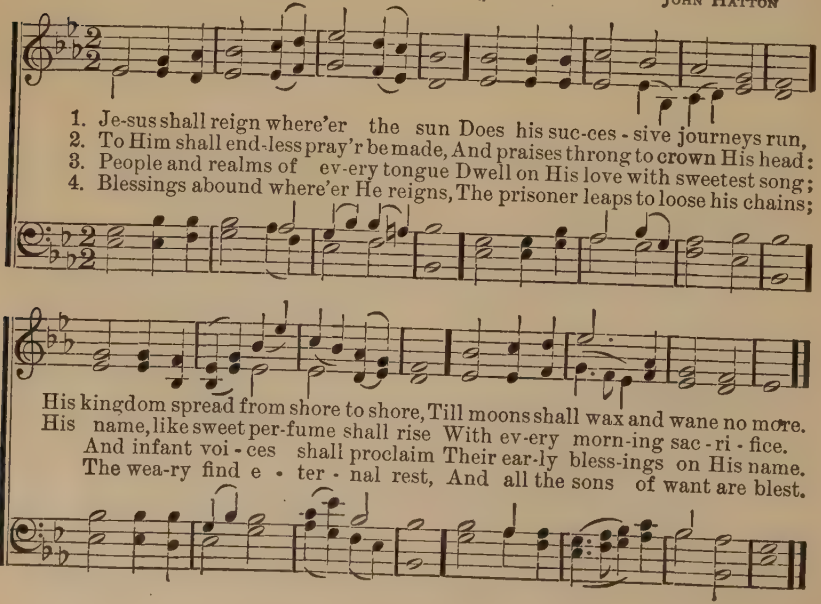
Federal Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. (LORD'S SUPPER.) H. K. OLIVER.


1. 'Twas on that dark, that dreadful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
2. Be- fore the mournful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
3. "This is my bod - y, broke for sin; Receive and eat the liv - ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In memory of your dy - ing Friend;
A- gainst the Son of God's de- light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes;
What love thro' all His actions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in My blood."
Meet at My ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de- part-ed Lord."

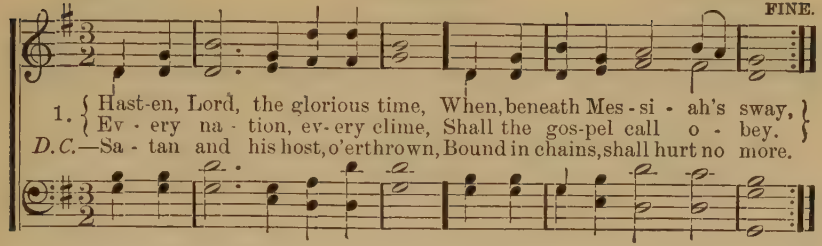
487 Duke Street. L. M.

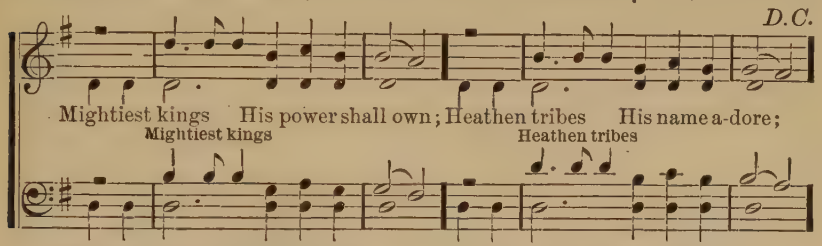
ISAAC WATTS. (MISSIONS.) JOHN HATTON


1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive journeys run,
2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head:
3. People and realms of ev-ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns, The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-ery morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And infant voi - ces shall proclaim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

Eltham. 7s.

H. AUBER. (MISSIONS.) LOWELL MASON.


FINE.
1. { Hast-en, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes - si - ah's sway, }
{ Ev - ery na - tion, ev-ery clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey. }
D.C.—Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

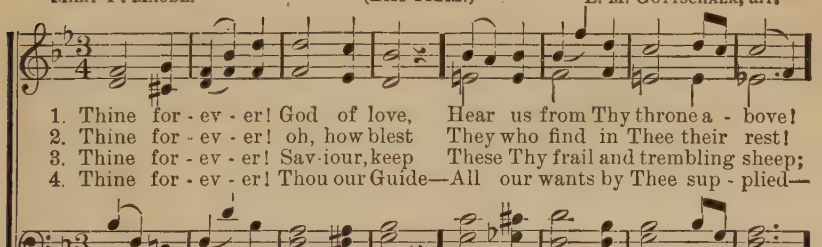


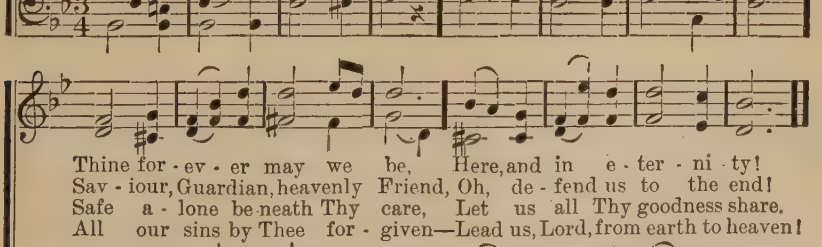
2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we then our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Last Hope. 7s. 489

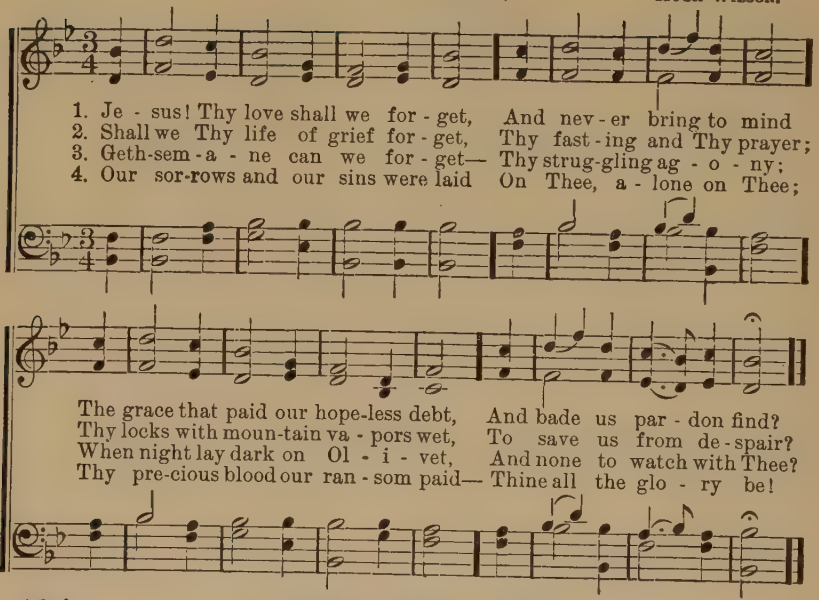
MARY F. MAUDE. (BAPTISM.) L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr.


1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove!
2. Thine for - ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
3. Thine for - ev - er! Sav-iour, keep These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide—All our wants by Thee sup - plied—


Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty!
Sav - iour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, Oh, de - fend us to the end!
Safe a - lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.
All our sins by Thee for - given—Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

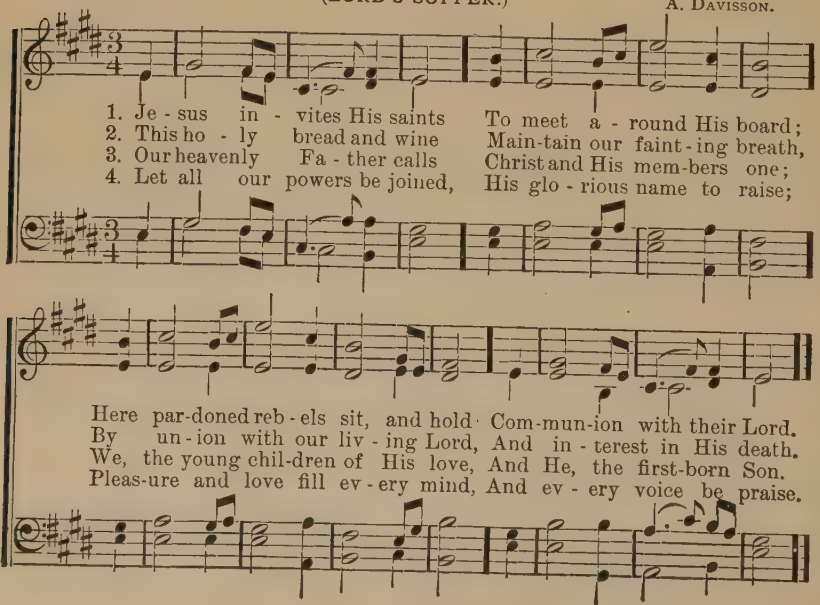
Balerma. C. M.

W. MITCHELL. (LORD'S SUPPER.) HUGH WILSON.


1. Je - sus! Thy love shall we for - get, And nev - er bring to mind
2. Shall we Thy life of grief for - get, Thy fast - ing and Thy prayer;
3. Geth-sem - a - ne can we for - get— Thy strug-gling ag - o - ny;
4. Our sor-rows and our sins were laid On Thee, a - lone on Thee;
The grace that paid our hope-less debt, And bade us par - don find?
Thy locks with moun-tain va - pors wet, To save us from de - spair?
When night lay dark on Ol - i - vet, And none to watch with Thee?
Thy pre-cious blood our ran - som paid— Thine all the glo - ry be!

491 Golden Hill. S. M.

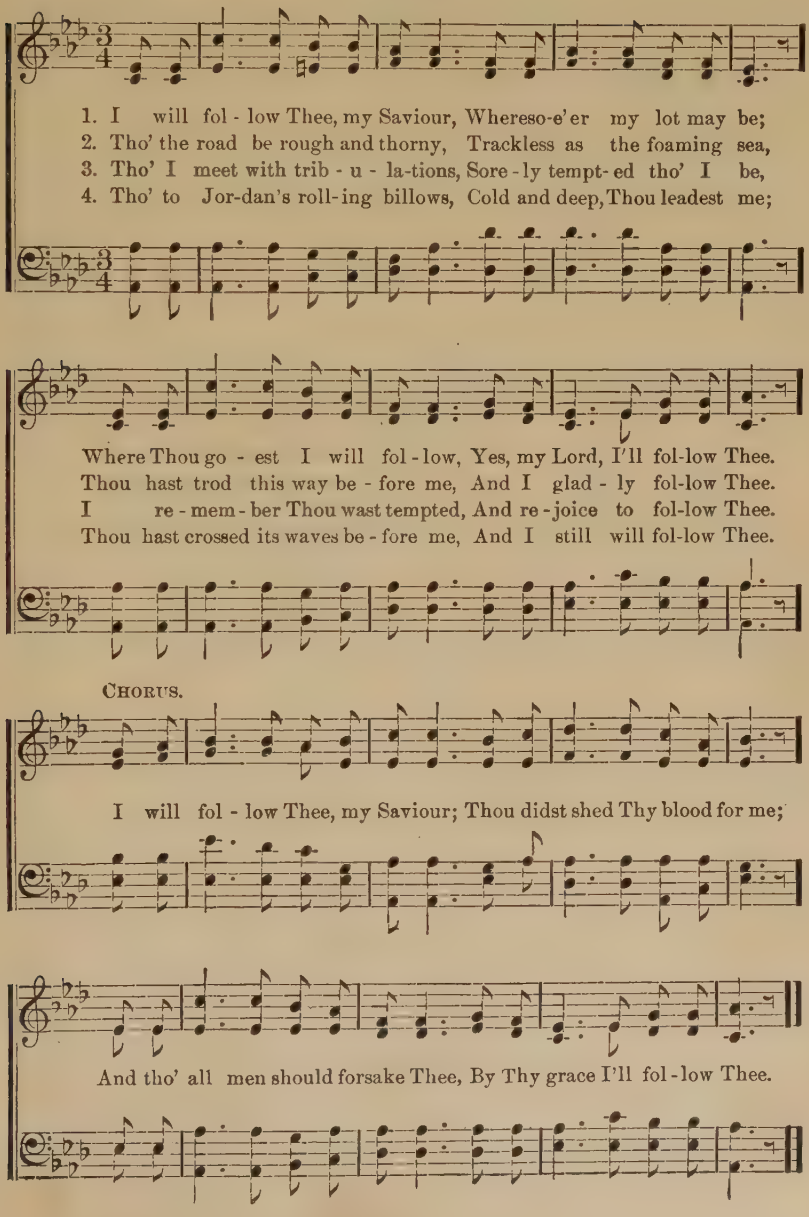
ISAAC WATTS. (LORD'S SUPPER.) A. DAVISSON.


1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round His board;
2. This ho - ly bread and wine Main-tain our faint - ing breath,
3. Our heavenly Fa - ther calls Christ and His mem-bers one;
4. Let all our powers be joined, His glo - rious name to raise;
Here par-doned reb - els sit, and hold Com-mun-ion with their Lord.
By un - ion with our liv - ing Lord, And in - terest in His death.
We, the young chil-dren of His love, And He, the first-born Son.
Pleas-ure and love fill ev - ery mind, And ev - ery voice be praise.

I Will Follow Thee. 8s, 7s.

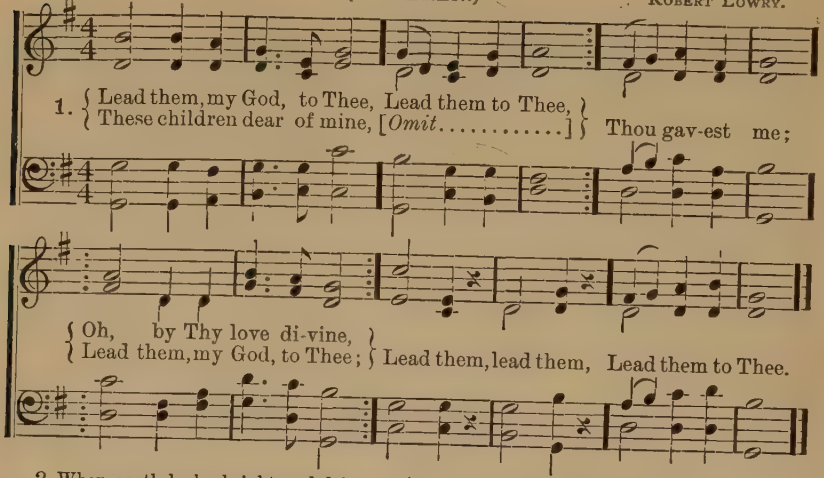
(BAPTISM.)

J. LAWSON. JAMES LAWSON.


1. I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour, Whereso-e'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la-tions, Sore - ly tempt- ed tho' I be,
4. Tho' to Jor-dan's roll-ing billows, Cold and deep, Thou leadest me;
Where Thou go - est I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low Thee.
Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I glad - ly fol-low Thee.
I re - mem - ber Thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol-low Thee.
Thou hast crossed its waves be - fore me, And I still will fol-low Thee.
CHORUS.
I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol - low Thee.

Lead Them, My God, to Thee. 6s, 4s.

Anon. (CHILDREN.) ROBERT LOWRY.


1. { Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee, }
{ These children dear of mine, [Omit.....] } Thou gav-est me;
{ Oh, by Thy love di-vine, }
{ Lead them, my God, to Thee; } Lead them, lead them, Lead them to Thee.

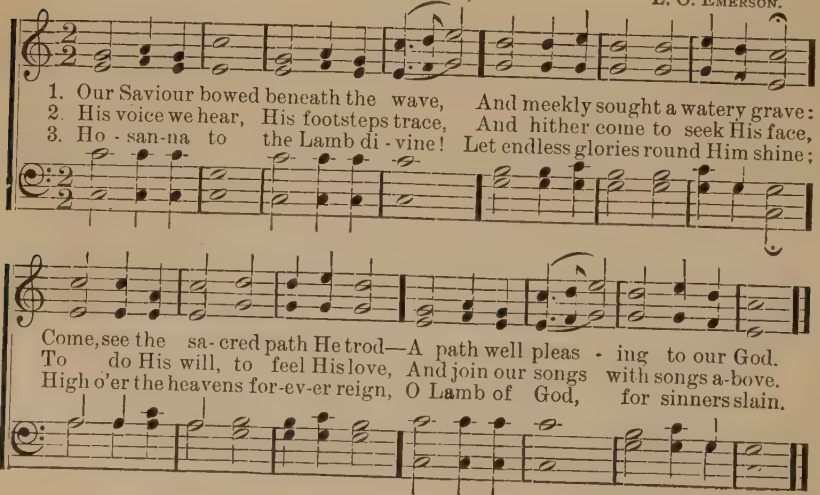
2 When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to Thee.

3 E'en for such little ones
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled;
Oh, for His sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to Thee.

4 Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That Thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;
Oh, take their young hearts now,
Lead them, my God, to Thee.

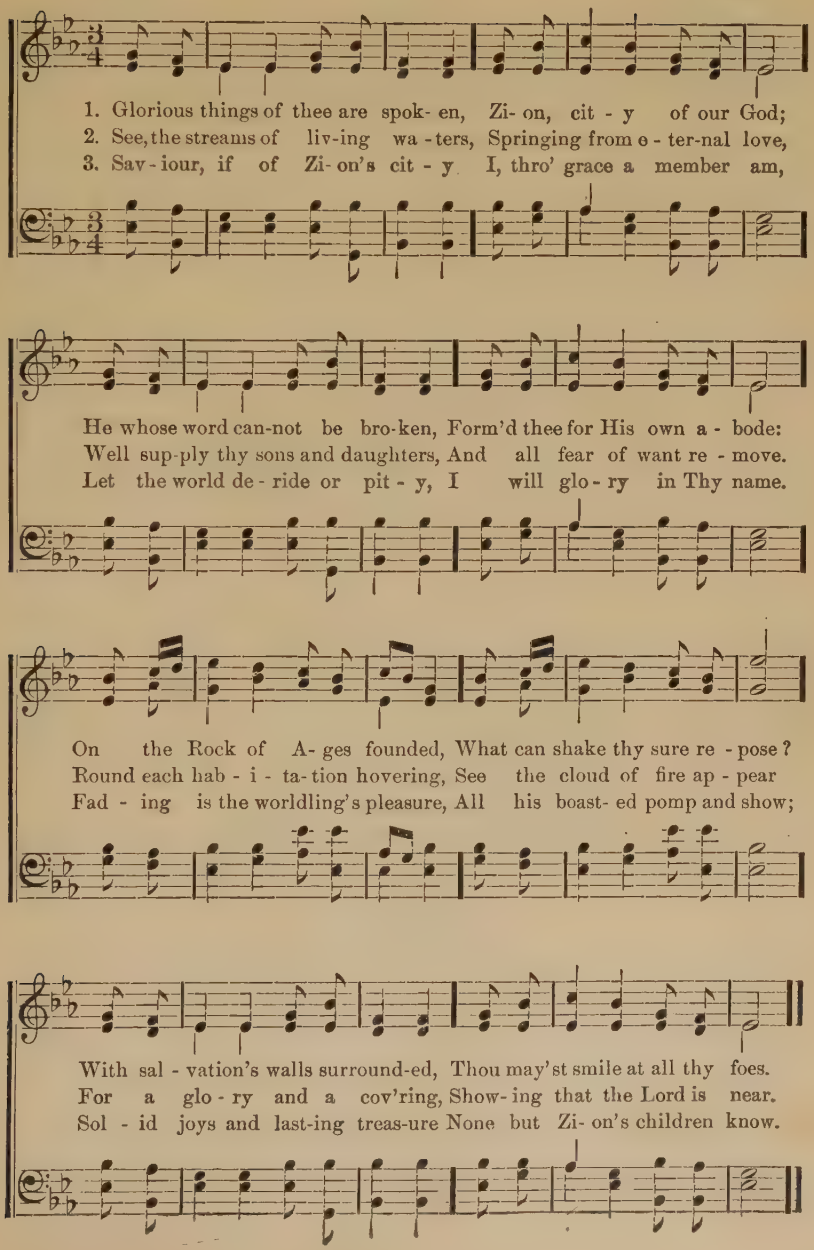
494 Sessions. L. M.

ADONIRAM JUDSON. (BAPTISM.) L. O. EMERSON.


1. Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave, And meekly sought a watery grave:
2. His voice we hear, His footsteps trace, And hither come to seek His face,
3. Ho - san-na to the Lamb di - vine! Let endless glories round Him shine;
Come, see the sa - cred path He trod—A path well pleas - ing to our God.
To do His will, to feel His love, And join our songs with songs a-bove.
High o'er the heavens for-ev-er reign, O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

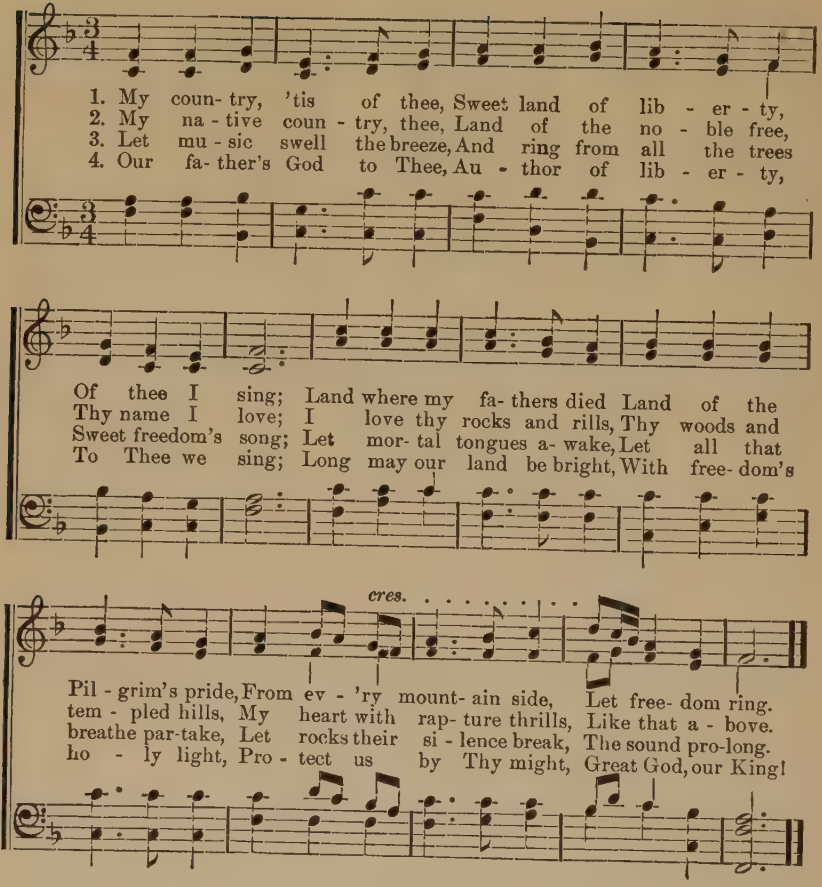
JOHN NEWTON. JOHN WYETH.


1. Glorious things of thee are spok- en, Zi- on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter-nal love,
3. Sav - iour, if of Zi- on's cit - y I, thro' grace a member am,
He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode:
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.
Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy name.
On the Rock of A- ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Round each hab - i - ta- tion hovering, See the cloud of fire ap - pear
Fad - ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast- ed pomp and show;
With sal - vation's walls surround-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Show- ing that the Lord is near.
Sol - id joys and last-ing treas-ure None but Zi- on's children know.

496

America. 6s, 4s.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. FR. J. BULL.


1. My coun- try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa- ther's God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa- thers died Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor- tal tongues a- wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free- dom's
cres.
Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount- ain side, Let free- dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap- ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

497

6s, 4s.

(THANKSGIVING.)

1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

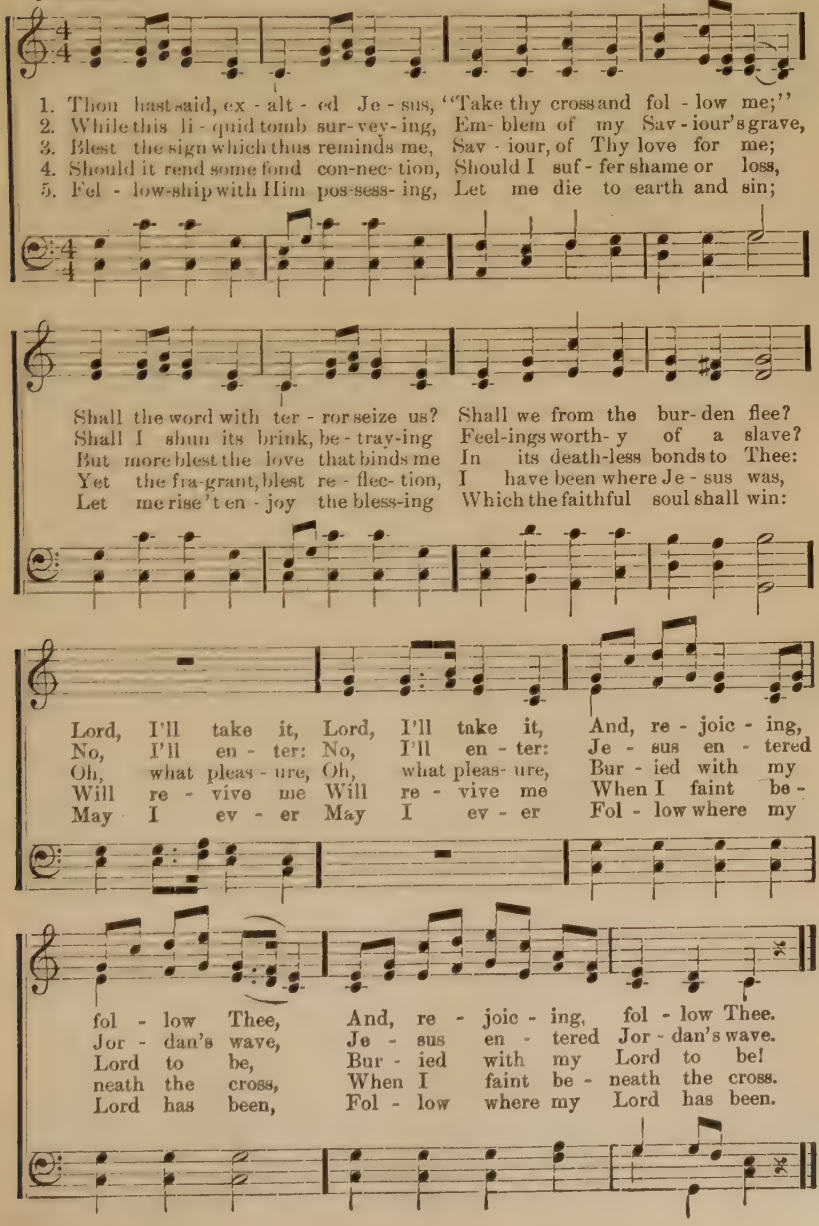
3 The God of harvest praise;
Hand, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Oliphant. 8s, 7s, 4s.

(BAPTISM.)

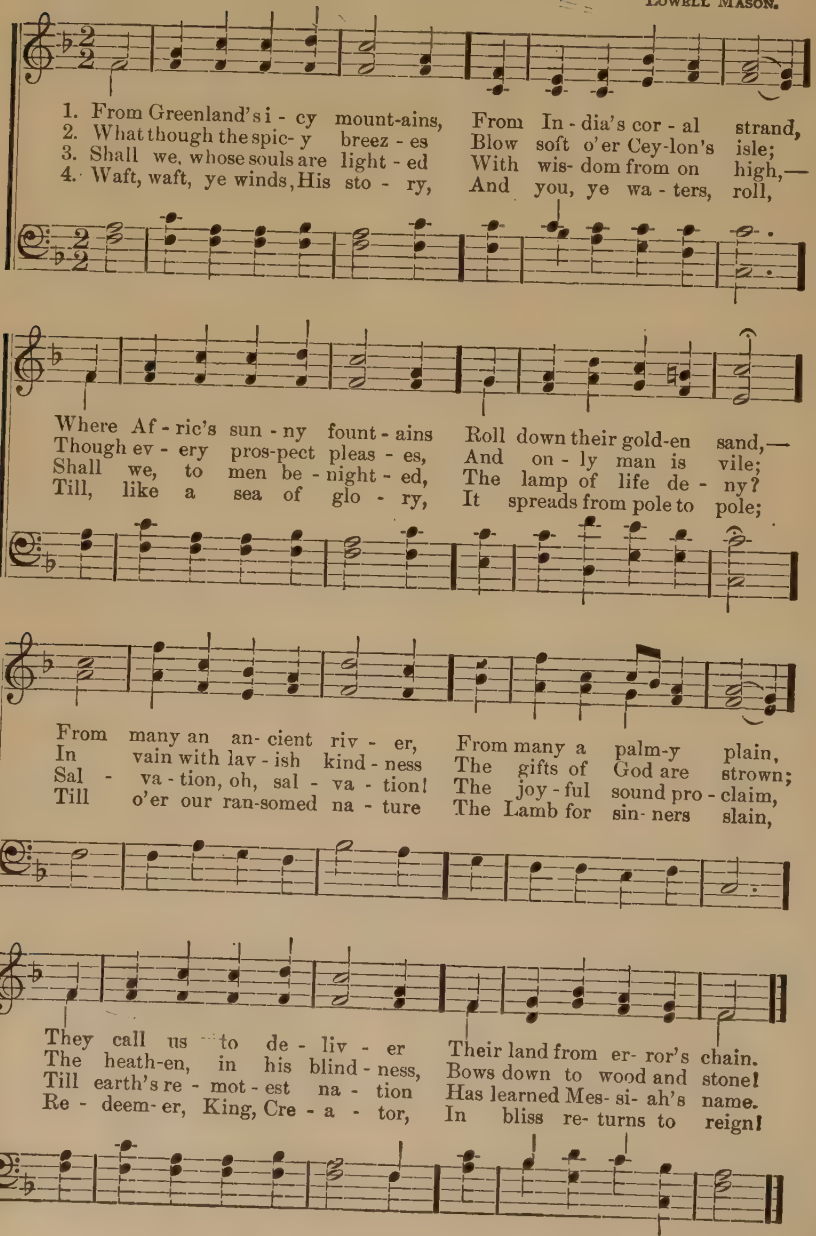
J. E. Giles. P. M. Baillot.


1. Thou hast said, ex - alt - ed Je - sus, "Take thy cross and fol - low me;"
2. While this li - quid tomb sur - vey - ing, Em - blem of my Sav - iour's grave,
3. Blest the sign which thus reminds me, Sav - iour, of Thy love for me;
4. Should it rend some fond con-nec - tion, Should I suf - fer shame or loss,
5. Fel - low-ship with Him pos-sess - ing, Let me die to earth and sin;
Shall the word with ter - ror seize us? Shall we from the bur - den flee?
Shall I shun its brink, be - tray - ing Feel-ings worth - y of a slave?
But more blest the love that binds me In its death-less bonds to Thee:
Yet the fra-grant, blest re - flec - tion, I have been where Je - sus was,
Let me rise 't en - joy the bless-ing Which the faithful soul shall win:
Lord, I'll take it, Lord, I'll take it, And, re - joic - ing,
No, I'll en - ter: No, I'll en - ter: Je - sus en - tered
Oh, what pleas - ure, Oh, what pleas - ure, Bur - ied with my
Will re - vive me Will re - vive me When I faint be -
May I ev - er May I ev - er Fol - low where my
fol - low Thee, And, re - joic - ing, fol - low Thee.
Jor - dan's wave, Je - sus en - tered Jor - dan's wave.
Lord to be, Bur - ied with my Lord to be!
neath the cross, When I faint be - neath the cross.
Lord has been, Fol - low where my Lord has been.

Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. D.

(MISSIONS.)

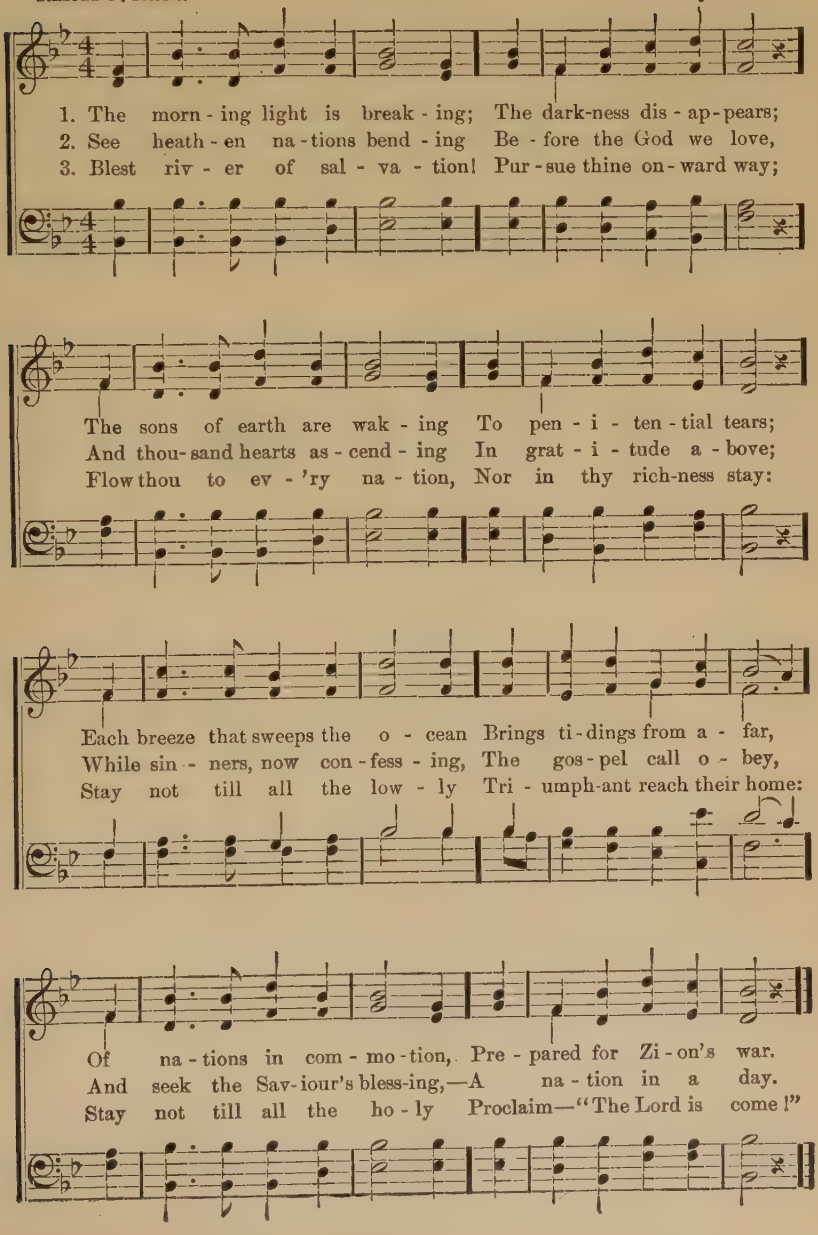
R. Heber. Lowell Mason.


1. From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spic- y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis- dom from on high,—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold-en sand,—
Though ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion, oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin- ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er- ror's chain.
The heath-en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone!
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes- si- ah's name.
Re - deem- er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign!

Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

(MISSIONS.)

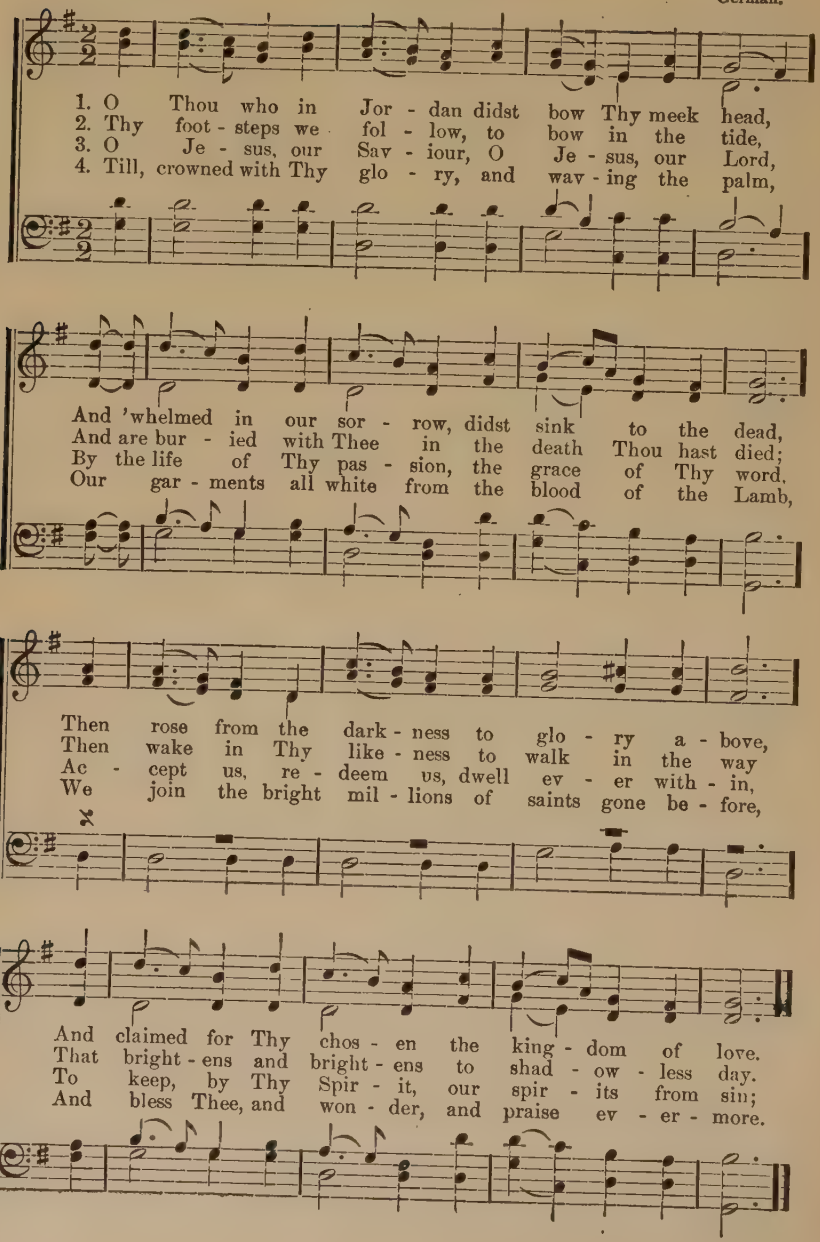
SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEO. J. WEBB.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay:
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph-ant reach their home:
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav - iour's bless-ing,—A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Goshen. 11 s.

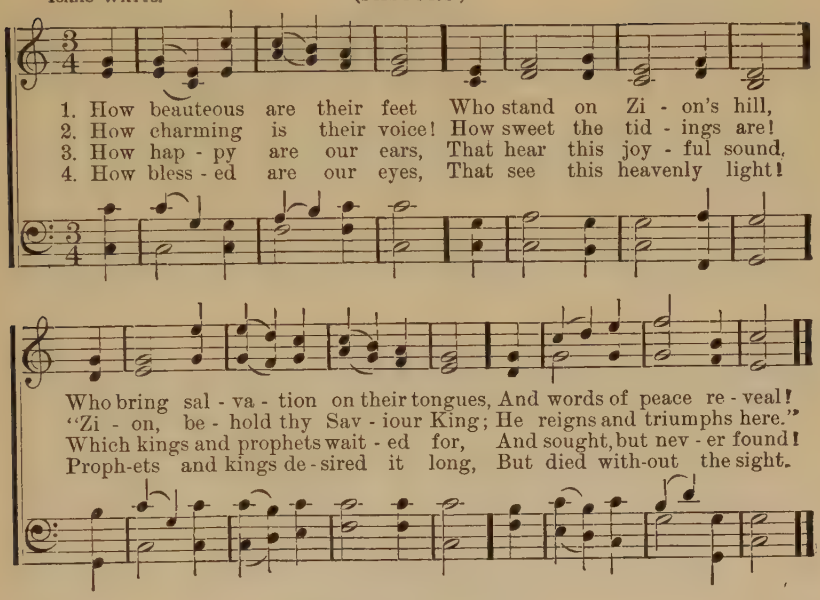
(BAPTISM.)

GEO. W. BETHUNE. German.


1. O Thou who in Jor - dan didst bow Thy meek head,
2. Thy foot - steps we fol - low, to bow in the tide,
3. O Je - sus, our Sav - iour, O Je - sus, our Lord,
4. Till, crowned with Thy glo - ry, and wav - ing the palm,
And 'whelmed in our sor - row, didst sink to the dead,
And are bur - ied with Thee in the death Thou hast died;
By the life of Thy pas - sion, the grace of Thy word,
Our gar - ments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
Then rose from the dark - ness to glo - ry a - bove,
Then wake in Thy like - ness to walk in the way
Ac - cept us, re - deem us, dwell ev - er with - in,
We join the bright mil - lions of saints gone be - fore,
And claimed for Thy chos - en the king - dom of love.
That bright - ens and bright - ens to shad - ow - less day.
To keep, by Thy Spir - it, our spir - its from sin;
And bless Thee, and won - der, and praise ev - er - more.

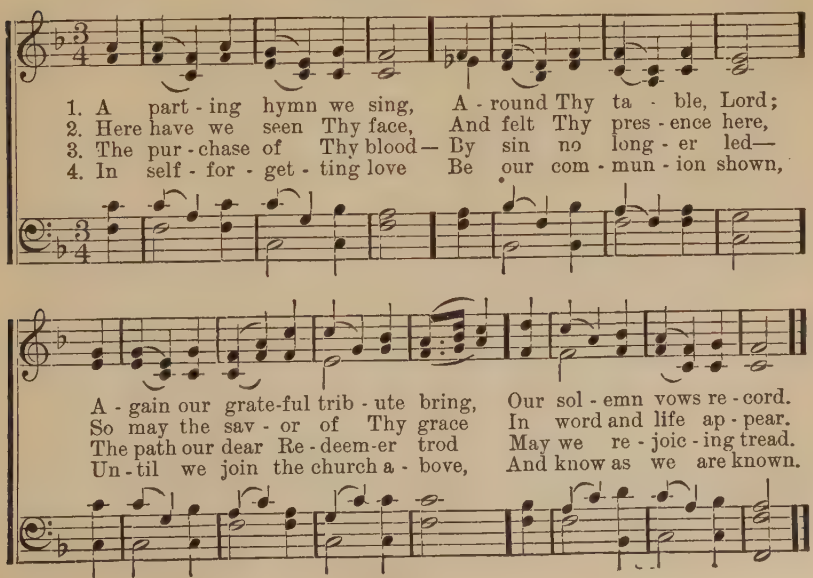
Ferguson. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. (PASTORS.) GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tid - ings are!
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,
4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light!
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
"Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour King; He reigns and triumphs here."
Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!
Proph-ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with-out the sight.

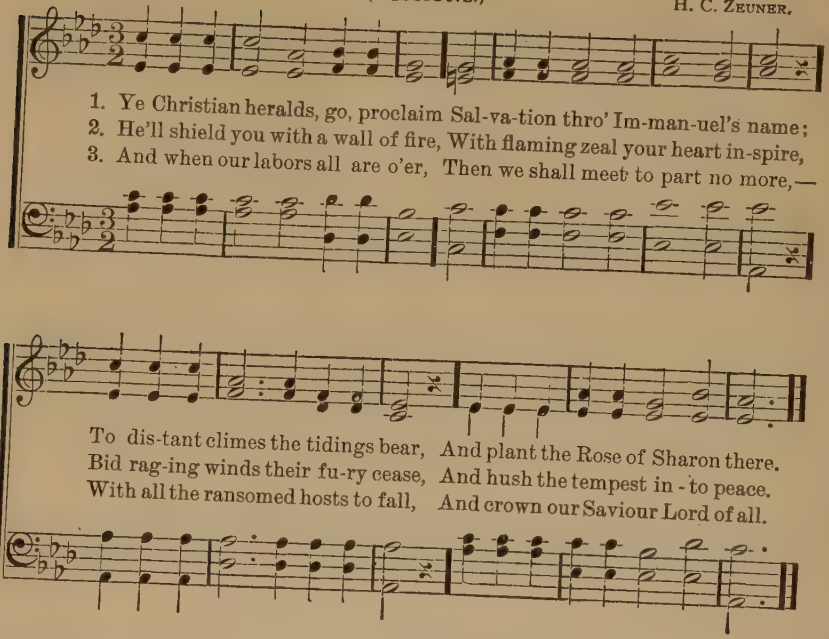
Dennis. S. M. 503

A. R. WOLFE. (LORD'S SUPPER.) H. G. NAGELI.


1. A part - ing hymn we sing, A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;
2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres - ence here,
3. The pur - chase of Thy blood— By sin no long - er led—
4. In self - for - get - ting love Be our com - mun - ion shown,
A - gain our grate-ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
So may the sav - or of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
The path our dear Re - deem-er trod May we re - joic - ing tread.
Un - til we join the church a - bove, And know as we are known.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

B. H. DRAPER. (MISSIONS.) H. C. ZEUNER.


1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your heart in-spire,
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,—
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
With all the ransomed hosts to fall, And crown our Saviour Lord of all.

505 L. M.

(MISSIONS.)

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Wm. Shrubsole.

506 L. M.

(DEDICATION.)

1 And wilt Thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish Thine abode?
Then look propitious from Thy throne,
And take this temple for Thine own.

2 These walls we to Thine honor raise;
Long may they echo in Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of Thy grace.

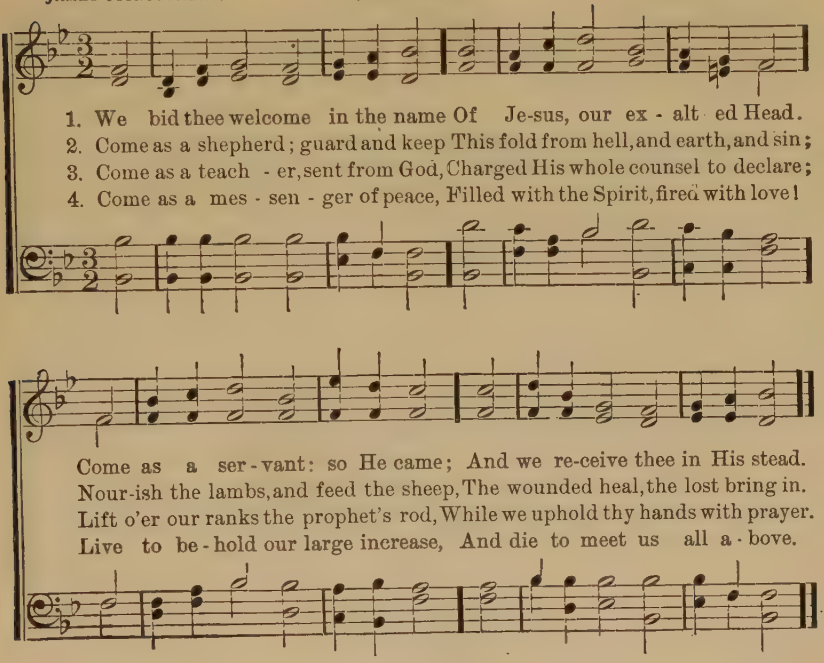
3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

Hebron. L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (PASTORS.) LOWELL MASON.


1. We bid thee welcome in the name Of Je-sus, our ex - alt ed Head.
2. Come as a shepherd; guard and keep This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
3. Come as a teach - er, sent from God, Charged His whole counsel to declare;
4. Come as a mes - sen - ger of peace, Filled with the Spirit, fired with love!
Come as a ser - vant: so He came; And we re-ceive thee in His stead.
Nour-ish the lambs, and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod, While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
Live to be - hold our large increase, And die to meet us all a - bove.

L. M. 508

(BAPTISM.)

1 Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled His Godhead in our clay,
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path His saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left His watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love His precious name,
Come, tread His steps, and learn of Him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

Thos. Baldwin.

L. M. 509

(CLOSE OF THE YEAR.)

1 Our helper, God, we bless Thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

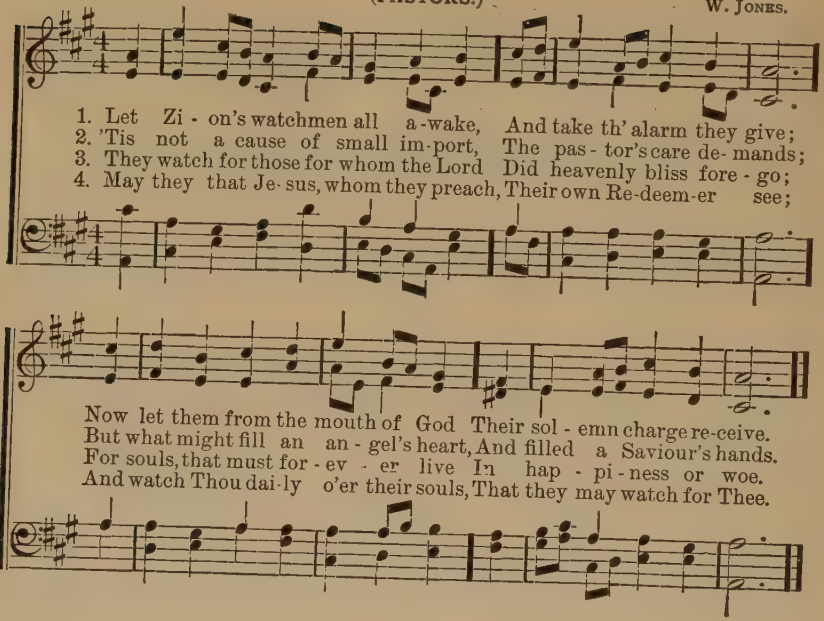
3 Thus far Thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge.

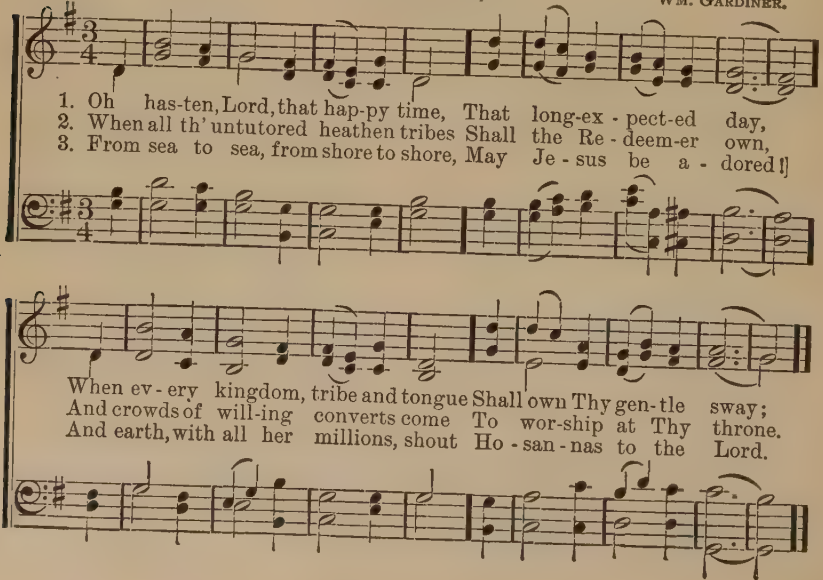
Stephens. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (PASTORS.) W. JONES.


1. Let Zi - on's watchmen all a-wake, And take th' alarm they give;
2. 'Tis not a cause of small im-port, The pas - tor's care de- mands;
3. They watch for those for whom the Lord Did heavenly bliss fore - go;
4. May they that Je- sus, whom they preach, Their own Re-deem-er see;
Now let them from the mouth of God Their sol - emn charge re-ceive.
But what might fill an an - gel's heart, And filled a Saviour's hands.
For souls, that must for - ev - er live In hap - pi - ness or woe.
And watch Thou dai-ly o'er their souls, That they may watch for Thee.

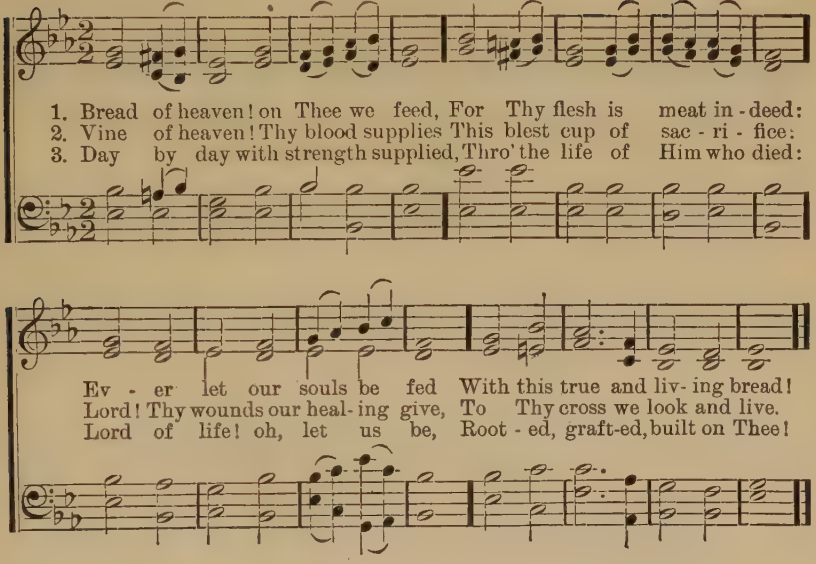
511 Vigils. C. M.

A. C. H. SEYMOUR. (MISSIONS.) WM. GARDINER.


1. Oh has-ten, Lord, that hap-py time, That long-ex - pect-ed day,
2. When all th' untutored heathen tribes Shall the Re - deem-er own,
3. From sea to sea, from shore to shore, May Je - sus be a - dored!
When ev - ery kingdom, tribe and tongue Shall own Thy gen-tle sway;
And crowds of will-ing converts come To wor-ship at Thy throne.
And earth, with all her millions, shout Ho - san - nas to the Lord.

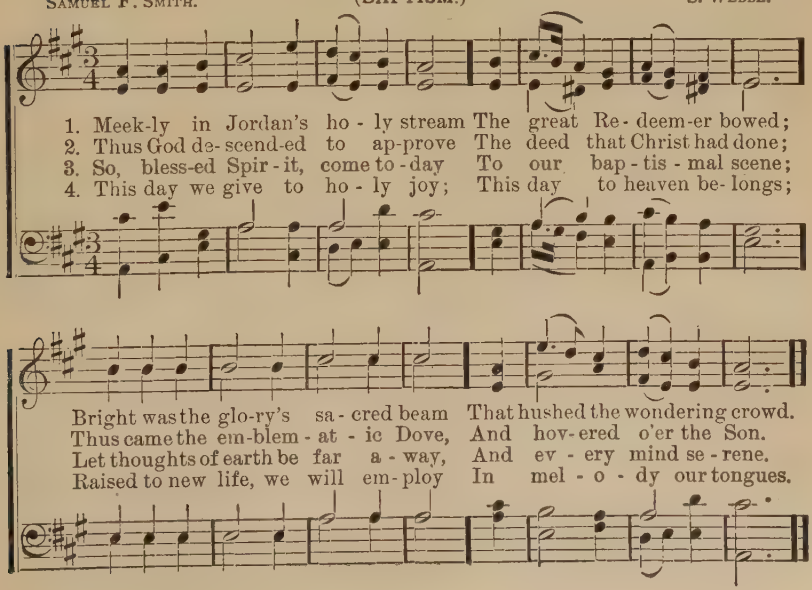
Holley. 7s.

JOSIAH CONDER. (LORD'S SUPPER.) GEO. HEWS.


1. Bread of heaven! on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed:
2. Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies This blest cup of sac-ri-fice:
3. Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of Him who died:
Ev-er let our souls be fed With this true and liv-ing bread!
Lord! Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life! oh, let us be, Root-ed, graft-ed, built on Thee!

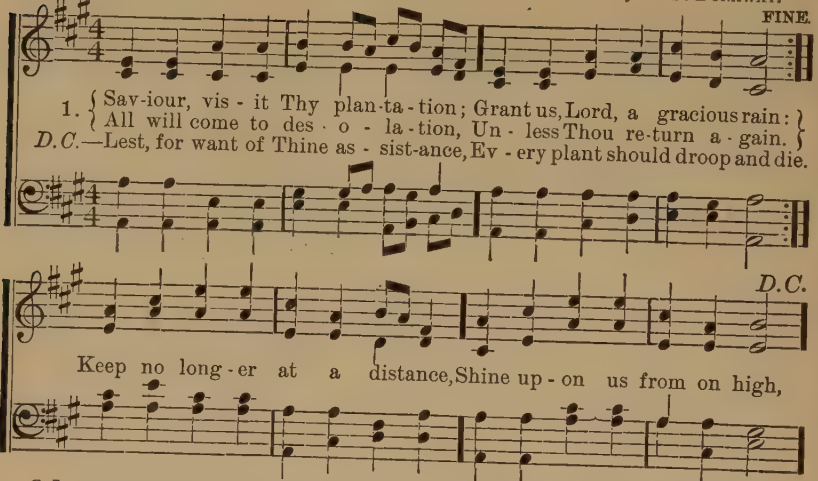
Arundel. C. M. 513

SAMUEL F. SMITH. (BAPTISM.) S. WEBBE.


1. Meek-ly in Jordan's ho-ly stream The great Re-deem-er bowed;
2. Thus God de-scend-ed to ap-prove The deed that Christ had done;
3. So, bless-ed Spir-it, come to-day To our bap-tis-mal scene;
4. This day we give to ho-ly joy; This day to heaven be-longs;
Bright was the glo-ry's sa-cred beam That hushed the wondering crowd.
Thus came the em-blem-at-ic Dove, And hov-ered o'er the Son.
Let thoughts of earth be far a-way, And ev-ery mind se-rene.
Raised to new life, we will em-ploy In mel-o-dy our tongues.

Holy Manna. 8s, 7s.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by W. F. DUNAWAY.

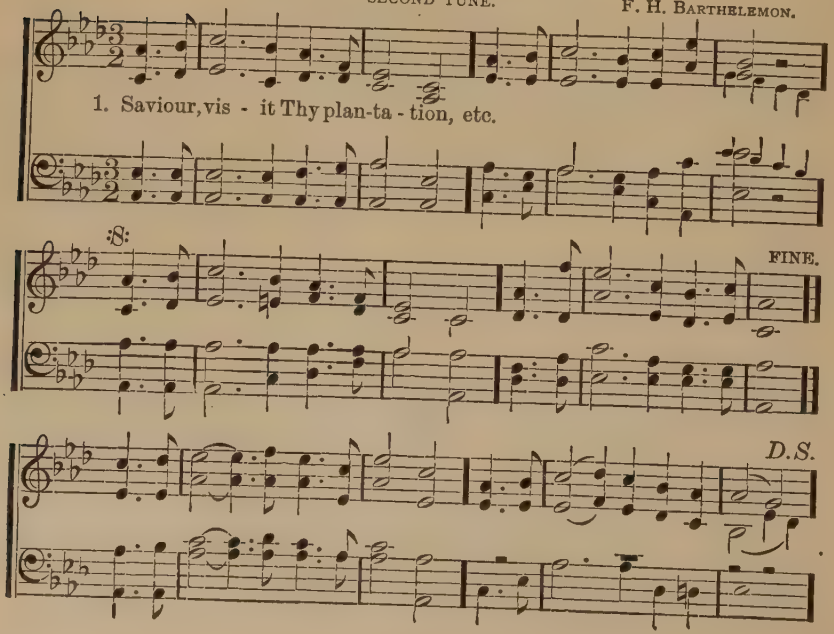

FINE.
1. { Sav-iour, vis - it Thy plan-ta-tion; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
{ All will come to des - o - la-tion, Un - less Thou re-turn a - gain.
D.C.—Lest, for want of Thine as - sist-ance, Ev - ery plant should droop and die.
D.C.
Keep no long - er at a distance, Shine up - on us from on high,

2 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

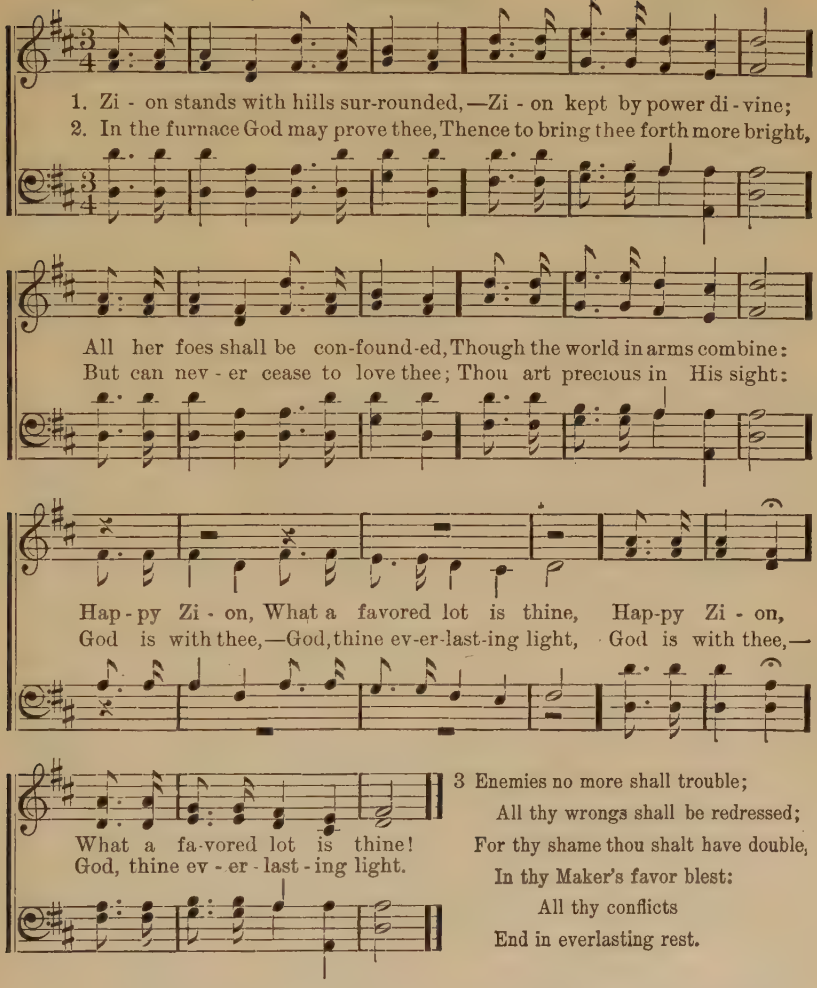
Autumn. 8s, 7s. D.

SECOND TUNE. F. H. BARTHELEMON.



Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

THOMAS KELLY. (REFRESHING.) THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-rounded,—Zi - on kept by power di - vine;
2. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms combine:
But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art precious in His sight:
Hap - py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine, Hap-py Zi - on,
God is with thee,—God, thine ev-er-last-ing light, God is with thee,—
What a fa-vored lot is thine!
God, thine ev - er - last - ing light.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

8s, 7s, 4. 516

(REFRESHING.)

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

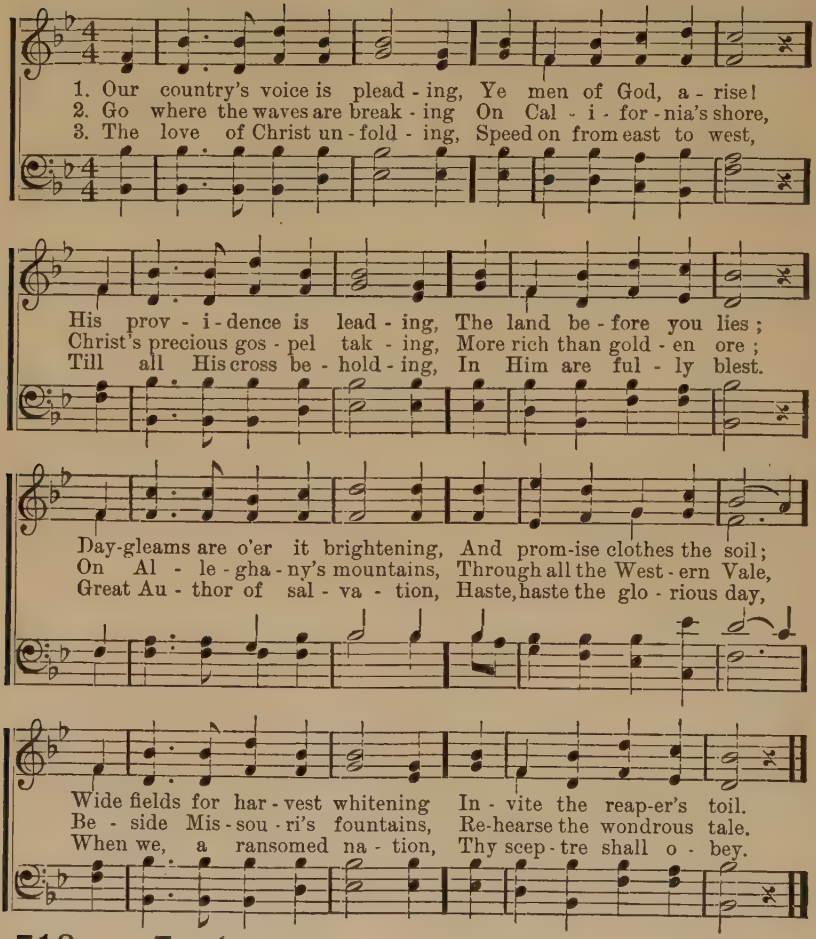
2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Thomas Kelly.

Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

Mrs. G. W. Anderson. (MISSIONS.) Geo. J. Webb.


1. Our country's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise!
2. Go where the waves are break - ing On Cal - i - for - nia's shore,
3. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from east to west,
His prov - i - dence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies;
Christ's precious gos - pel tak - ing, More rich than gold - en ore;
Till all His cross be - hold - ing, In Him are ful - ly blest.
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And prom-ise clothes the soil;
On Al - le - gha - ny's mountains, Through all the West - ern Vale,
Great Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the glo - rious day,
Wide fields for har - vest whitening In - vite the reap-er's toil.
Be - side Mis - sou - ri's fountains, Re-hearse the wondrous tale.
When we, a ransomed na - tion, Thy scep - tre shall o - bey.

518 7s, 6s. D.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

James Montgomery.

IX

HYMNS OF TIME AND ETERNITY

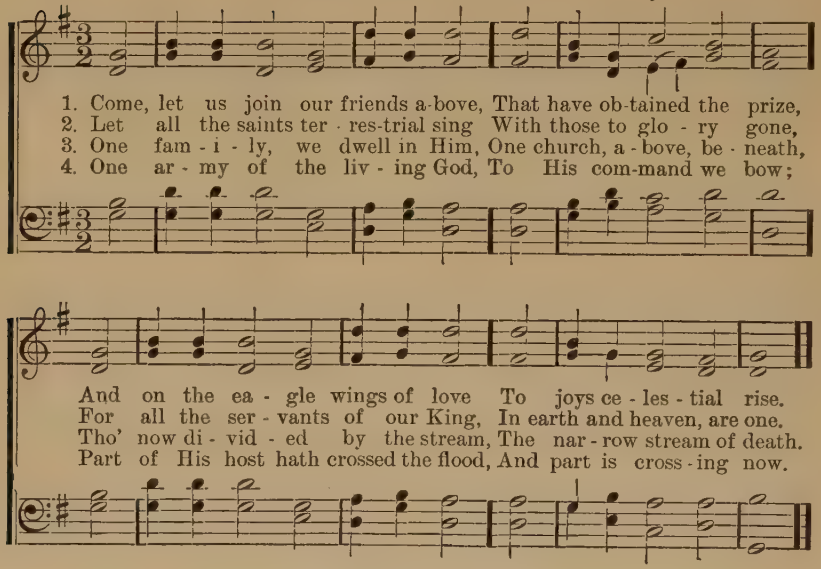
(A) THE SOUL CONTEMPLATING DEATH AND JUDGMENT

"Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." ISAIAH XXVI: 19.

HYMNS 519–538

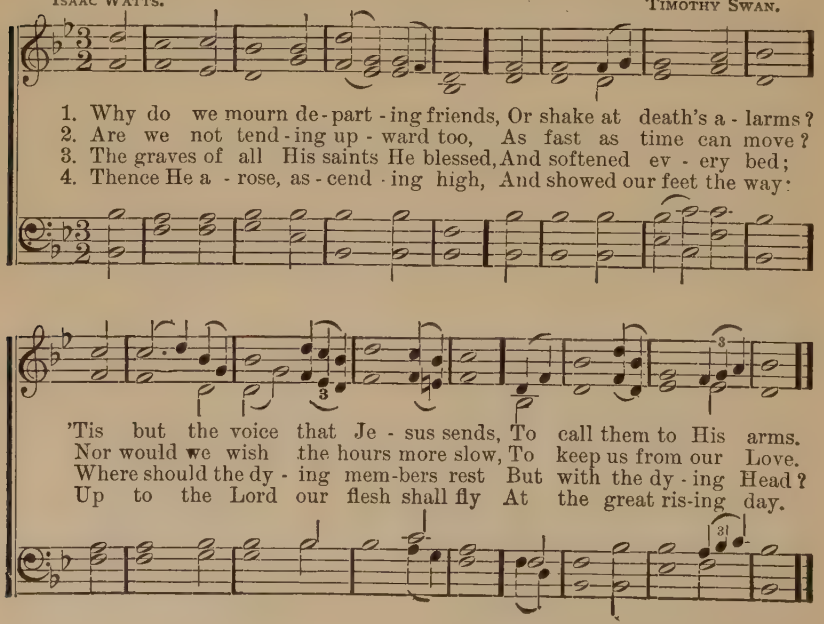
Marlow. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN CHETHAM.


1. Come, let us join our friends a-bove, That have ob-tained the prize,
2. Let all the saints ter - res-trial sing With those to glo - ry gone,
3. One fam - i - ly, we dwell in Him, One church, a - bove, be - neath,
4. One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To His com-mand we bow;
And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.
For all the ser - vants of our King, In earth and heaven, are one.
Tho' now di - vid - ed by the stream, The nar - row stream of death.
Part of His host hath crossed the flood, And part is cross - ing now.

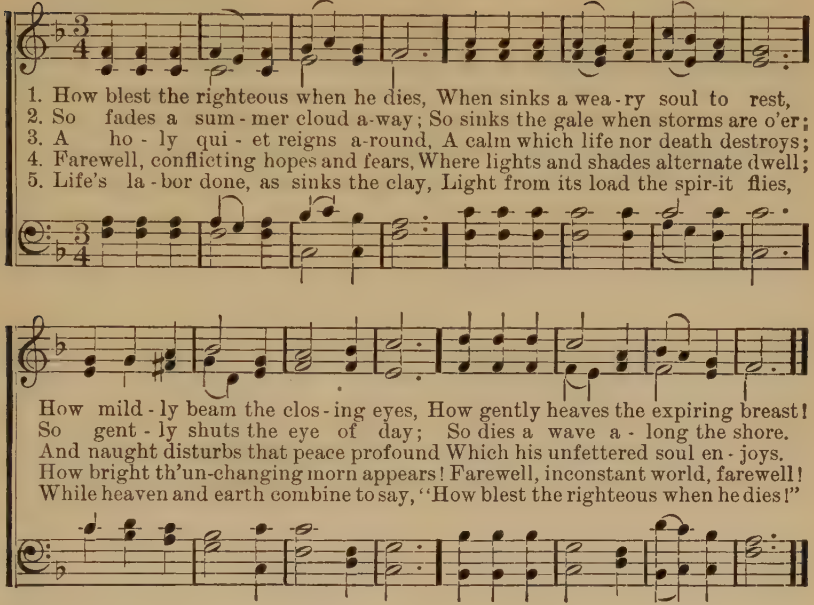
520 China. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. TIMOTHY SWAN.


1. Why do we mourn de-part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As fast as time can move?
3. The graves of all His saints He blessed, And softened ev - ery bed;
4. Thence He a - rose, as - cend - ing high, And showed our feet the way:
'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.
Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our Love.
Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest But with the dy - ing Head?
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly At the great ris-ing day.

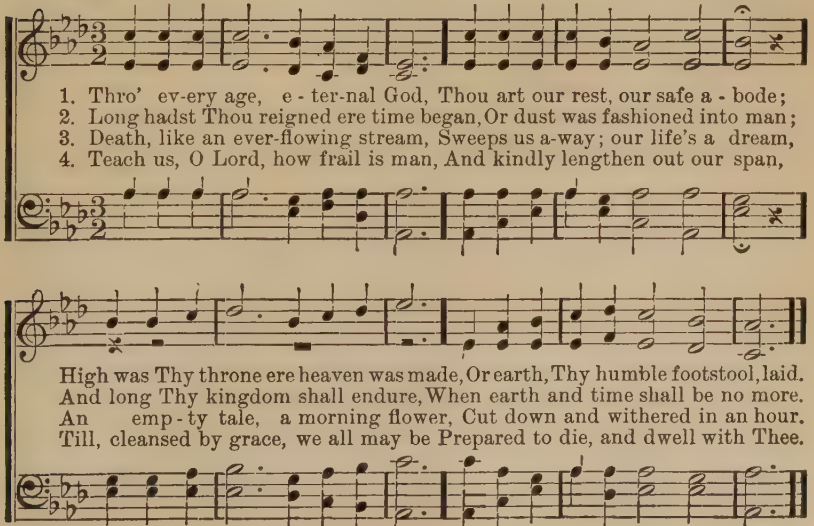
Hursley. L. M.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. Arr. by W. H. MONK.


1. How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest,
2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a-way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho-ly qui-et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
5. Life's la-bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir-it flies,
How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes, How gently heaves the expiring breast!
So gent-ly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a-long the shore.
And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul en-joys.
How bright th'un-changing morn appears! Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
While heaven and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

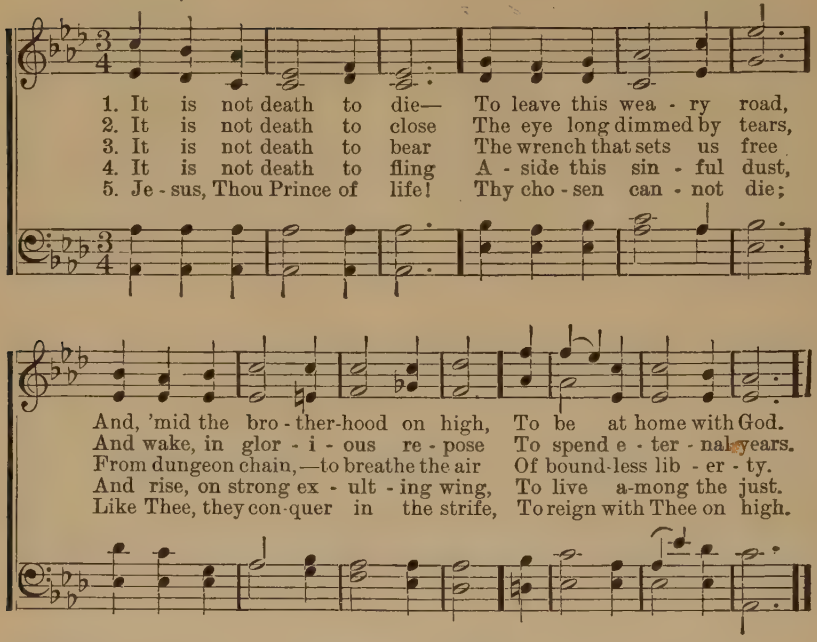
Hoge. L. M. 522

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. McINTOSH.


1. Thro' ev-ery age, e-ter-nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a-bode;
2. Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began, Or dust was fashioned into man;
3. Death, like an ever-flowing stream, Sweeps us a-way; our life's a dream,
4. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man, And kindly lengthen out our span,
High was Thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth, Thy humble footstool, laid.
And long Thy kingdom shall endure, When earth and time shall be no more.
An emp-ty tale, a morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour.
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be Prepared to die, and dwell with Thee.

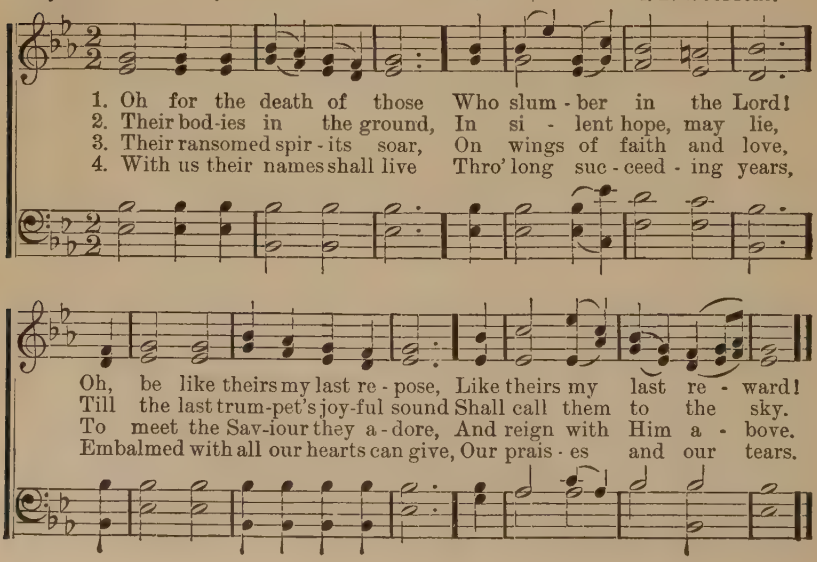
Greenwood. S. M.

G. W. Bethune, tr. J. E. Sweetser.


1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea - ry road,
2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears,
3. It is not death to bear The wrench that sets us free
4. It is not death to fling A - side this sin - ful dust,
5. Je - sus, Thou Prince of life! Thy cho - sen can - not die;
And, 'mid the bro - ther-hood on high, To be at home with God.
And wake, in glor - i - ous re - pose To spend e - ter - nal years.
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air Of bound-less lib - er - ty.
And rise, on strong ex - ult - ing wing, To live a-mong the just.
Like Thee, they con-quer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.

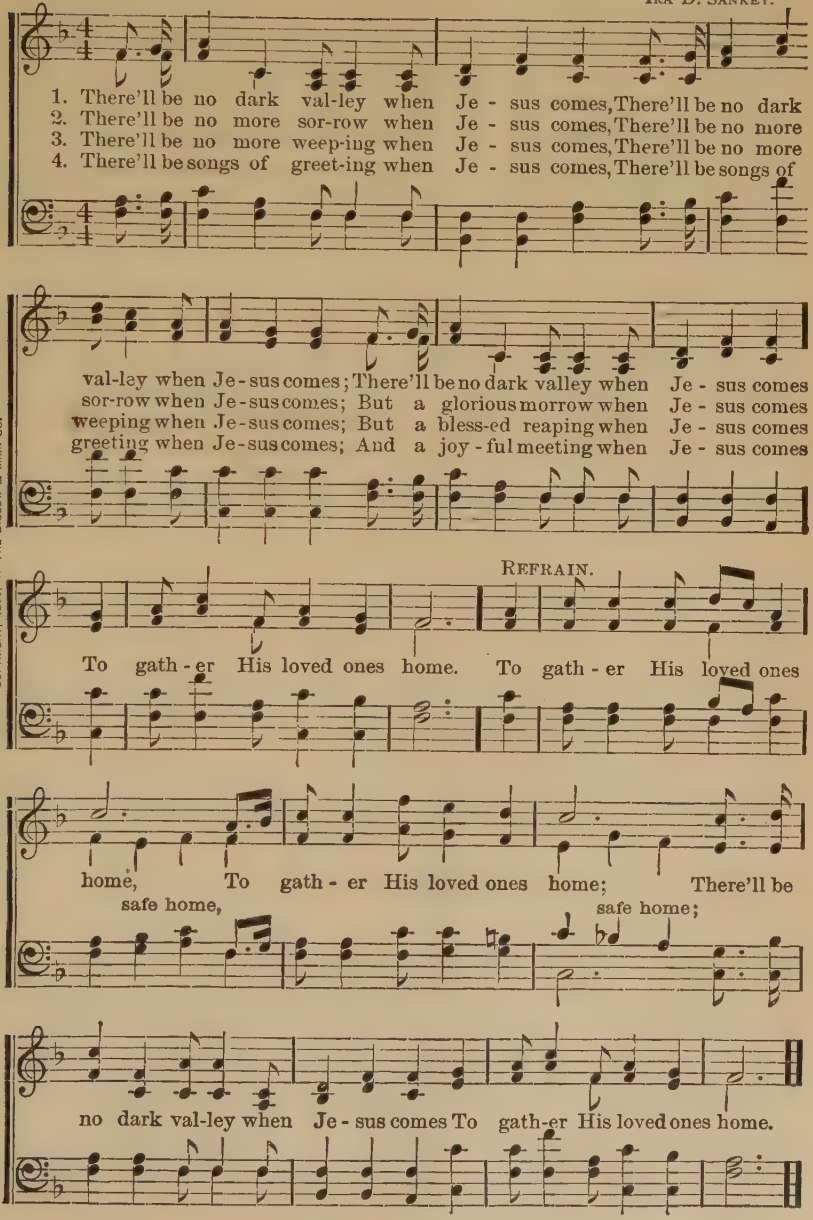
524 Ozrem. S. M.

James Montgomery. I. B. Woodbury.


1. Oh for the death of those Who slum - ber in the Lord!
2. Their bod-ies in the ground, In si - lent hope, may lie,
3. Their ransomed spir - its soar, On wings of faith and love,
4. With us their names shall live Thro' long suc - ceed - ing years,
Oh, be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward!
Till the last trum-pet's joy-ful sound Shall call them to the sky.
To meet the Sav-iour they a - dore, And reign with Him a - bove.
Embalmed with all our hearts can give, Our prais - es and our tears.

There'll Be No Dark Valley.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of
val-ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
sor-row when Je-sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes
weeping when Je-sus comes; But a bless-ed reaping when Je - sus comes
greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy-ful meeting when Je - sus comes
REFRAIN.
To gath-er His loved ones home. To gath-er His loved ones
home, To gath-er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home,
safe home;
no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.

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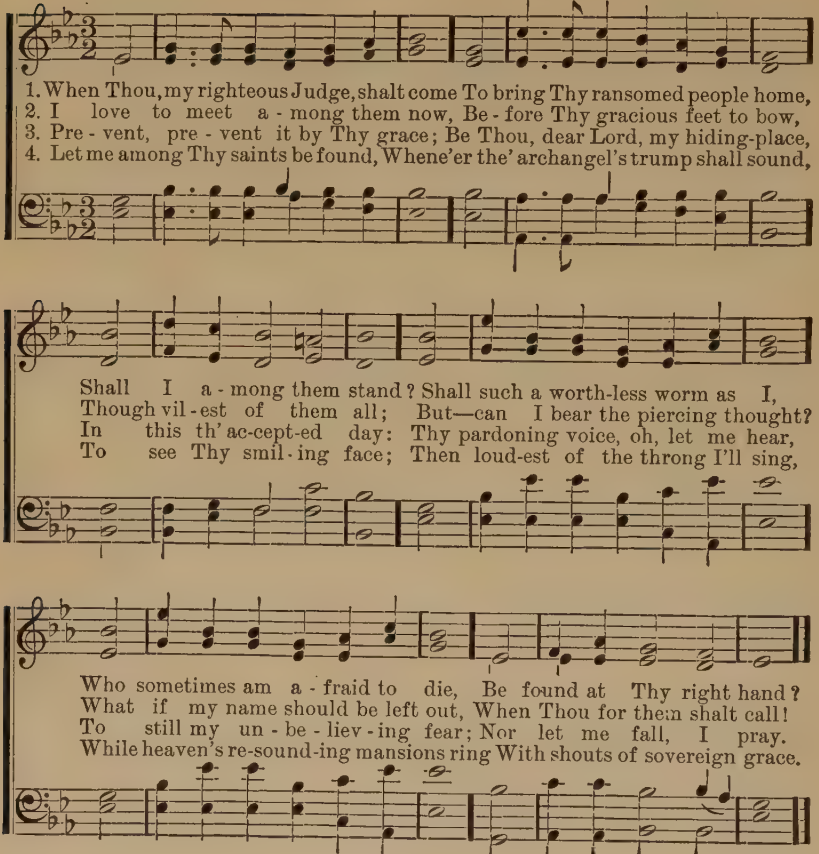
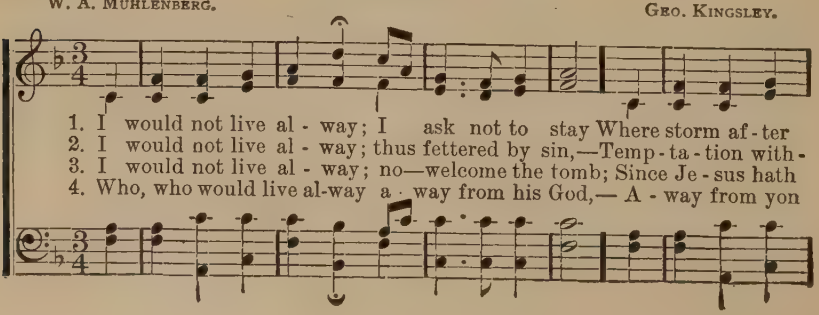
Meribah. C. P. M.

SELINA SHIRLEY. LOWELL MASON.

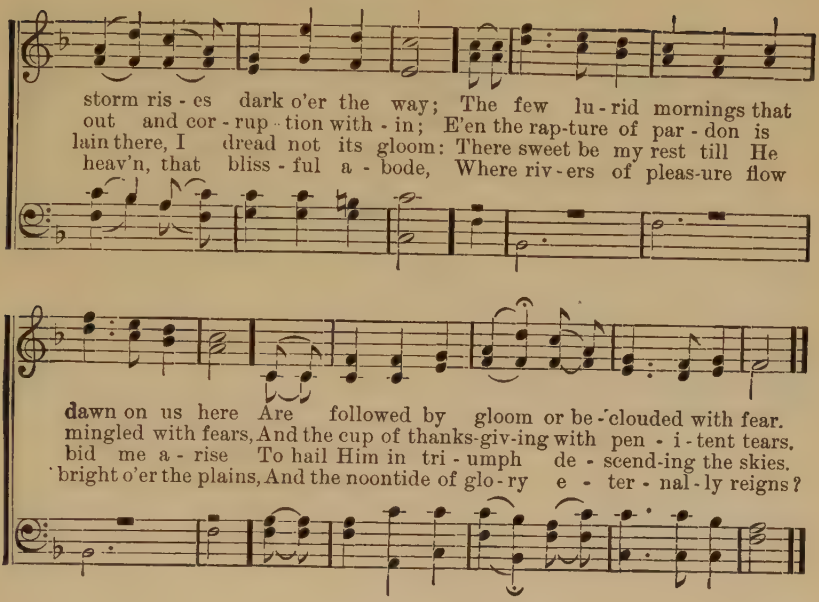

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To bring Thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be - fore Thy gracious feet to bow,
3. Pre - vent, pre - vent it by Thy grace; Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
4. Let me among Thy saints be found, Whene'er the' archangel's trump shall sound,
Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,
Though vil - est of them all; But—can I bear the piercing thought?
In this th' ac-cept-ed day: Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To see Thy smil - ing face; Then loud-est of the throng I'll sing,
Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call!
To still my un - be - liev - ing fear; Nor let me fall, I pray.
While heaven's re-sound-ing mansions ring With shouts of sovereign grace.

527 Frederick. 11s.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. GEO. KINGSLEY.

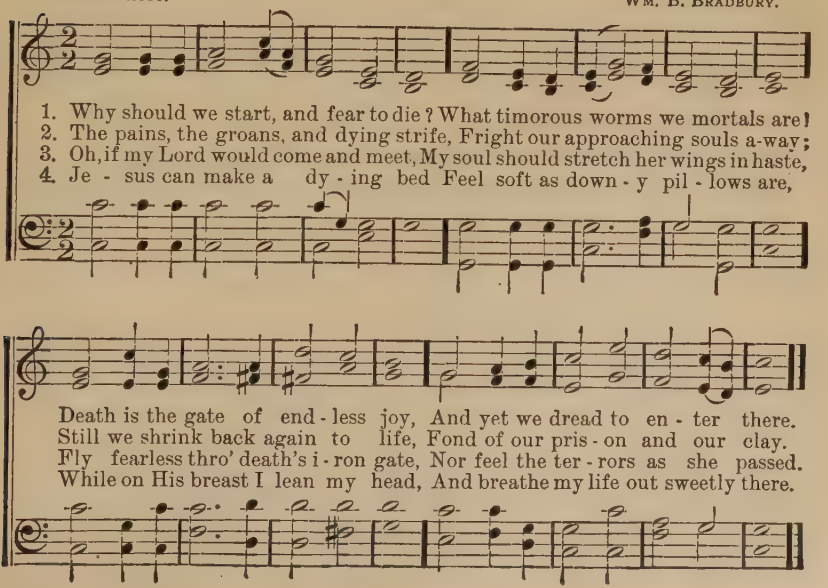

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
2. I would not live al - way; thus fettered by sin,—Temp - ta - tion with -
3. I would not live al - way; no—welcome the tomb; Since Je - sus hath
4. Who, who would live al-way a - way from his God,— A - way from yon

Frederick.—*Concluded.*


storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid mornings that
out and cor - rup - tion with - in; E'en the rap-ture of par - don is
lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till He
heav'n, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of pleas-ure flow
dawn on us here Are followed by gloom or be - clouded with fear.
mingled with fears, And the cup of thanks-giv-ing with pen - i - tent tears.
bid me a - rise To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend-ing the skies.
bright o'er the plains, And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?

Zephyr. L. M. 528

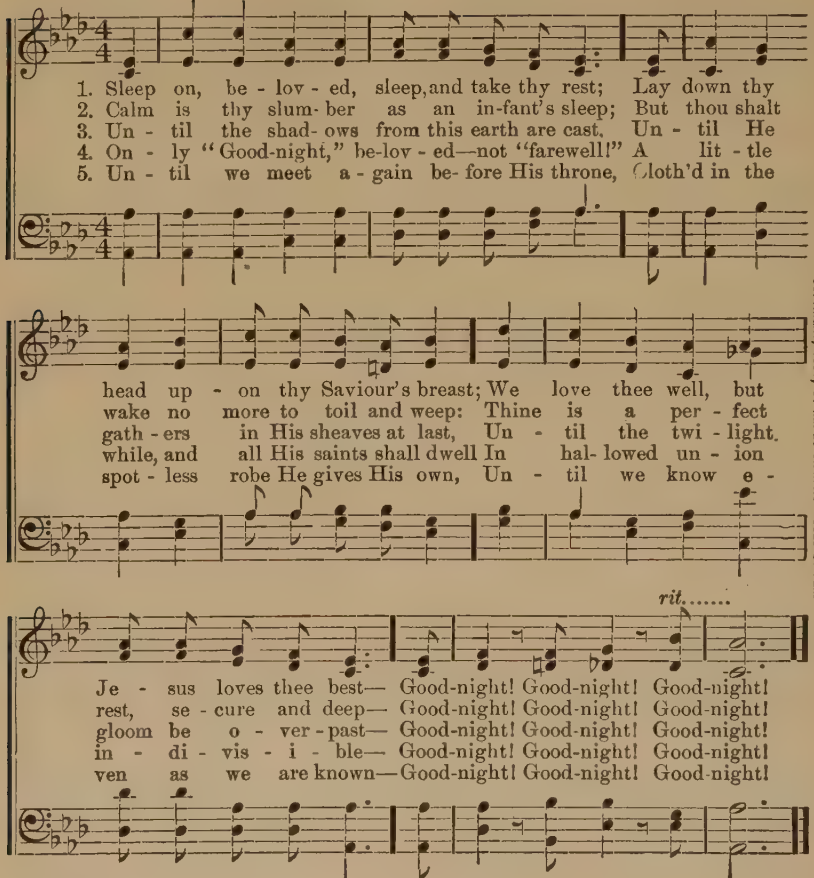
Isaac Watts. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are!
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way;
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are,
Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.
Still we shrink back again to life, Fond of our pris - on and our clay.
Fly fearless thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.
While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

529

Good-Night. 10s. & 6s.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy
2. Calm is thy slum- ber as an in-fant's sleep; But thou shalt
3. Un - til the shad- ows from this earth are cast, Un - til He
4. On - ly "Good-night," be-lov - ed—not "farewell!" A lit - tle
5. Un - til we meet a - gain be- fore His throne, Cloth'd in the
head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect
gath - ers in His sheaves at last, Un - til the twi - light
while, and all His saints shall dwell In hal- lowed un - ion
spot - less robe He gives His own, Un - til we know e -
rit.....
Je - sus loves thee best— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
rest, se - cure and deep— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
gloom be o - ver - past— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
in - di - vis - i - ble— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
ven as we are known—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

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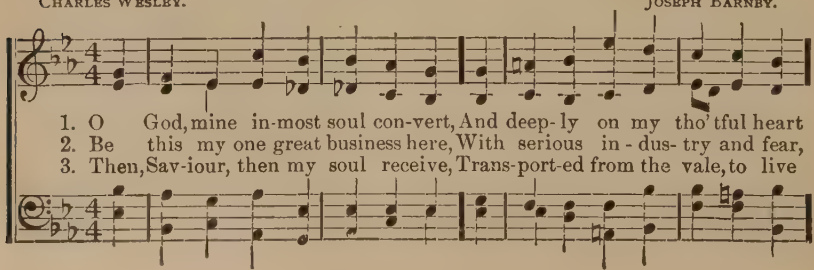
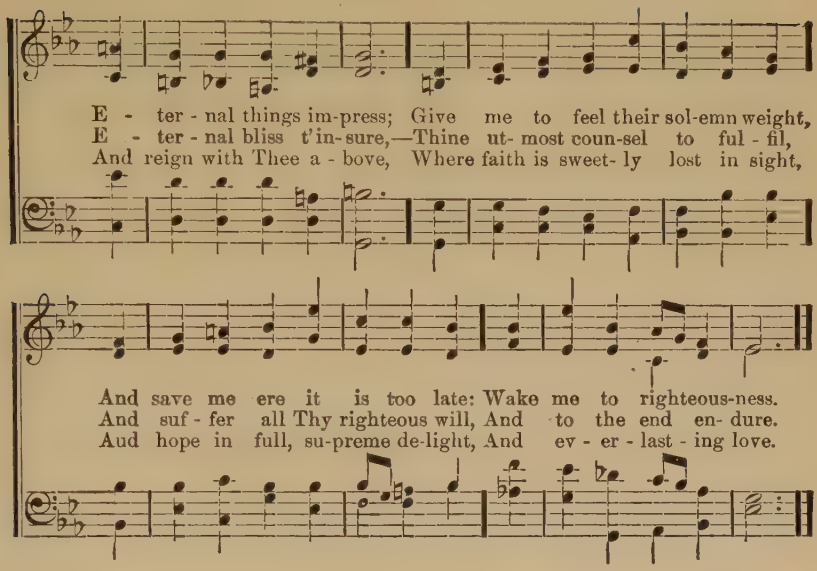
530

St. Augustine. C. P. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOSEPH BARNBY.

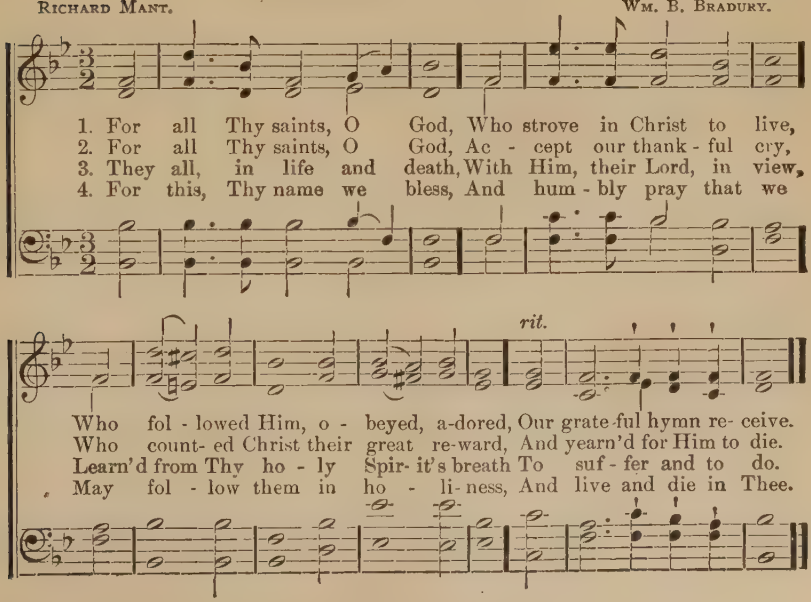

1. O God, mine in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my tho' tful heart
2. Be this my one great business here, With serious in - dus- try and fear,
3. Then, Sav-iour, then my soul receive, Trans-port-ed from the vale, to live

St. Augustine.—*Concluded.*


E - ter - nal things im-press; Give me to feel their sol-emn weight,
E - ter - nal bliss t'in-sure,—Thine ut- most coun-sel to ful - fil,
And reign with Thee a - bove, Where faith is sweet- ly lost in sight,
And save me ere it is too late: Wake me to righteous-ness.
And suf - fer all Thy righteous will, And to the end en- dure.
And hope in full, su-preme de-light, And ev - er - last - ing love.

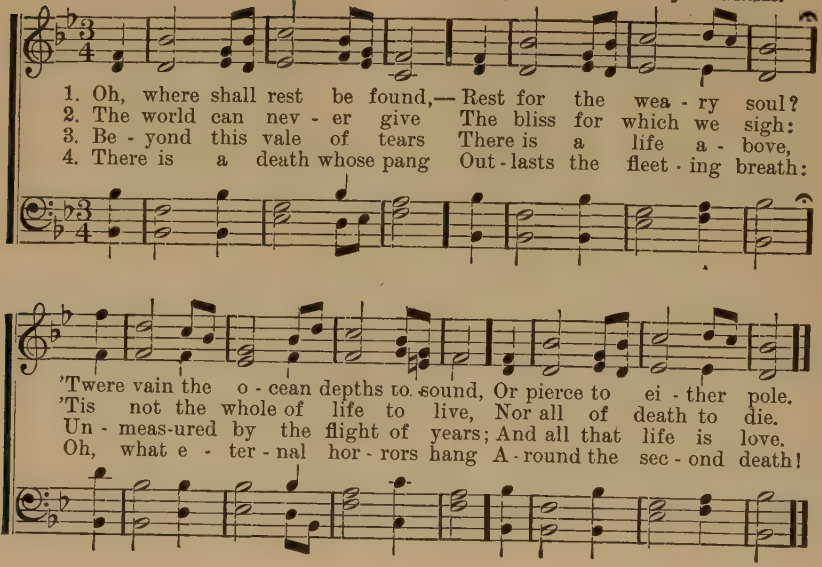
531

Braden. S. M.


Richard Mant.
Wm. B. Bradury.
1. For all Thy saints, O God, Who strove in Christ to live,
2. For all Thy saints, O God, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry,
3. They all, in life and death, With Him, their Lord, in view,
4. For this, Thy name we bless, And hum - bly pray that we
rit.
Who fol - lowed Him, o - beyed, a-dored, Our grate-ful hymn re- ceive.
Who count- ed Christ their great re-ward, And yearn'd for Him to die.
Learn'd from Thy ho - ly Spir- it's breath To suf - fer and to do.
May fol - low them in ho - li- ness, And live and die in Thee.

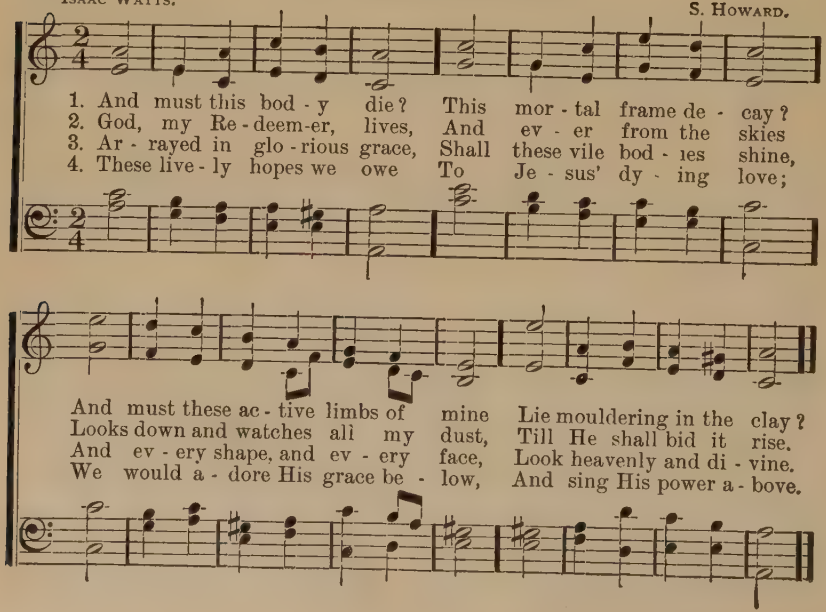
Kentucky. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. JER. INGALLS.


1. Oh, where shall rest be found,— Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath:
'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
Oh, what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death!

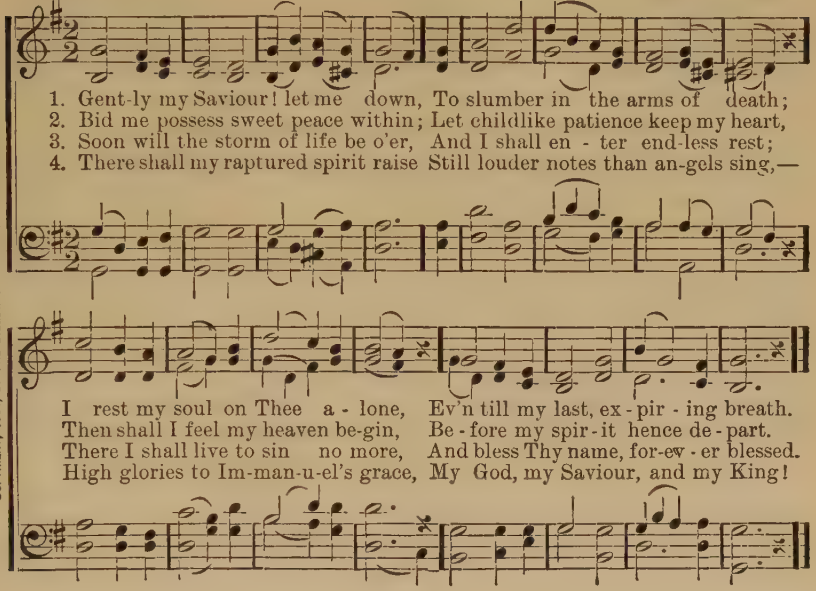
533 St. Bride. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. S. HOWARD.


1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay?
2. God, my Re - deem-er, lives, And ev - er from the skies
3. Ar - rayed in glo - rious grace, Shall these vile bod - ies shine,
4. These live - ly hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love;
And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?
Looks down and watches all my dust, Till He shall bid it rise.
And ev - ery shape, and ev - ery face, Look heavenly and di - vine.
We would a - dore His grace be - low, And sing His power a - bove.

Cunningham. L. M.

ROWLAND HILL. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Gent-ly my Saviour! let me down, To slumber in the arms of death;
2. Bid me possess sweet peace within; Let childlike patience keep my heart,
3. Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en - ter end-less rest;
4. There shall my raptured spirit raise Still louder notes than an-gels sing,—
I rest my soul on Thee a - lone, Ev'n till my last, ex - pir - ing breath.
Then shall I feel my heaven be-gin, Be - fore my spir - it hence de - part.
There I shall live to sin no more, And bless Thy name, for-ev - er blessed.
High glories to Im-man-u-el's grace, My God, my Saviour, and my King!

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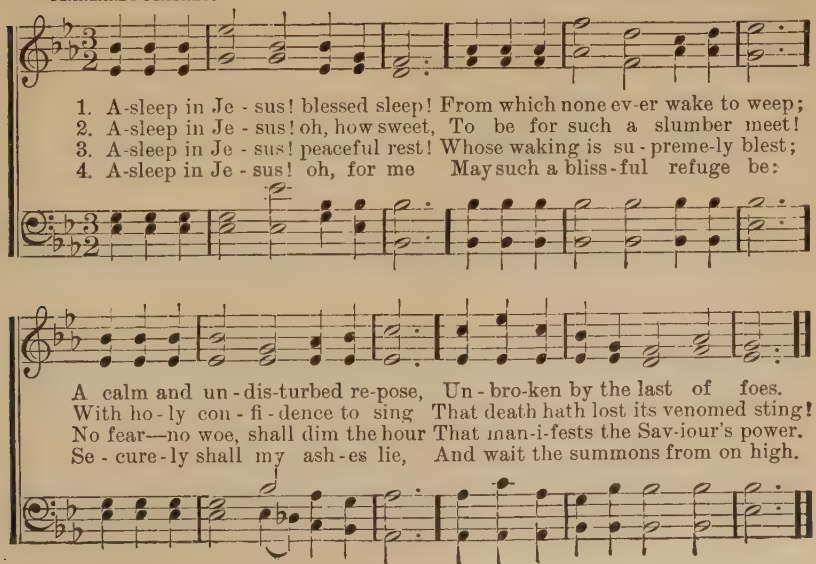
Rest. L. M. 535

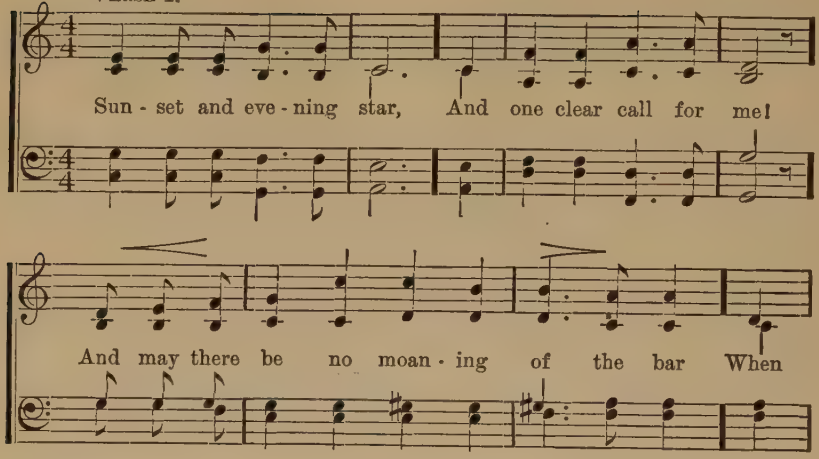
MARGARET MACKEY. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet, To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful refuge be:
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Sav-iour's power.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

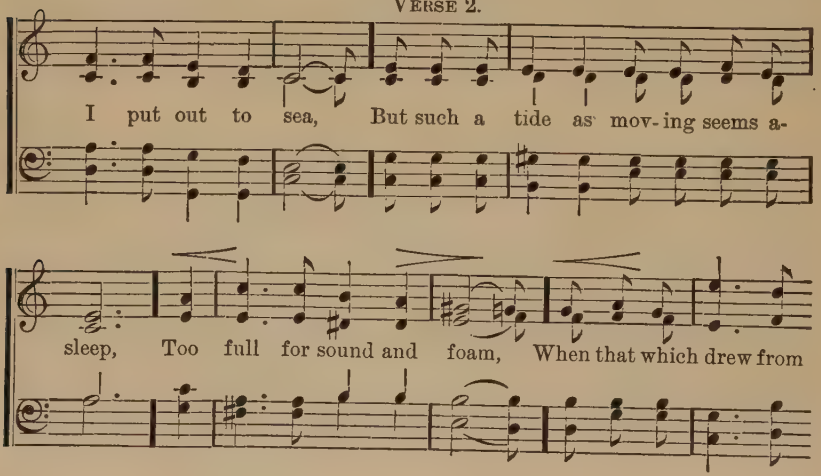
Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON. JOSEPH BARNBY.

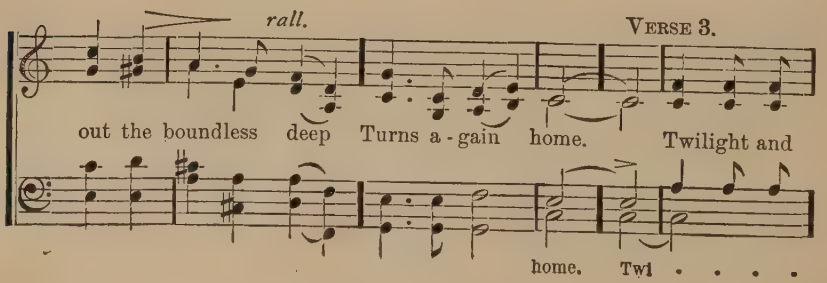
VERSE 1.



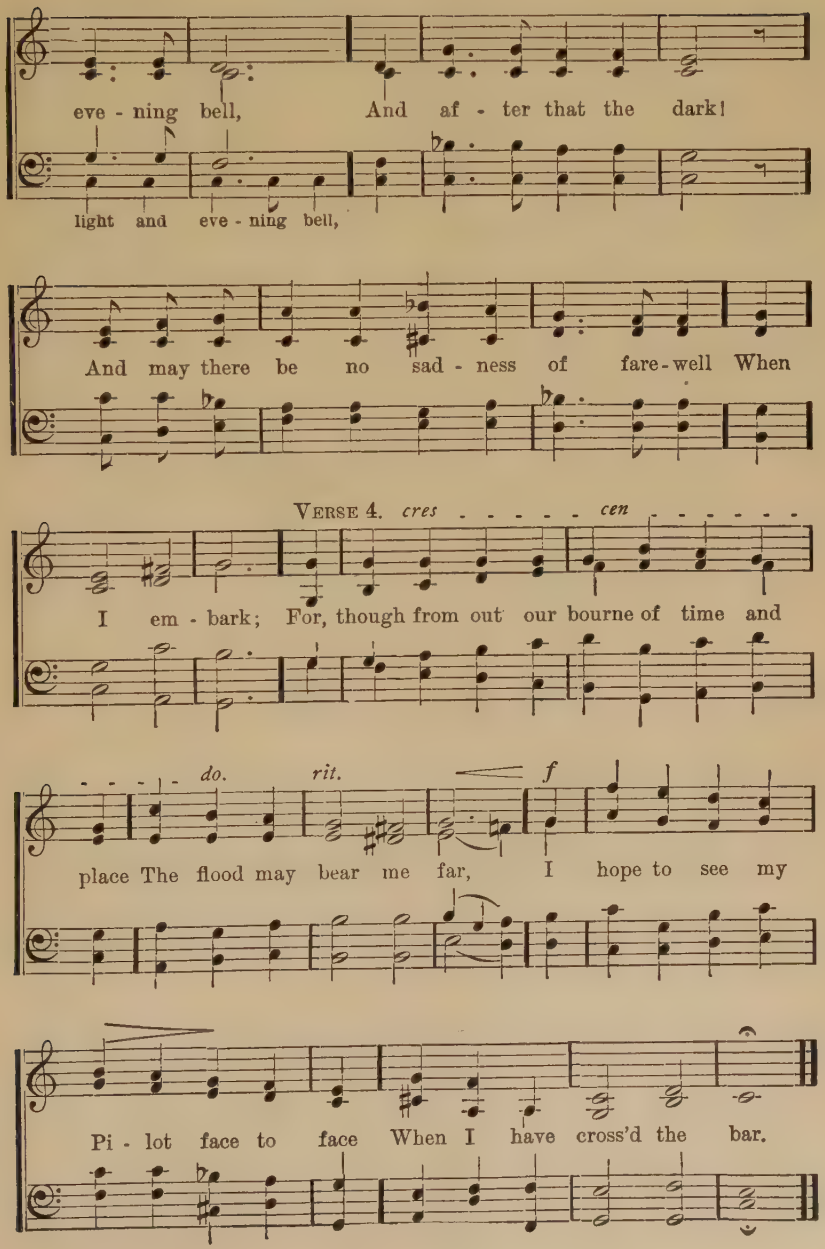
VERSE 2.



rall. VERSE 3.

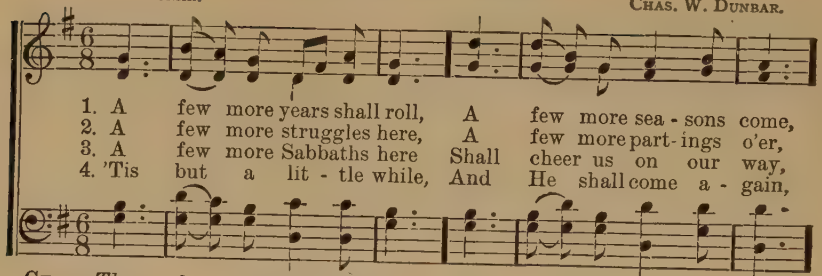


Crossing the Bar.—*Concluded.*

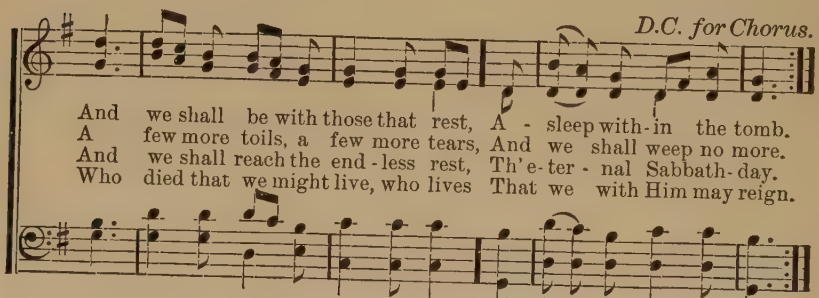

eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark!
light and eve - ning bell,
And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well When
VERSE 4. cres cen
I em - bark; For, though from out our bourne of time and
do. rit. f
place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my
Pi - lot face to face When I have cross'd the bar.

Dunbar. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. CHAS. W. DUNBAR.

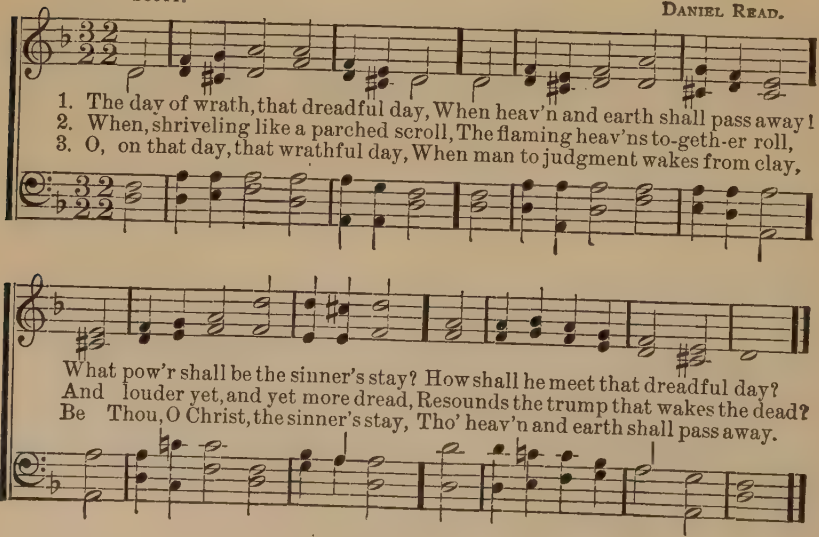

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
2. A few more struggles here, A few more part - ings o'er,
3. A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way,
4. 'Tis but a lit - tle while, And He shall come a - gain,
CHO.—Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day;

D.C. for Chorus.


And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb.
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th' e - ter - nal Sabbath - day.
Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign.
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way.

538 Windham. L. M.

WALTER SCOTT. DANIEL READ.


1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
2. When, shriveling like a parched scroll, The flaming heav'ns to-geth-er roll,
3. O, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
And louder yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away.

IX

HYMNS OF TIME AND ETERNITY

(B) THE SOUL ANTICIPATING HEAVEN

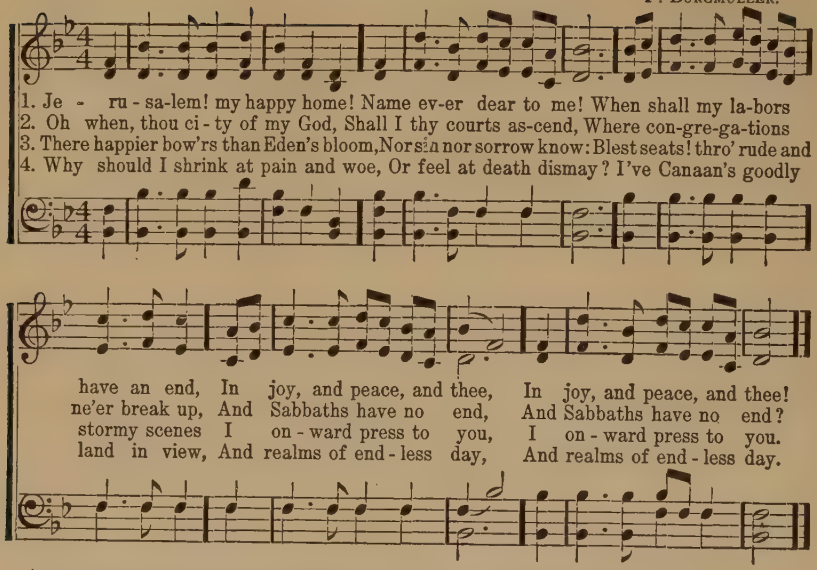
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

ISAIAH XXXV: 10

HYMNS 539–577

Rhine. C. M.

F. B. P. F. BURGMULLER.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my happy home! Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la-bors
2. Oh when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where con-gre-ga-tions
3. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and
4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay? I've Canaan's goodly
have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee, In joy, and peace, and thee!
ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end, And Sabbaths have no end?
stormy scenes I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you.
land in view, And realms of end - less day, And realms of end - less day.

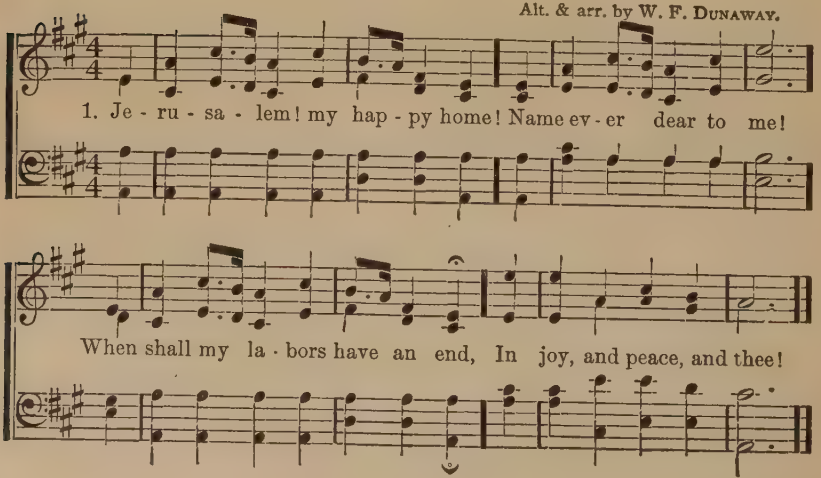
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Jerusalem. C. M.

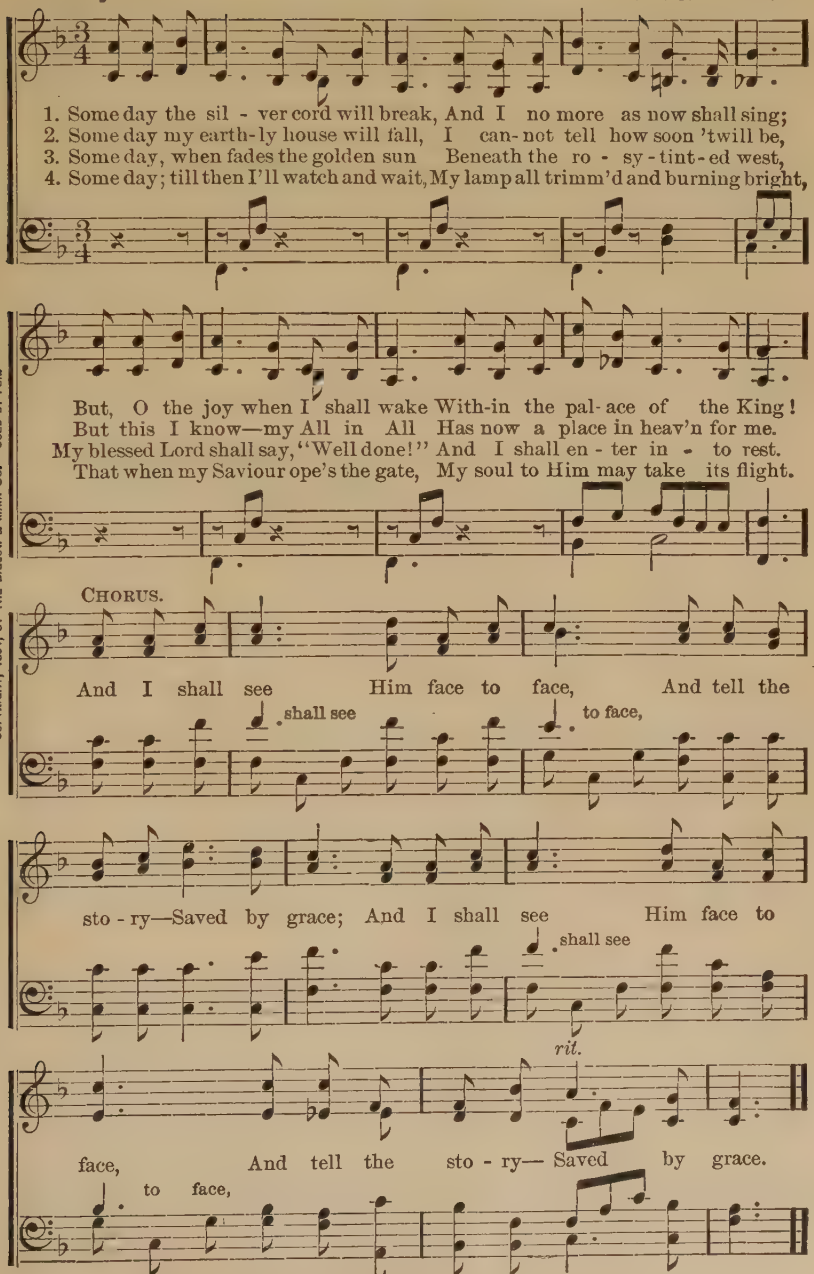
SECOND TUNE.

Alt. & arr. by W. F. DUNAWAY.



Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint-ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
But, O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.
CHORUS.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see
to face,
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see
rit.
face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

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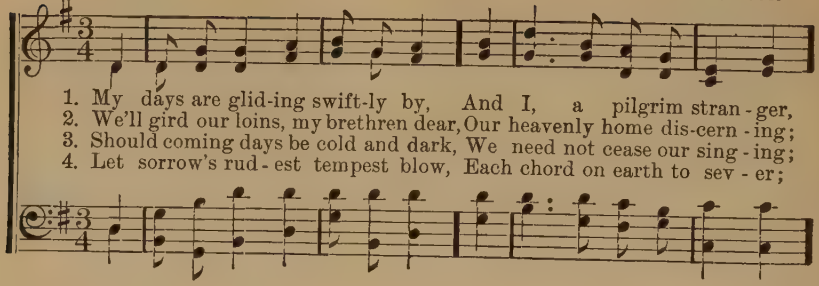
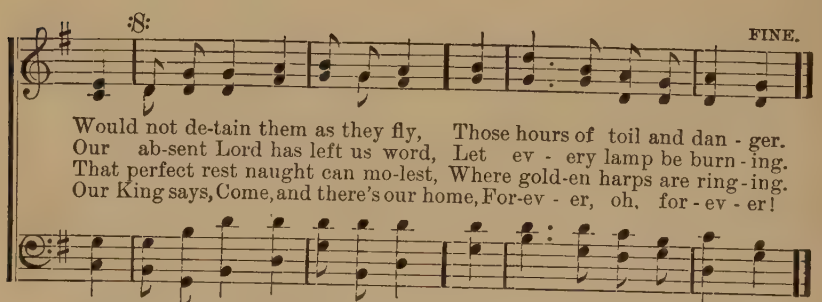
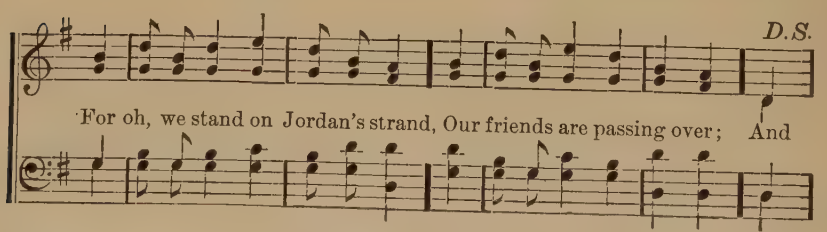
Shining Shore. 8s, 7s.

DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heavenly home dis-cern-ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sorrow's rud-est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er;

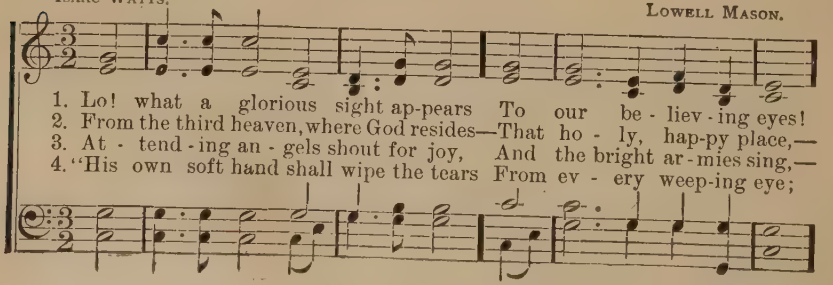

:S:
FINE.
Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev-ery lamp be burn-ing.
That perfect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, Come, and there's our home, For-ev-er, oh, for-ev-er!

D.S.—just be-fore, the Shining Shore, We may al-most dis-cov-er!

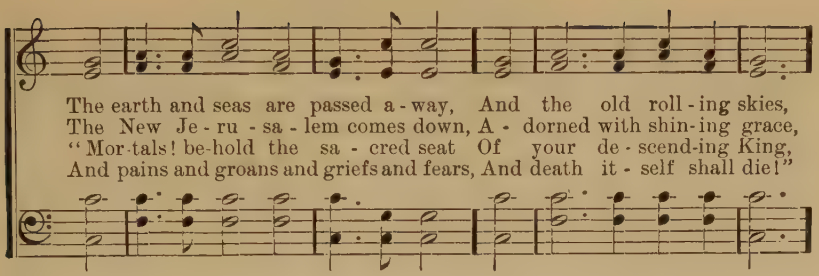


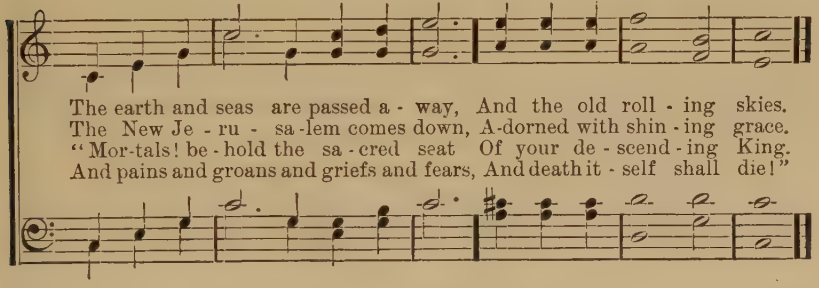
542 Zerah. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Lo! what a glorious sight ap-pears To our be-liev-ing eyes!
2. From the third heaven, where God resides—That ho-ly, hap-py place,—
3. At-tend-ing an-gels shout for joy, And the bright ar-mies sing,—
4. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev-ery weep-ing eye;

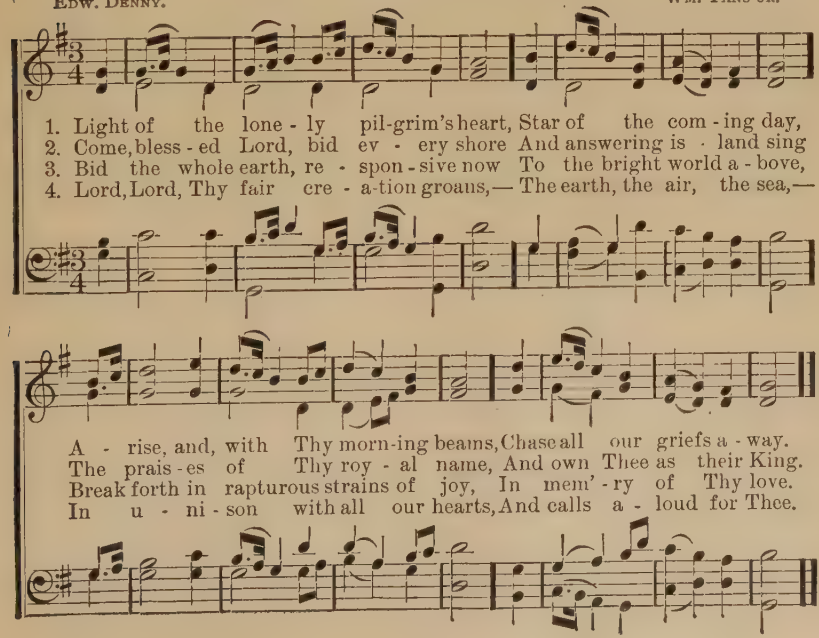
Zerah.—*Concluded.*


The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies,
The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace,
"Mor - tals! be - hold the sa - cred seat Of your de - scend - ing King,
And pains and groans and griefs and fears, And death it - self shall die!"


The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.
"Mor - tals! be - hold the sa - cred seat Of your de - scend - ing King.
And pains and groans and griefs and fears, And death it - self shall die!"

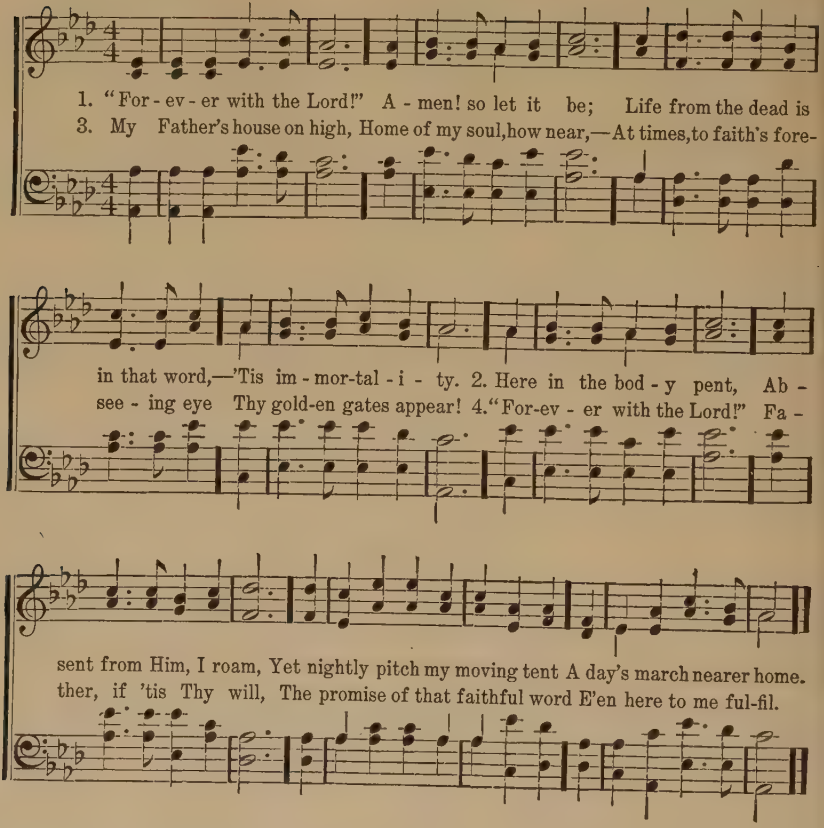
St. Martins. C. M. 543

Edw. Denny. Wm. Tans'ur.


1. Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,
2. Come, bless - ed Lord, bid ev - ery shore And answering is - land sing
3. Bid the whole earth, re - spon - sive now To the bright world a - bove,
4. Lord, Lord, Thy fair cre - a - tion groans,— The earth, the air, the sea,—
A - rise, and, with Thy morn - ing beams, Chase all our griefs a - way.
The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy, In mem' - ry of Thy love.
In u - ni - son with all our hearts, And calls a - loud for Thee.

Woodbury. S. M. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be; Life from the dead is
3. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near,—At times, to faith's fore-
in that word,—'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty. 2. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab -
see - ing eye Thy gold-en gates appear! 4. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" Fa -
sent from Him, I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.
ther, if 'tis Thy will, The promise of that faithful word E'en here to me ful-fil.

545 S. M. D.

1 There is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

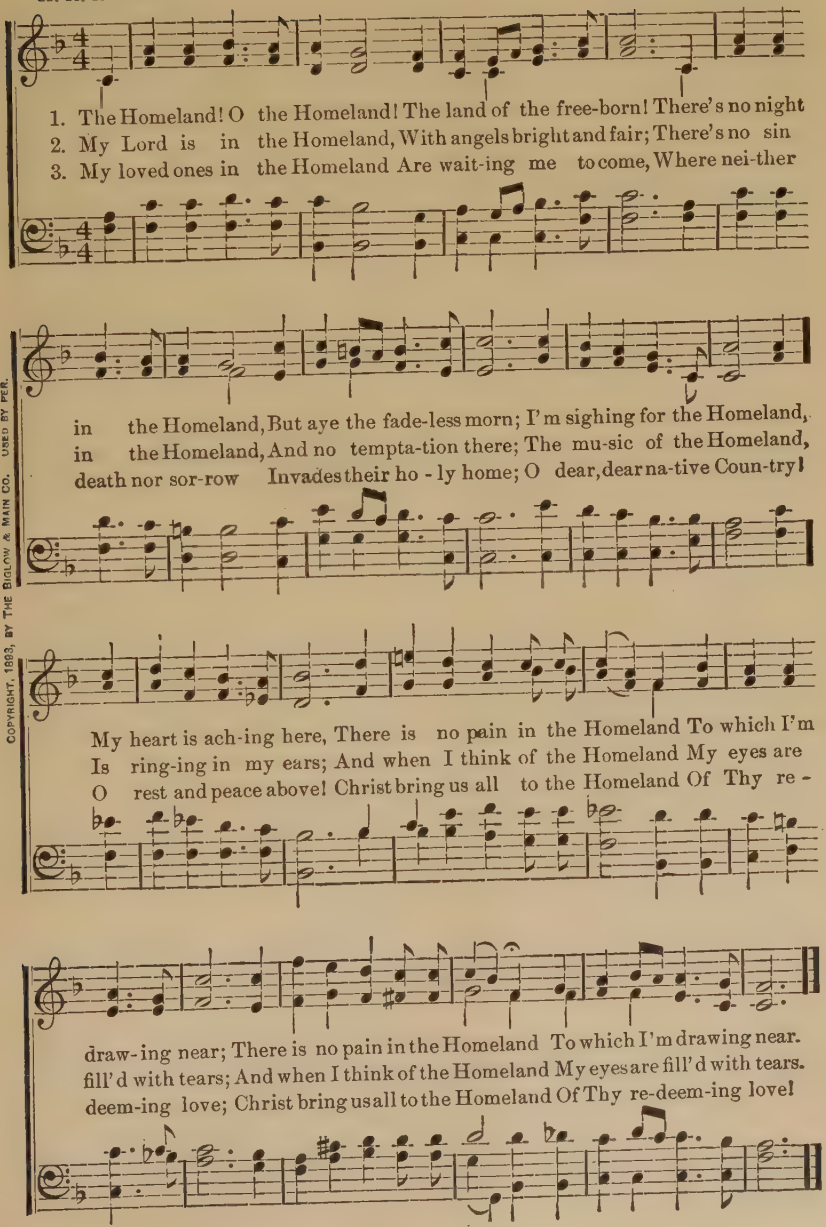
2 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

3 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies!

F. Knollis.

The Homeland.

H. R. Haweis. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free-born! There's no night
2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With angels bright and fair; There's no sin
3. My loved ones in the Homeland Are wait-ing me to come, Where nei-ther
in the Homeland, But aye the fade-less morn; I'm sighing for the Homeland,
in the Homeland, And no tempta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Homeland,
death nor sor-row Invades their ho - ly home; O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try!
My heart is ach-ing here, There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm
Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are
O rest and peace above! Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of Thy re -
draw-ing near; There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near.
fill'd with tears; And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are fill'd with tears.
deem-ing love; Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of Thy re-deem-ing love!

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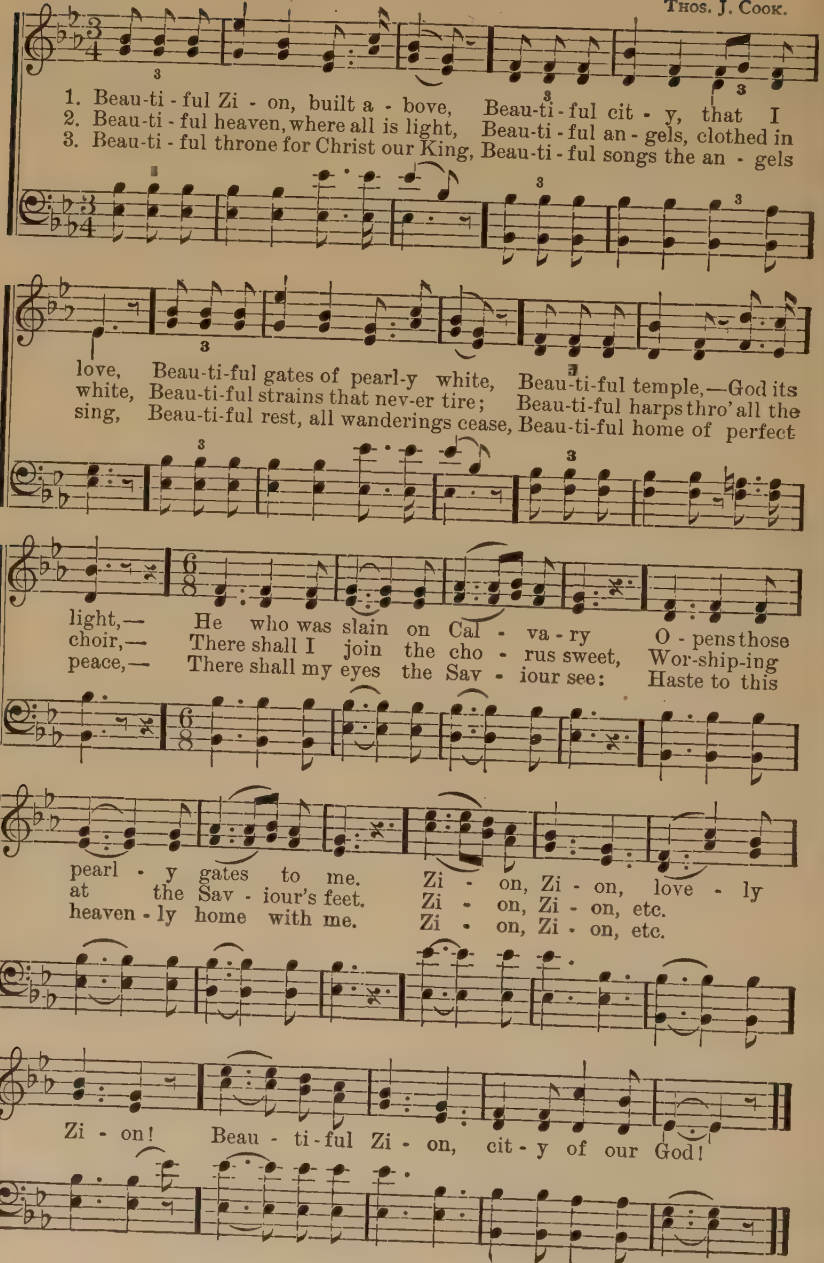
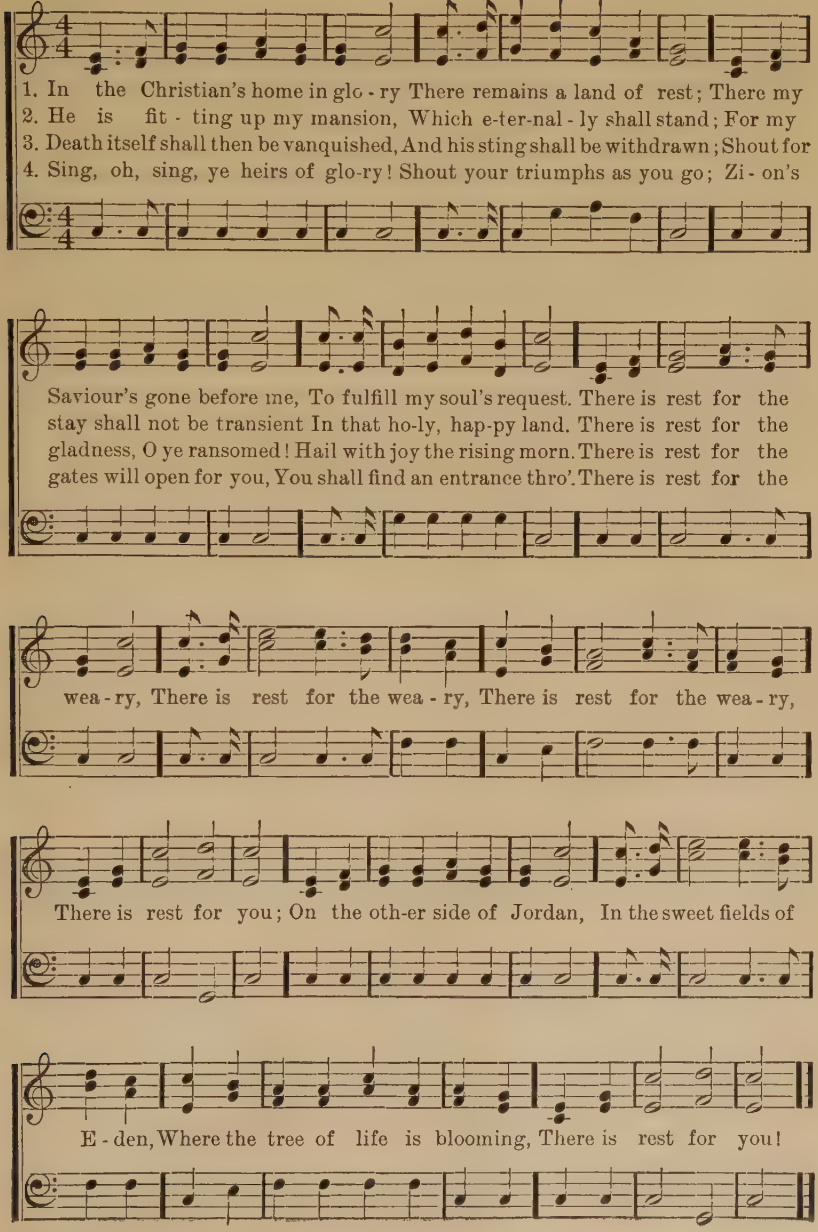
Beautiful City. P. M.

GEO. GILL. THOS. J. COOK.


1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y, that I
2. Beau-ti - ful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti - ful an - gels, clothed in
3. Beau-ti - ful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti - ful songs the an - gels
love, Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful temple,—God its
white, Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire; Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the
sing, Beau-ti-ful rest, all wanderings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of perfect
light,— He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O - pens those
choir,— There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor-ship-ing
peace,— There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see: Haste to this
pearl - y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly
at the Sav - iour's feet. Zi - on, Zi - on, etc.
heaven - ly home with me. Zi - on, Zi - on, etc.
Zi - on! Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

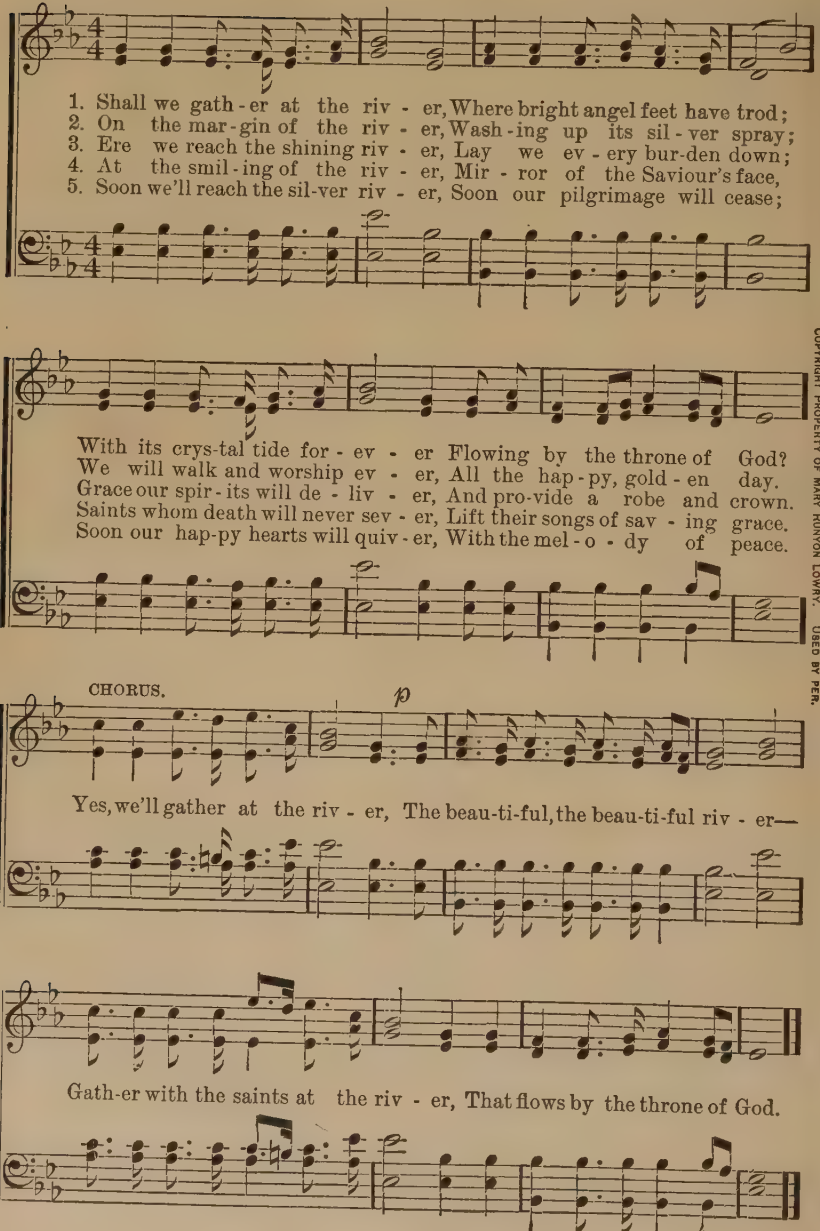
Rest for the Weary. 8s, 7s.

SAM'L Y. HARMER. WM. MCDONALD.


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There remains a land of rest; There my
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e-ter-nal - ly shall stand; For my
3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo-ry! Shout your triumphs as you go; Zi - on's
Saviour's gone before me, To fulfill my soul's request. There is rest for the
stay shall not be transient In that ho-ly, hap-py land. There is rest for the
gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn. There is rest for the
gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance thro'. There is rest for the
wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
There is rest for you; On the oth-er side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of
E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!

Beautiful River. P. M.

R. Lowry. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - ery bur-den down;
4. At the smil-ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Saviour's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will never sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er, With the mel-o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
p
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

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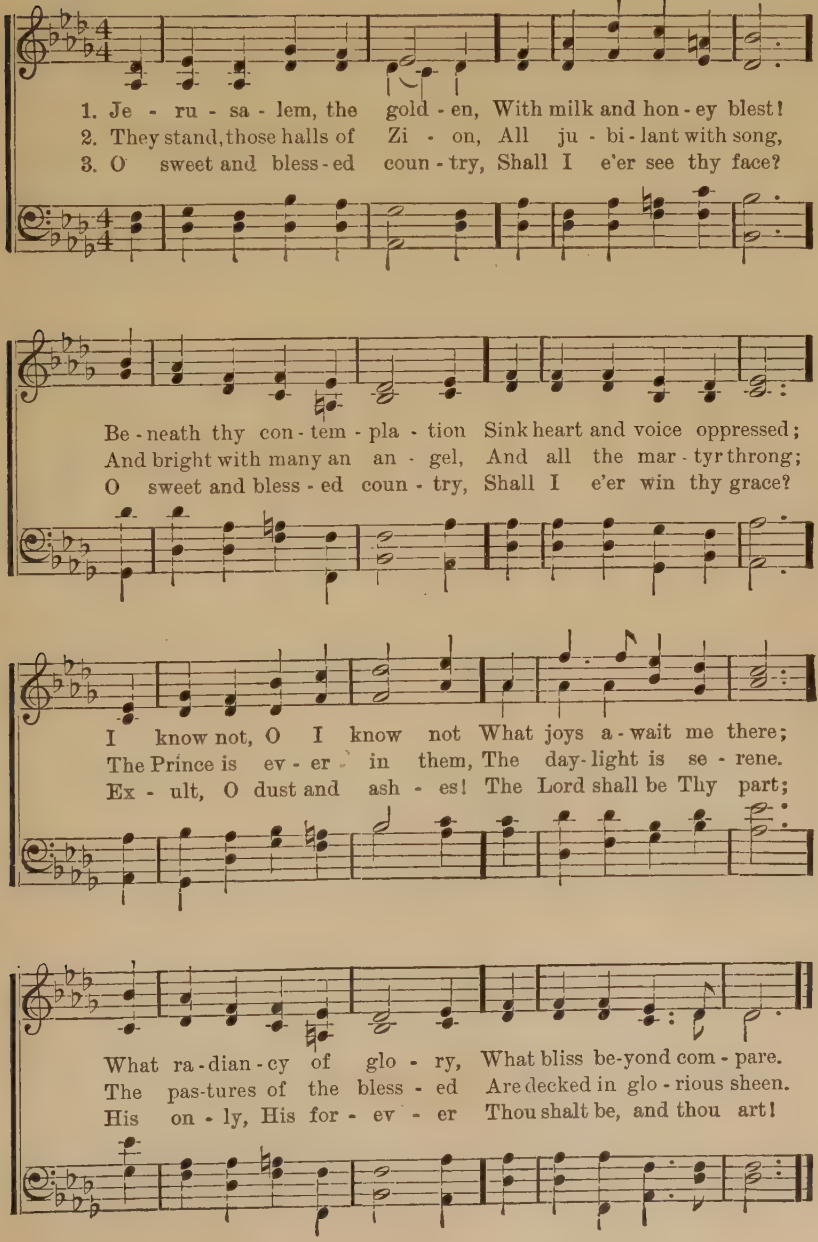
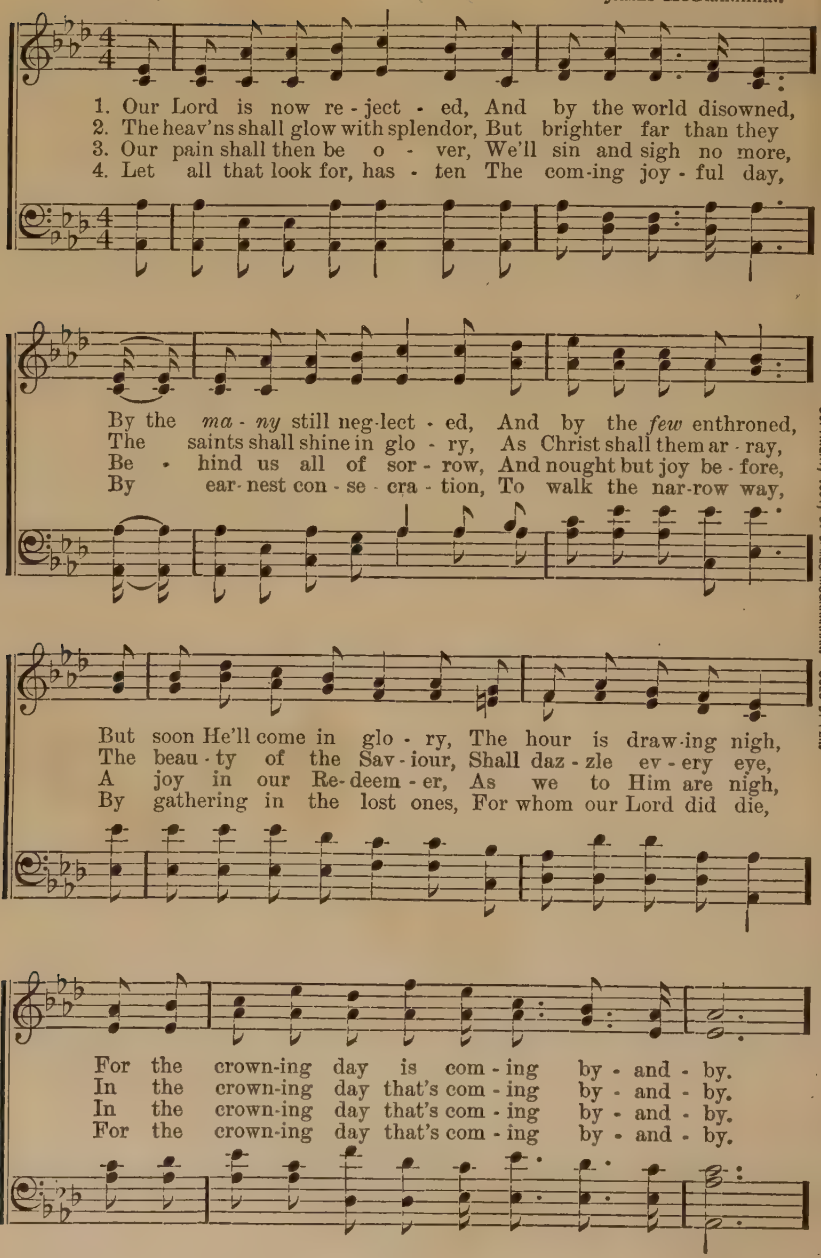
Ewing. 7s, 6s. D.

Tr. J. M. Neale. Alex. Ewing.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I e'er see thy face?
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed;
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I e'er win thy grace?
I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait me there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene.
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be Thy part;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
His on - ly, His for - ev - er Thou shalt be, and thou art!

The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned,
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com-ing joy - ful day,
By the ma - ny still neg-lect - ed, And by the few enthroned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And nought but joy be - fore,
By ear-nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar-row way,
But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh,
The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - ery eye,
A joy in our Re-deem - er, As we to Him are nigh,
By gathering in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,
For the crown-ing day is com - ing by - and - by.
In the crown-ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.
In the crown-ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.
For the crown-ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.

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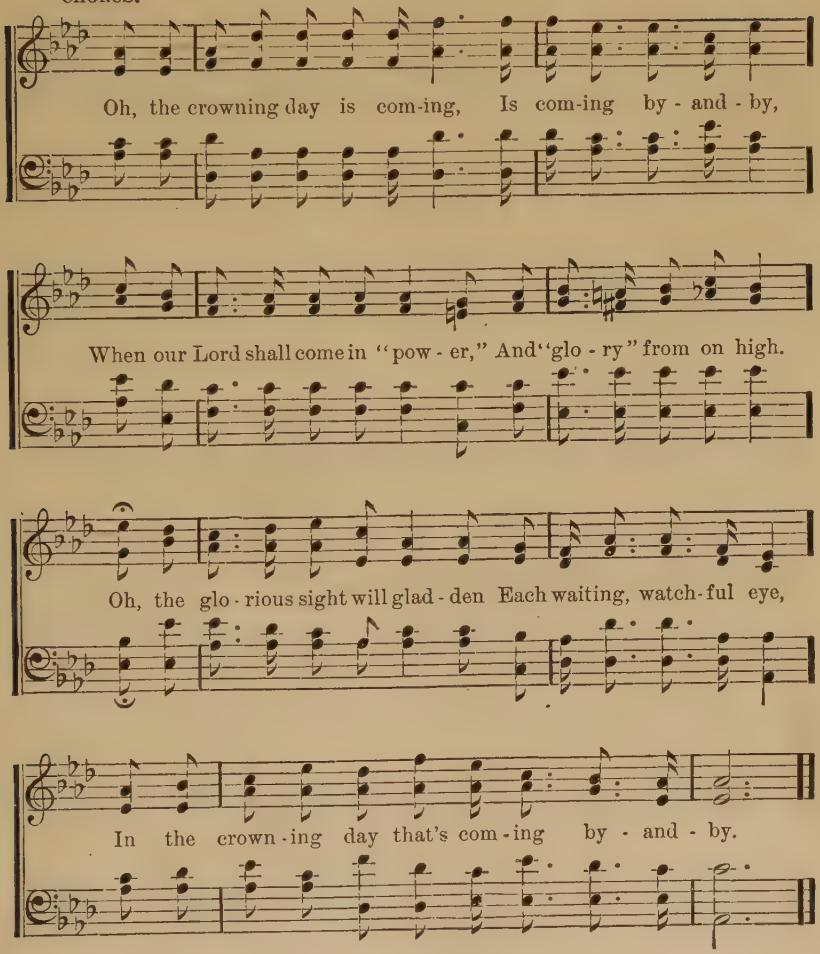
The Crowning Day.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


Oh, the crowning day is com-ing, Is com-ing by - and - by,
When our Lord shall come in "pow - er," And "glo - ry" from on high.
Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den Each waiting, watch-ful eye,
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.

Doxologies.

8s, 7s. D.

Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

J. Conder.

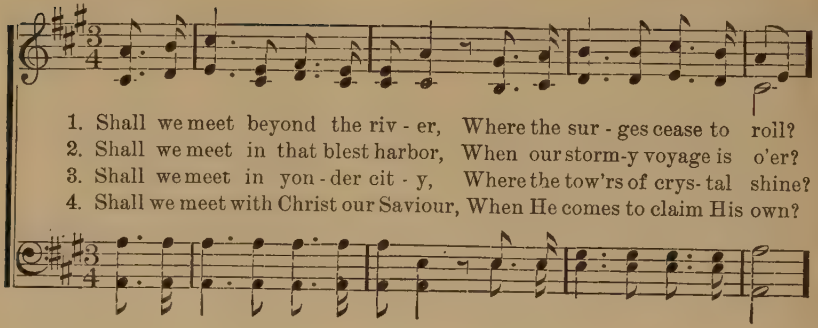
6s, 4s.

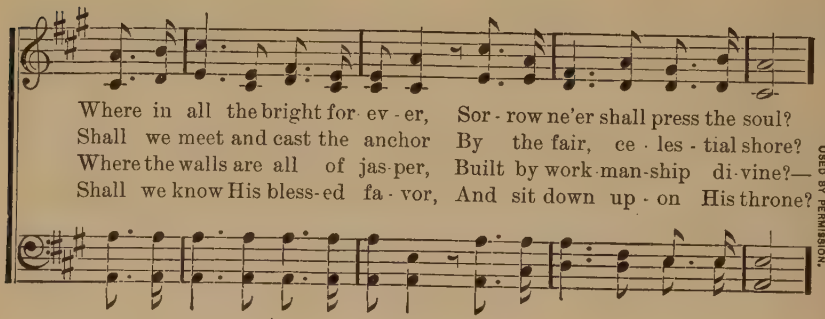
To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

E. F. Hatfield.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.


1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?


Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?—
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

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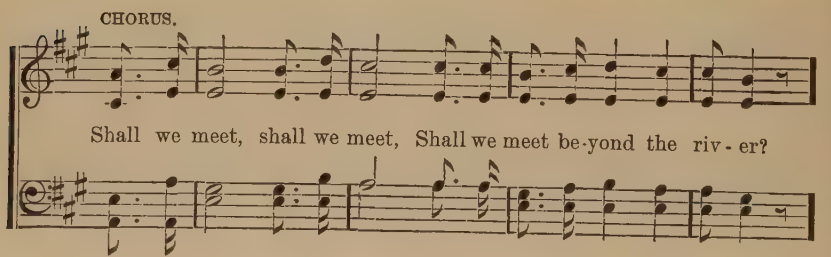

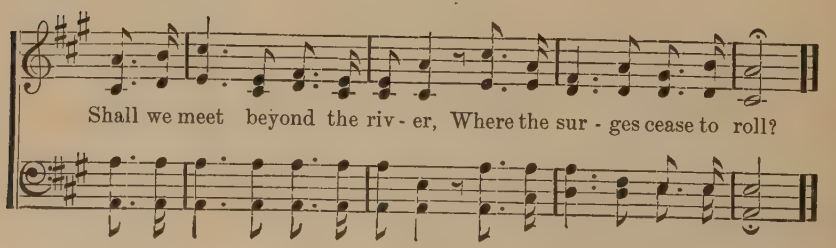

We Shall Meet.

JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.

ff
pp
1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By-and - by, by - and - by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By-and - by, by - and - by;
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By-and - by, by - and - by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By-and - by, by - and - by;
And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By-and - by, by - and - by;
We shall sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry, By-and - by, by - and - by;
Who a crown of life will give us, By-and - by, by - and - by;
And with sweet-est rap-ture knowing, By-and - by, by - and - by;
With the toil-some jour-ney done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
And the strains for ev - er - more Shall resound in sweet-ness o'er
And the an - gels who ful - fill All the mandates of His will
All the blest ones, who have gone, To the land of life and song,—
We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and - by, by - and - by.
Yon-der ev - er - last-ing shore, By - and - by, by - and - by.
Shall at - tend, and love us still, By - and - by, by - and - by.
We with shoutings shall re - join, By - and - by, by - and - by.

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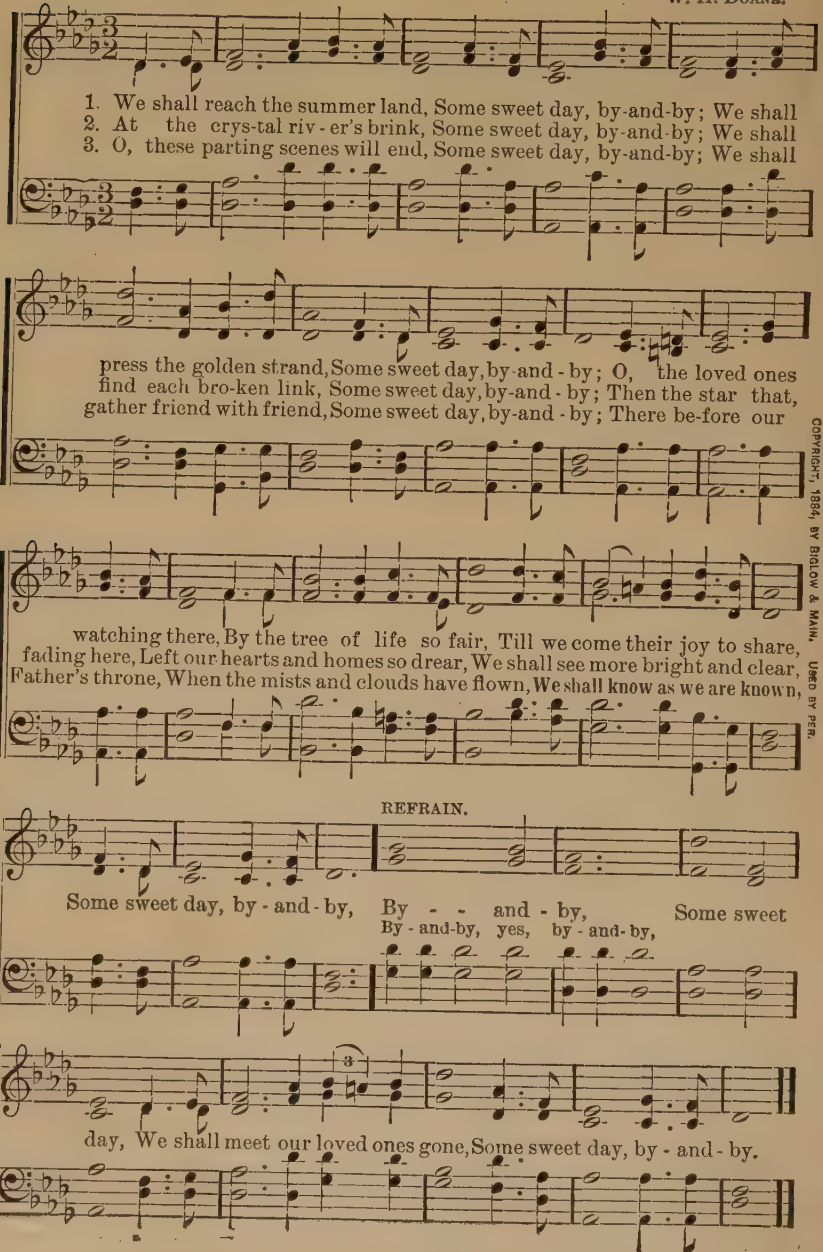
Some Sweet Day, By-and-By.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by-and-by; We shall
2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by-and-by; We shall
3. O, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by-and-by; We shall
press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by-and-by; O, the loved ones
find each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by-and-by; Then the star that,
gather friend with friend, Some sweet day, by-and-by; There be-fore our
watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share,
fading here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,
REFRAIN.
Some sweet day, by-and-by, By - - and - by, Some sweet
By-and-by, yes, by-and-by,
day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by-and-by.

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Sweet By-and-By.

S. F. Bennett. J. P. Webster. Arr. by H. P. Main.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of
far; For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre pare us a
blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that
CHORUS.
dwelling-place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
bless-ing of rest.
hal - low our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the sweet by-and-
by-and-by, by-and-by, by - and-
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by, by-and-by,

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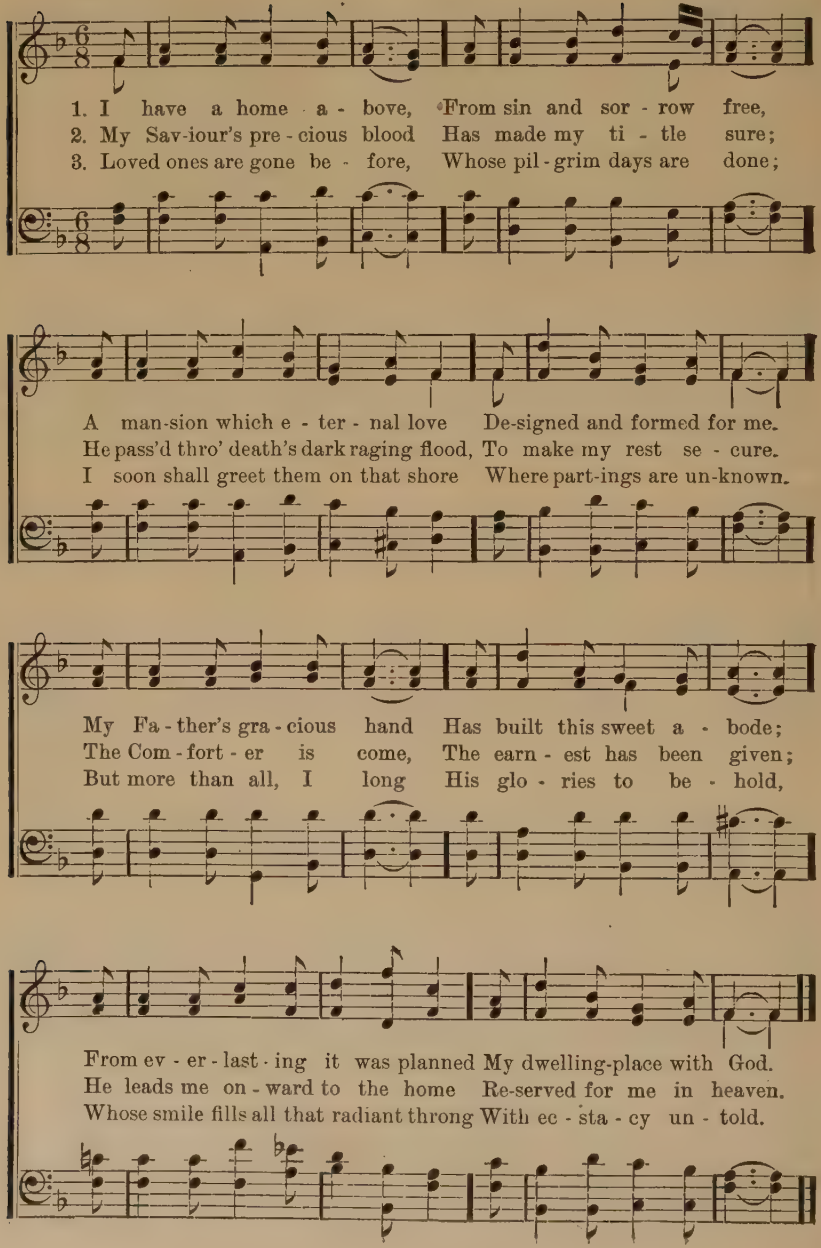
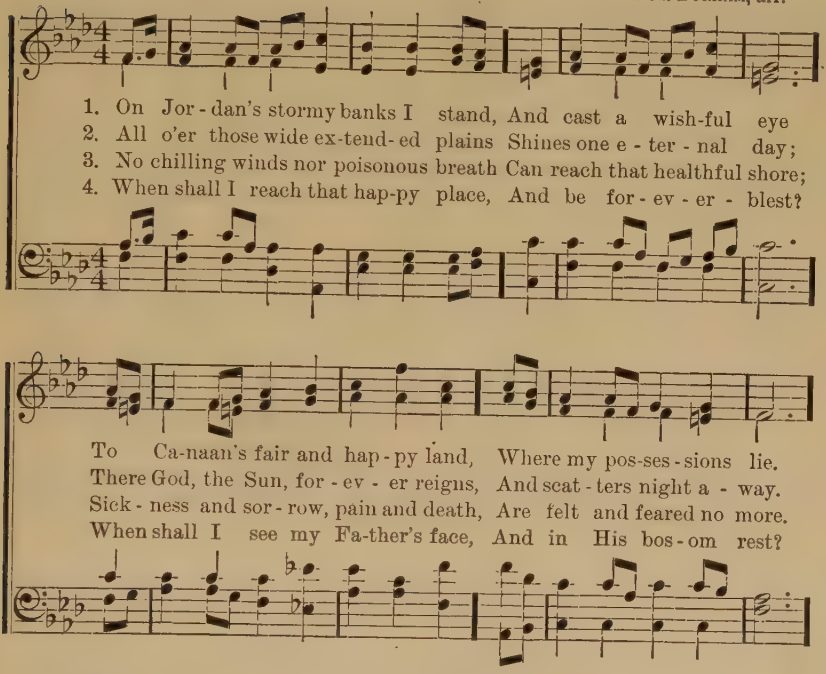
Bonar. S. M. D.

H. Bennett. J. P. Holbrook.


1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free,
2. My Sav-iour's pre - cious blood Has made my ti - tle sure;
3. Loved ones are gone be - fore, Whose pil - grim days are done;
A man-sion which e - ter - nal love De-signed and formed for me.
He pass'd thro' death's dark raging flood, To make my rest se - cure.
I soon shall greet them on that shore Where part-ings are un-known.
My Fa - ther's gra - cious hand Has built this sweet a - bode;
The Com - fort - er is come, The earn - est has been given;
But more than all, I long His glo - ries to be - hold,
From ev - er - last - ing it was planned My dwelling-place with God.
He leads me on - ward to the home Re-served for me in heaven.
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng With ec - sta - cy un - told.

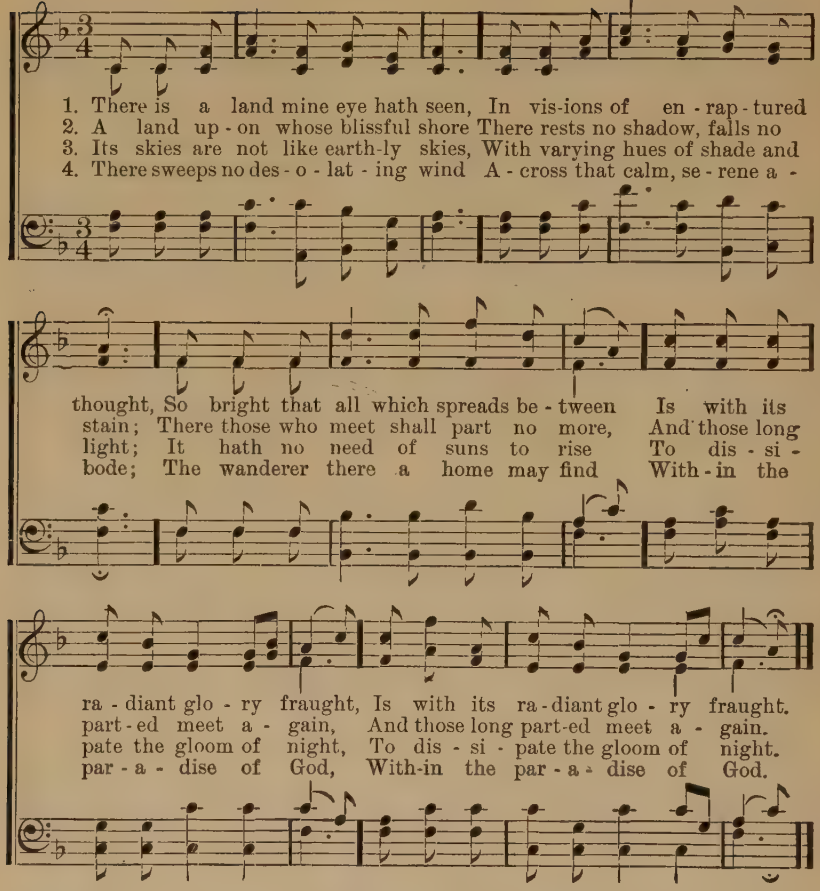
Promised Land. C. M.

SAM'L STENNETT. Miss M. DURHAM, arr.


1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex-tend- ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er - blest?
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie.
There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
CHORUS.
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promis'd land;
O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

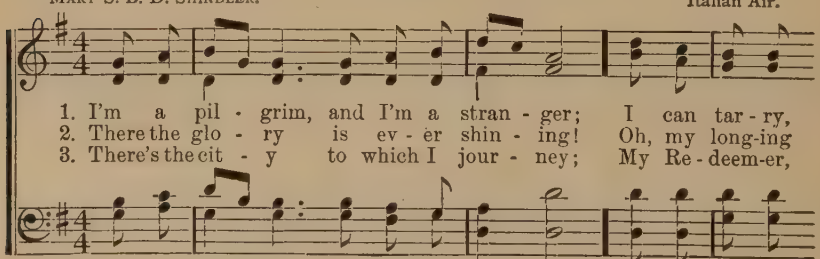
Anvern. L. M.

GURDON ROBINS. LOWELL MASON.

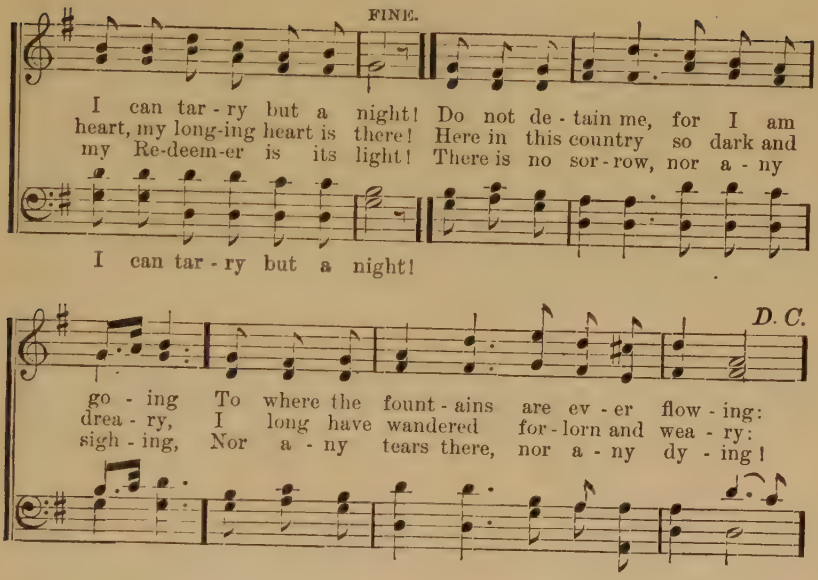

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis-ions of en - rap - tured
2. A land up - on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind A - cross that calm, se - rene a -
thought, So bright that all which spreads be - tween Is with its
stain; There those who meet shall part no more, And those long
light; It hath no need of suns to rise To dis - si -
bode; The wanderer there a home may find With - in the
ra - diant glo - ry fraught, Is with its ra - diant glo - ry fraught.
part - ed meet a - gain, And those long part-ed meet a - gain.
pate the gloom of night, To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
par - a - dise of God, With-in the par - a - dise of God.

559 I'm a Pilgrim. P. M.

MARY S. B. D. SHINDLER. Italian Air.

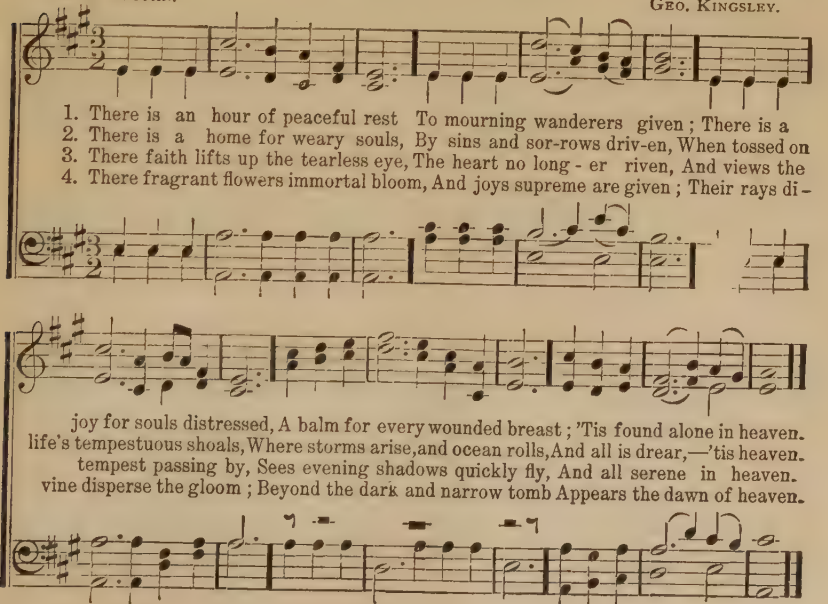

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry,
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing! Oh, my long-ing
3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er,
D. C.—I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry,

I'm a Pilgrim.—*Concluded.*


FINE.
I can tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am
heart, my long-ing heart is there! Here in this country so dark and
my Re-deem-er is its light! There is no sor - row, nor a - ny
I can tar - ry but a night!
D. C.
go - ing To where the fount - ains are ev - er flow - ing:
drea - ry, I long have wandered for - lorn and wea - ry:
sigh - ing, Nor a - ny tears there, nor a - ny dy - ing!

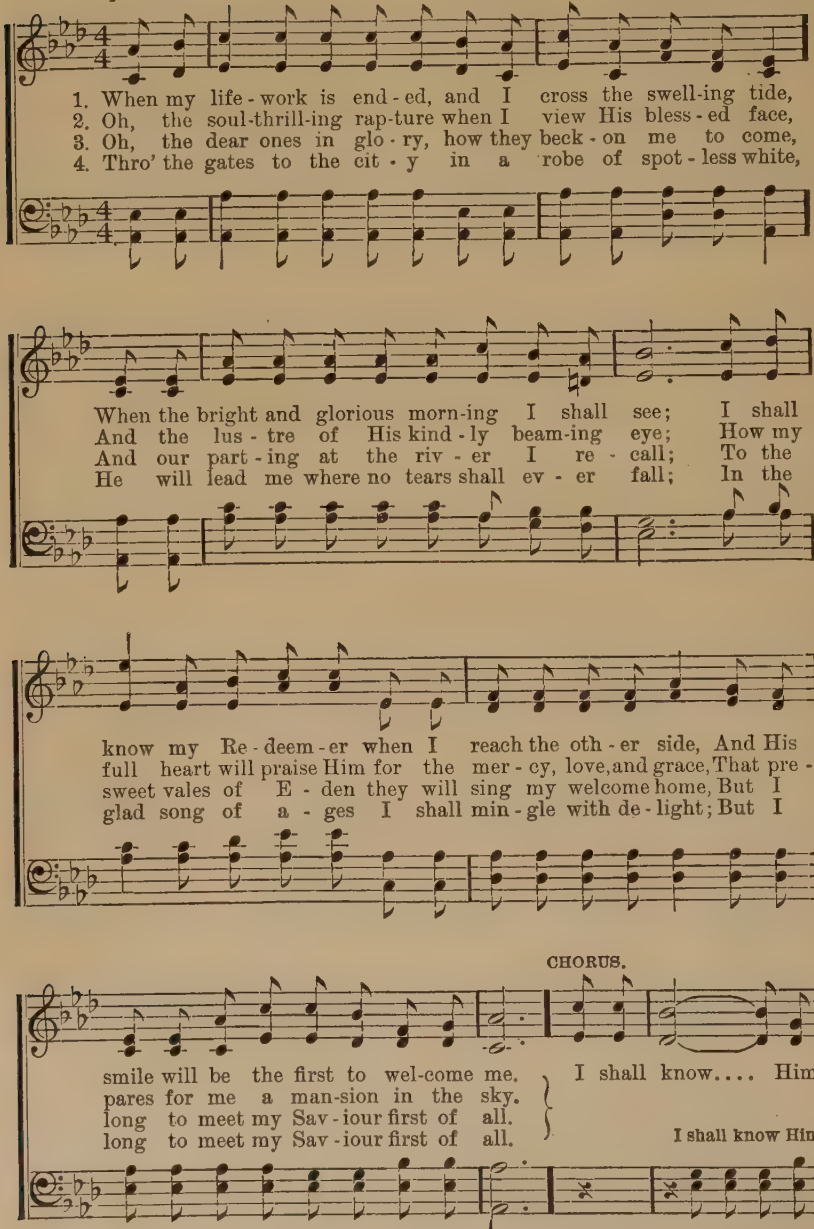
Tappan. C. M. 560

W. B. TAPPAN. GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sor-rows driv-en, When tossed on
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart no long - er riven, And views the
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; Their rays di -
joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found alone in heaven.
life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear,—'tis heaven.
tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.
vine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide,
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face,
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come,
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white,
When the bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see; I shall
And the lus-tre of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my
And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the
He will lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the
know my Re-deem-er when I reach the oth-er side, And His
full heart will praise Him for the mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-
sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home, But I
glad song of a-ges I shall min-gle with de-light; But I
CHORUS.
smile will be the first to wel-come me.
pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
I shall know.... Him,
I shall know Him,

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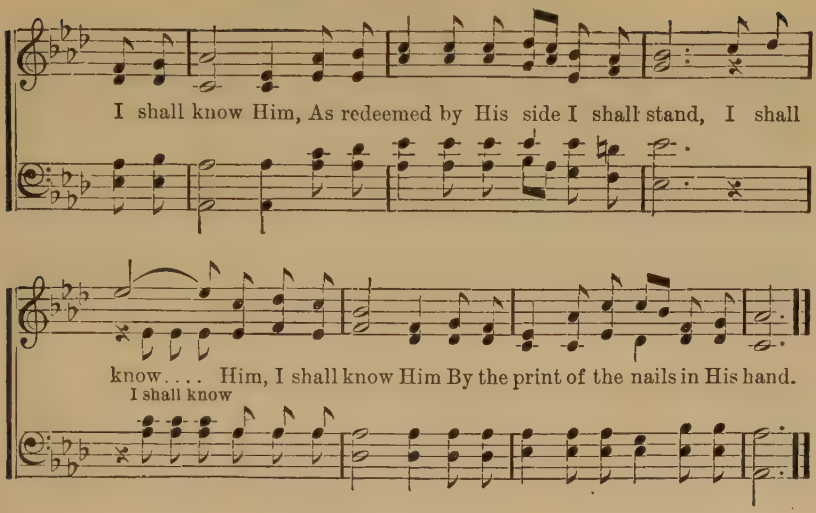
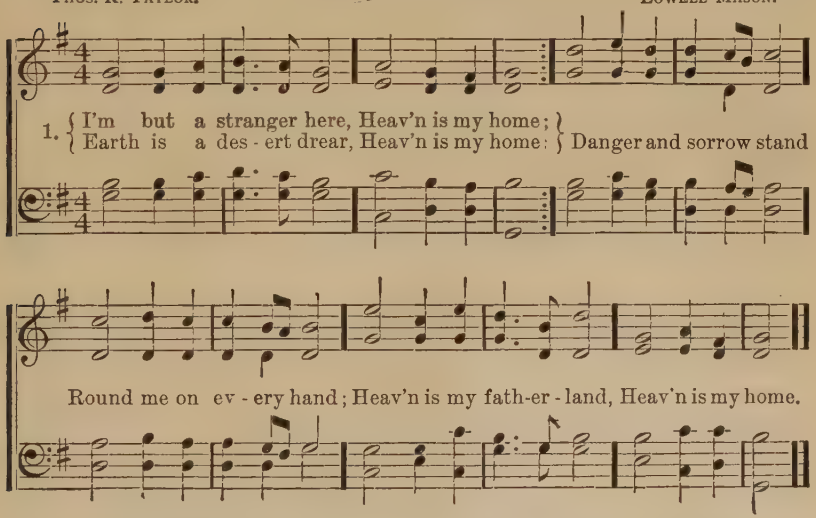
My Saviour.—*Concluded.*


I shall know Him, As redeemed by His side I shall stand, I shall
know.... Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know

Oak. 6s, 4s. 562

THOS. R. TAYLOR. LOWELL MASON.

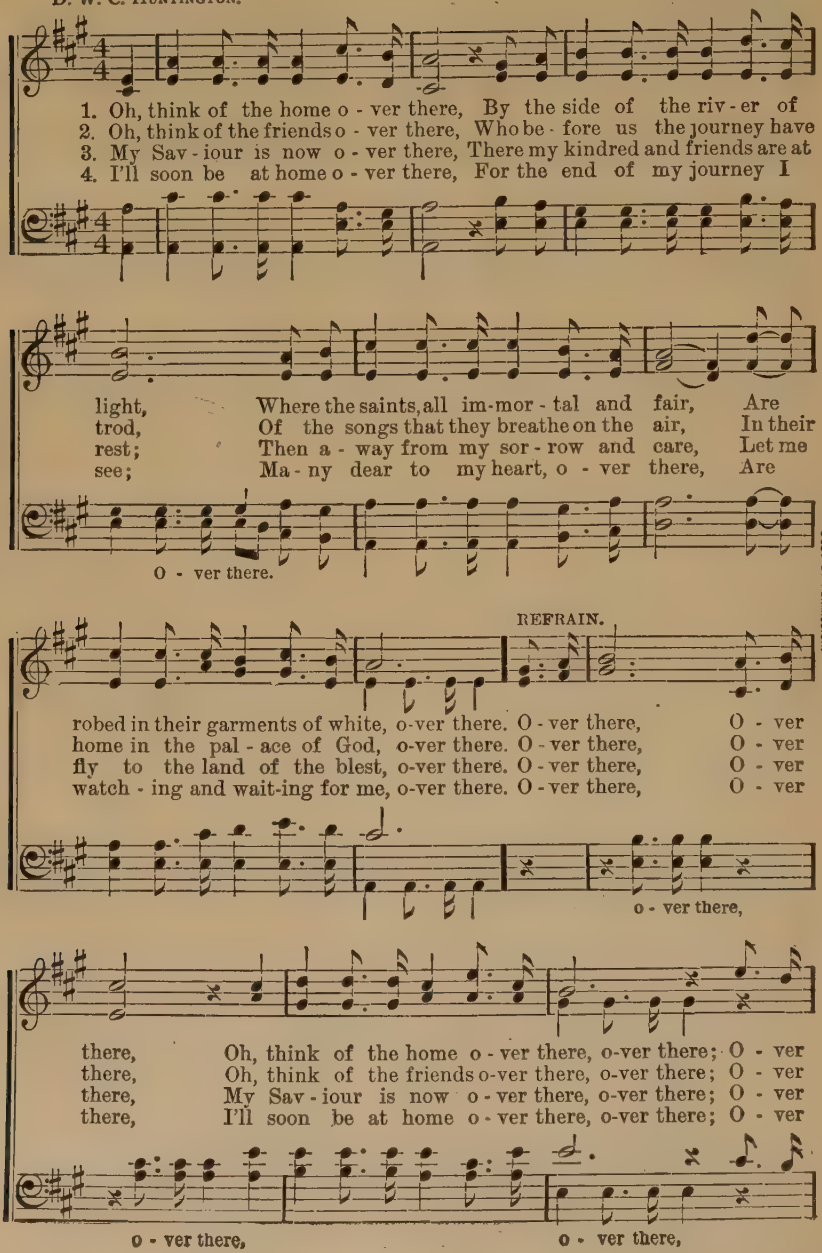

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home: } Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev - ery hand; Heav'n is my fath-er - land, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast:
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

The Home Over There. P. M.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the journey have
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my journey I
light, Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there.
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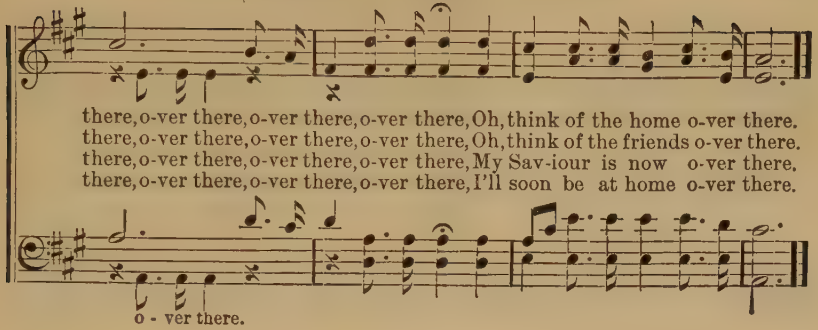
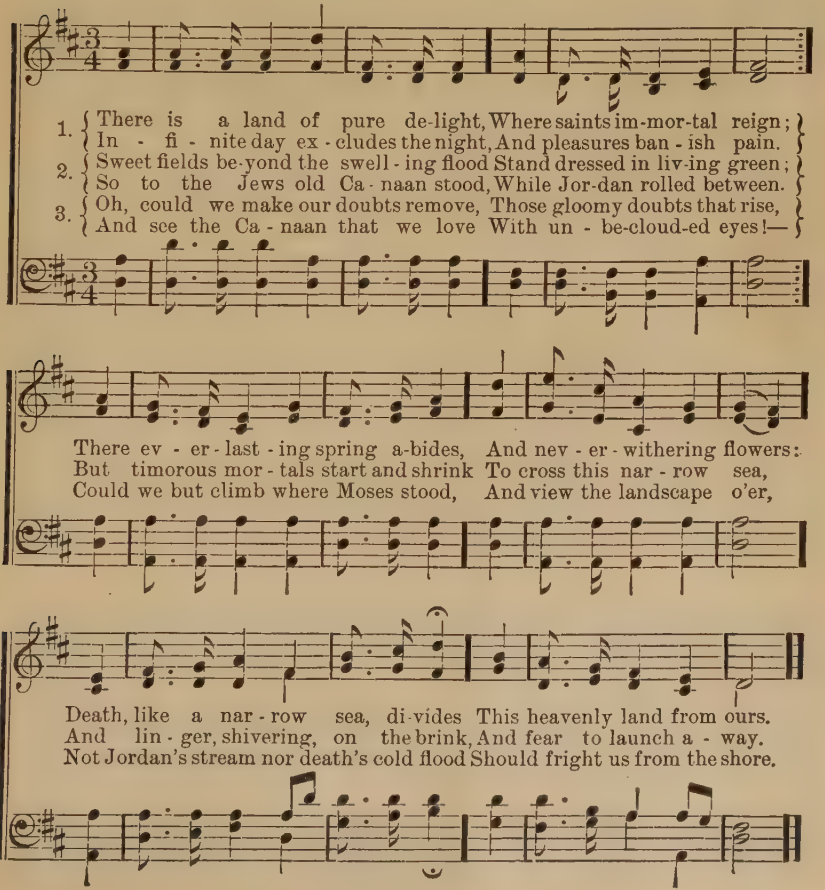
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, o-ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
home in the pal - ace of God, o-ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
watch - ing and wait-ing for me, o-ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there,
there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There.—*Concluded.*


there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.
o - ver there.

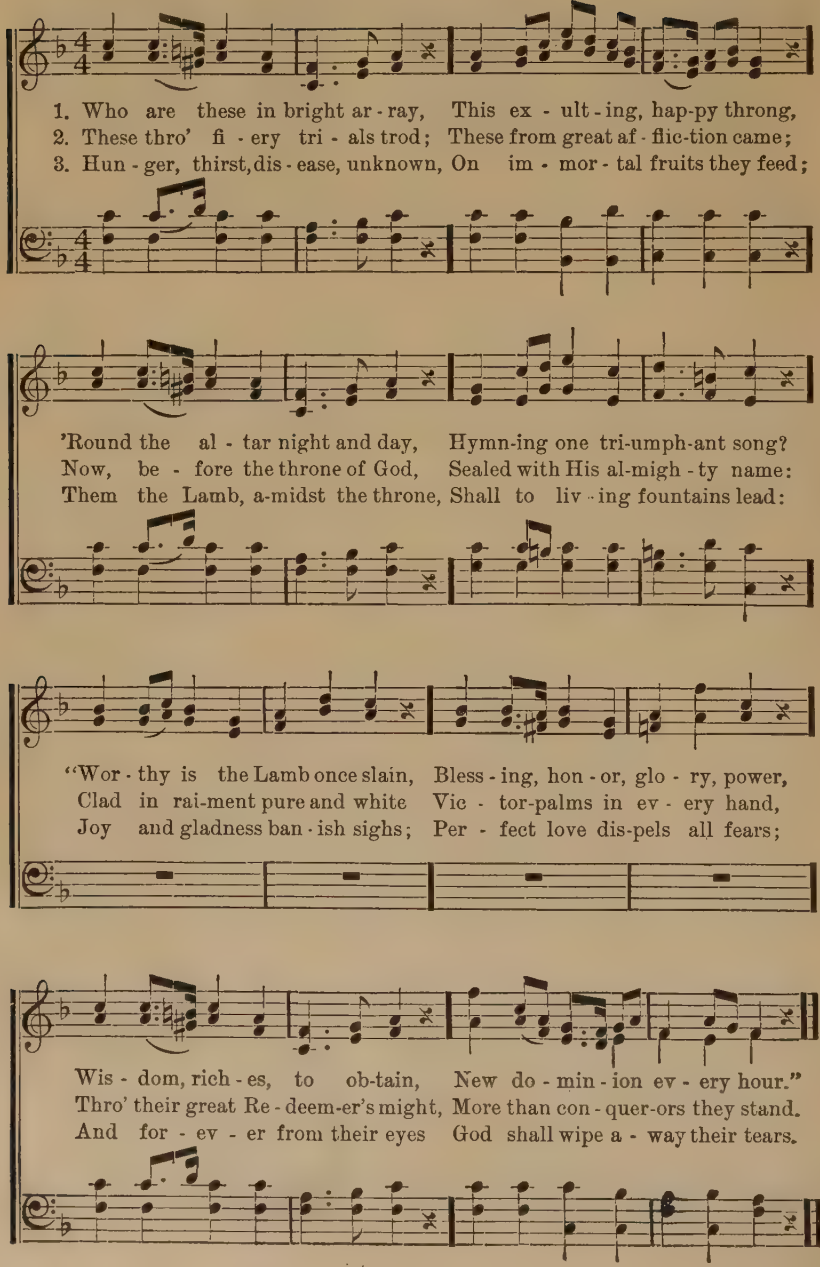
Varina. C. M. D. 564

Isaac Watts. Geo. F. Root.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes!—
There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - withering flowers:
But timorous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

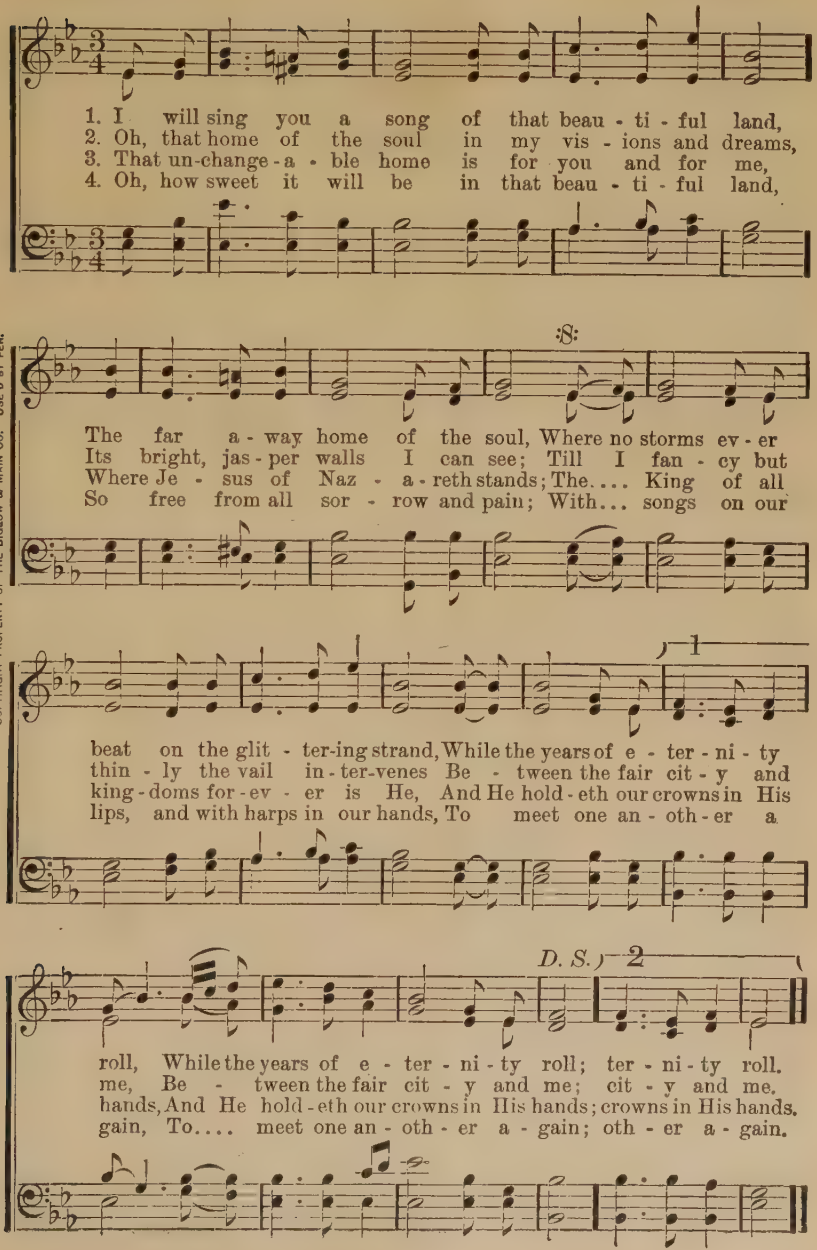
Indiana. 7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. G. DONIZETTI.


1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap-py throng,
2. These thro' fi - ery tri - als trod; These from great af - flic-tion came;
3. Hun - ger, thirst, dis - ease, unknown, On im - mor - tal fruits they feed;
'Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn-ing one tri-umph-ant song?
Now, be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with His al-migh - ty name:
Them the Lamb, a-midst the throne, Shall to liv - ing fountains lead:
"Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,
Clad in rai-ment pure and white Vic - tor-palms in ev - ery hand,
Joy and gladness ban - ish sighs; Per - fect love dis-pels all fears;
Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob-tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."
Thro' their great Re - deem-er's might, More than con - quer-ors they stand.
And for - ev - er from their eyes God shall wipe a - way their tears.

Home of the Soul.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-change - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,
The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The.... King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With... songs on our
beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a
roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To.... meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.
D. S.

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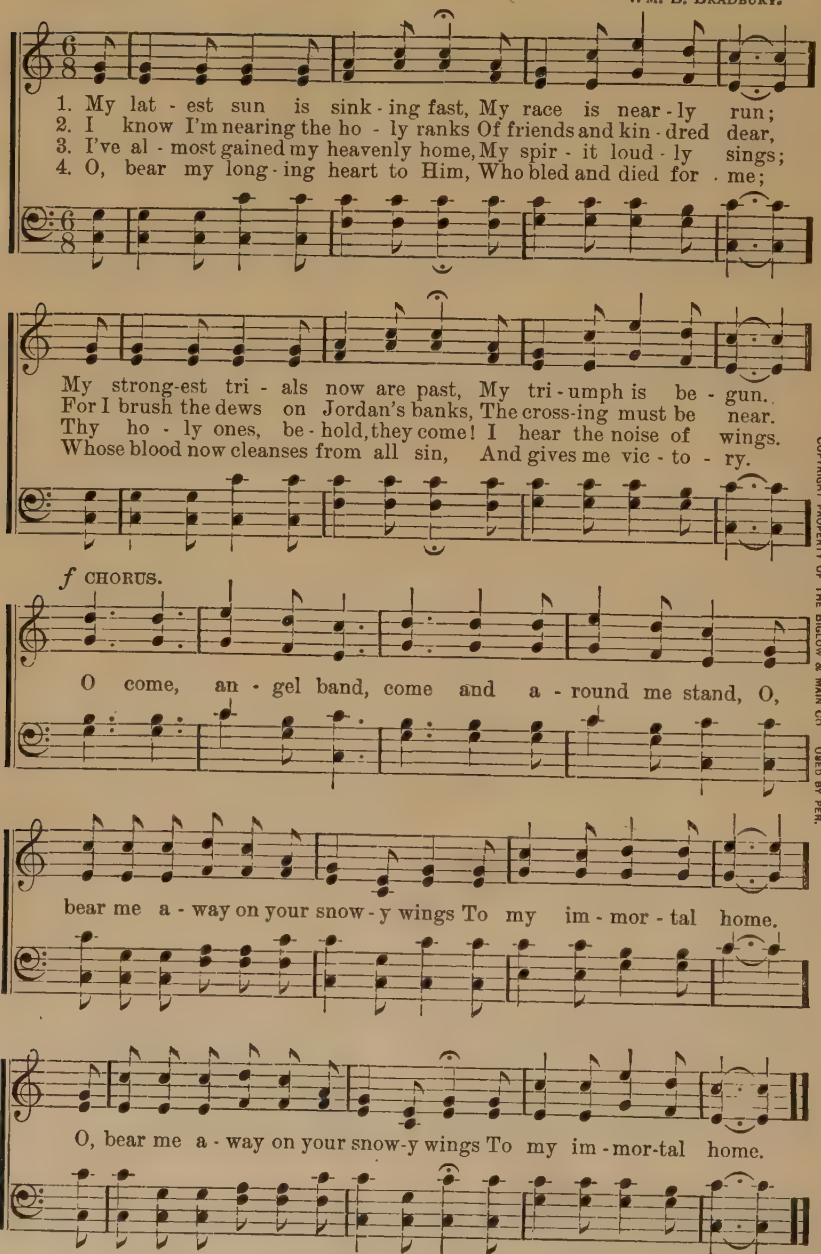
The Land of Beulah.

J. HASCALL. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heavenly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;
My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross-ing must be near.
Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.
f CHORUS.
O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O,
bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home.
O, bear me a - way on your snow-y wings To my im - mor-tal home.

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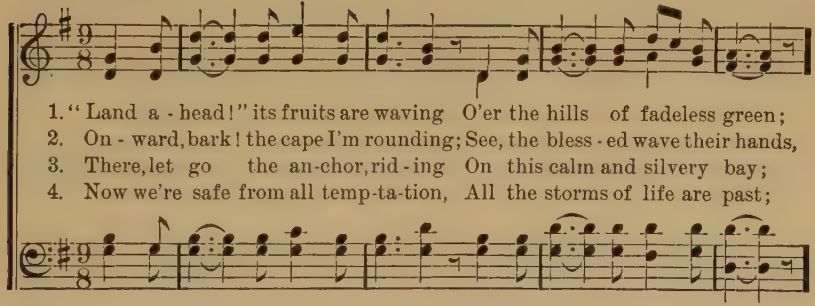
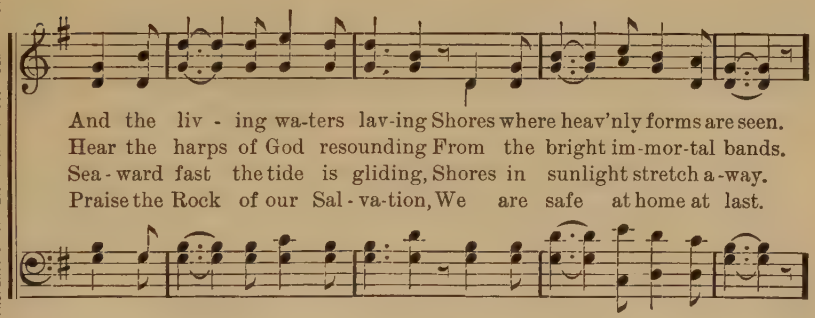
Safe Within the Vail.

E. Adams. J. M. Evans. Arr. by H. P. Main.


1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless - ed wave their hands,
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid - ing On this calm and silvery bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past;


And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
Sea - ward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch a-way.
Praise the Rock of our Sal - va-tion, We are safe at home at last.

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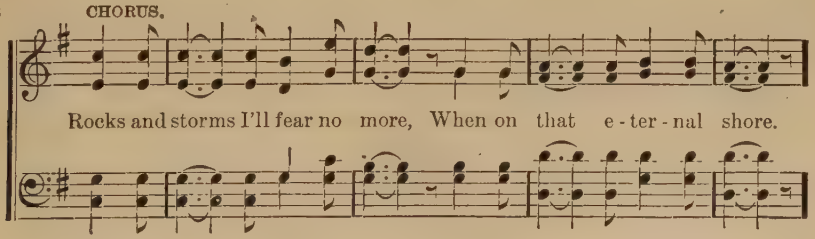

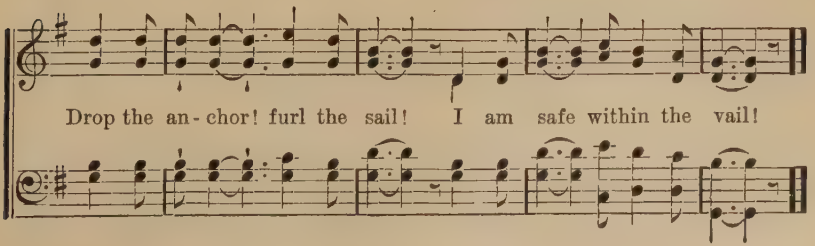

Meet Me There.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, Where the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain, But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for ev-er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
heaven no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend, Heart with
D.S.—storms of life are o'er, On the
pure and per-fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
FINE.
hap - py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there, meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there.
Tree of Life is bloom-ing, Meet me there; Where the
meet me there;
D.S.

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Beulah Land.

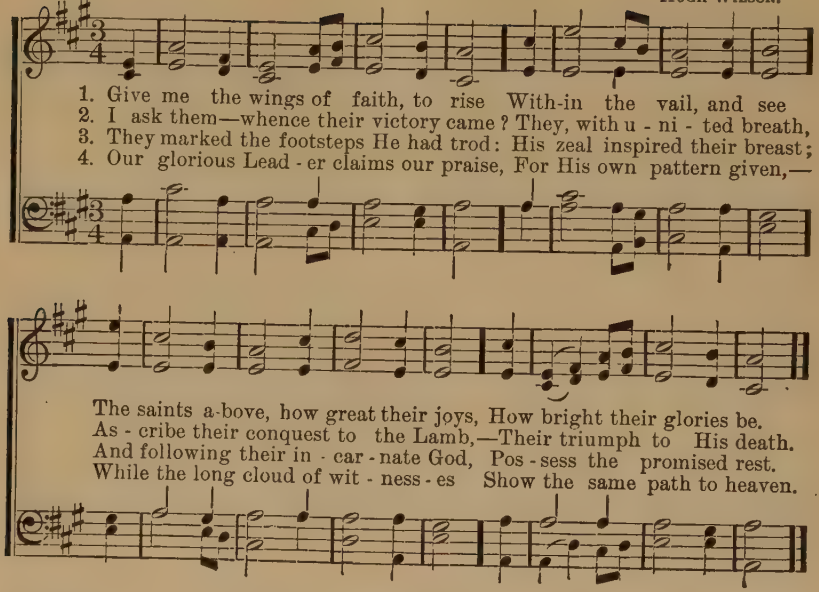
EDGAR PAGE STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
2. The Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver- nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel -o - dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's bor-der-land.
And flowers that nev - er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.
As an-gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shin-ing glo - ry shore, My heaven, my home for-ev-er-more.

FROM "GOODLY PEARLS," BY PER. JOHN J. HOOD.

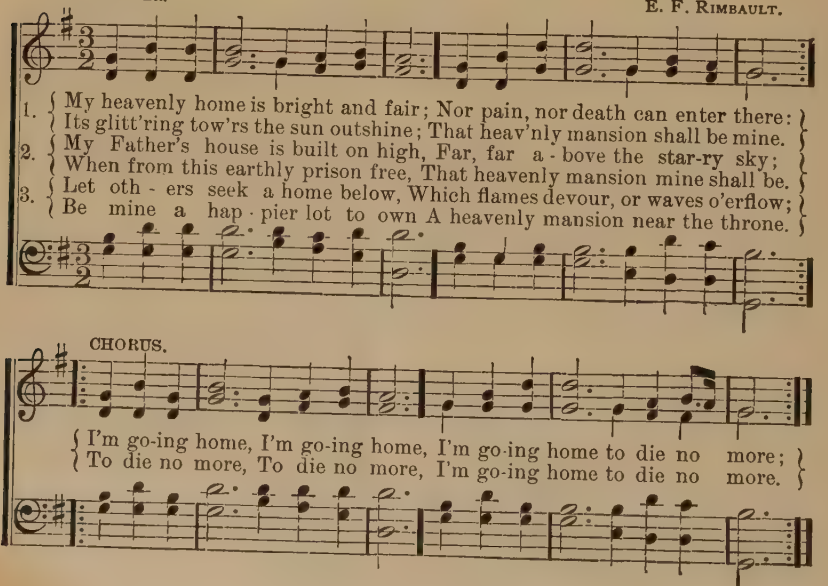
Avon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.


1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With-in the vail, and see
2. I ask them—whence their victory came? They, with u - ni - ted breath,
3. They marked the footsteps He had trod: His zeal inspired their breast;
4. Our glorious Lead - er claims our praise, For His own pattern given,—
The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
As - cribe their conquest to the Lamb,—Their triumph to His death.
And following their in - car - nate God, Pos - sess the promised rest.
While the long cloud of wit - ness - es Show the same path to heaven.

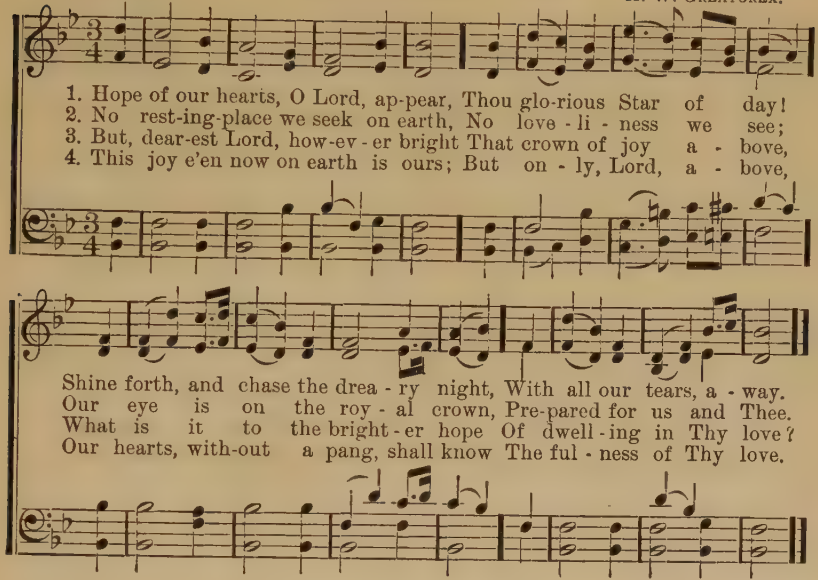
572 Going Home. L. M.

WM. HUNTER. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky;
When from this earthly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
3. Let oth - ers seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heavenly mansion near the throne.
CHORUS.
I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;
To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

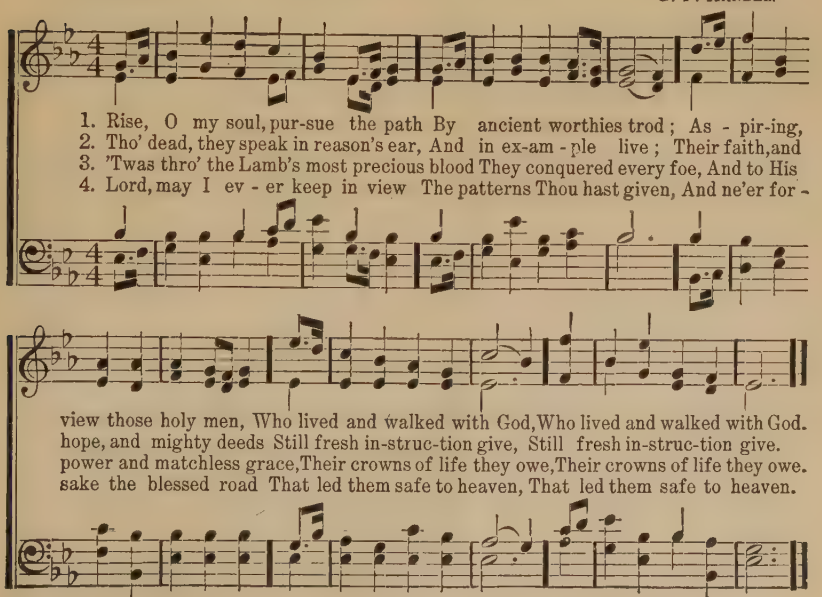
Bemerton. C. M.

EDW. DENNY. H. W. GREATOREX.


1. Hope of our hearts, O Lord, ap-pear, Thou glo-rious Star of day!
2. No rest-ing-place we seek on earth, No love - li - ness we see;
3. But, dear-est Lord, how-ev - er bright That crown of joy a - bove,
4. This joy e'en now on earth is ours; But on - ly, Lord, a - bove,
Shine forth, and chase the drea - ry night, With all our tears, a - way.
Our eye is on the roy - al crown, Pre-pared for us and Thee.
What is it to the bright - er hope Of dwell - ing in Thy love?
Our hearts, with-out a pang, shall know The ful - ness of Thy love.

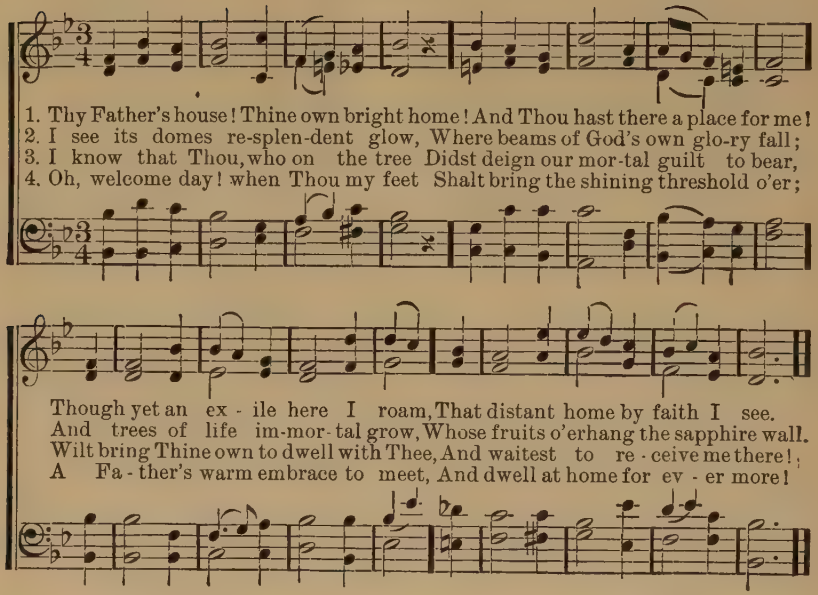
Christmas. C. M. 574

JOHN NEEDHAM. G. F. HANDEL.


1. Rise, O my soul, pur-sue the path By ancient worthies trod; As - pir-ing,
2. Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear, And in ex-am - ple live; Their faith, and
3. 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood They conquered every foe, And to His
4. Lord, may I ev - er keep in view The patterns Thou hast given, And ne'er for -
view those holy men, Who lived and walked with God, Who lived and walked with God.
hope, and mighty deeds Still fresh in-struc-tion give, Still fresh in-struc-tion give.
power and matchless grace, Their crowns of life they owe, Their crowns of life they owe.
sake the blessed road That led them safe to heaven, That led them safe to heaven.

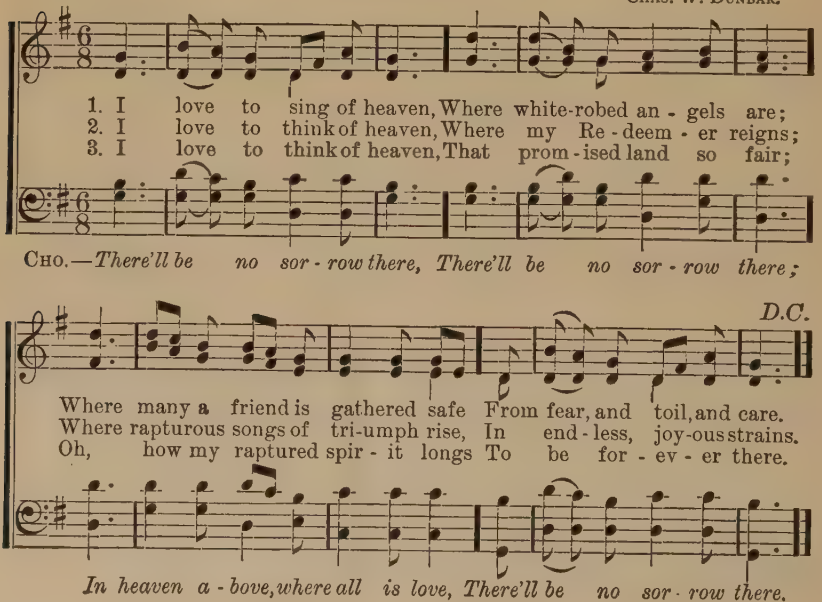
Germany. L. M.

RAY PALMER. BEETHOVEN.


1. Thy Father's house! Thine own bright home! And Thou hast there a place for me!
2. I see its domes re-splen-dent glow, Where beams of God's own glo-ry fall;
3. I know that Thou, who on the tree Didst deign our mor-tal guilt to bear,
4. Oh, welcome day! when Thou my feet Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
Though yet an ex - ile here I roam, That distant home by faith I see.
And trees of life im-mor-tal grow, Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee, And waitest to re - ceive me there!
A Fa - ther's warm embrace to meet, And dwell at home for ev - er more!

576 Dunbar. S. M.

L. HARTSOUGH. CHAS. W. DUNBAR.


1. I love to sing of heaven, Where white-robed an - gels are;
2. I love to think of heaven, Where my Re - deem - er reigns;
3. I love to think of heaven, That prom - ised land so fair;
CHO.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;
D.C.
Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
Where rapturous songs of tri-umph rise, In end - less, joy-ous strains.
Oh, how my raptured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there.
In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

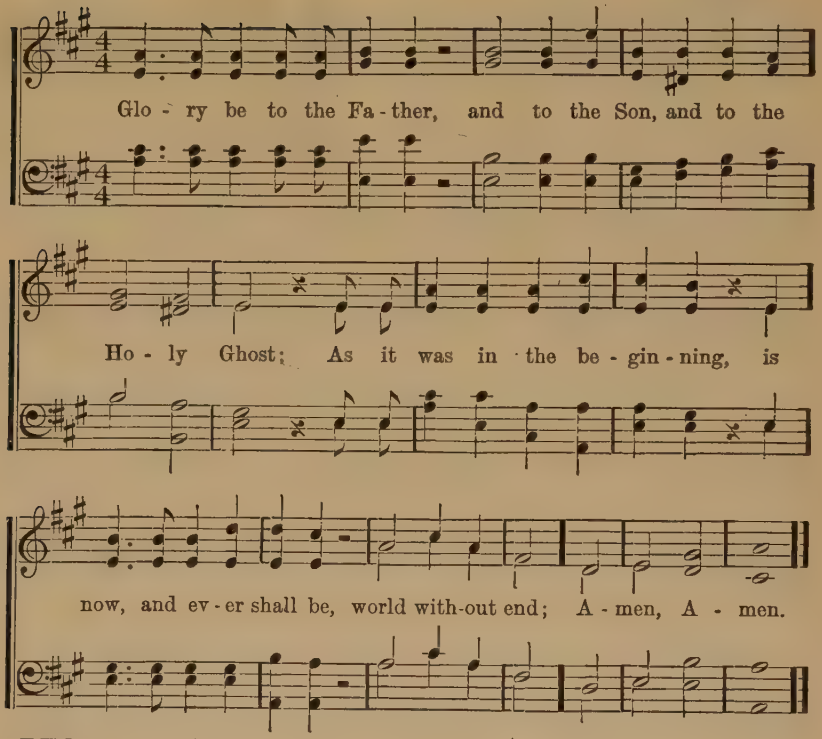
Immanuel's Land. P. M.

ANNIE R. COUSIN. J. B. MATTHIAS.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun-tain, The deep sweet well of love;
3. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's face;
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams of earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace—
Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
Not at the crown He gift - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand;—
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In my Im-man-uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In my Im-man-uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of my Im-man-uel's land.
CHORUS.
D.C.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall bear.

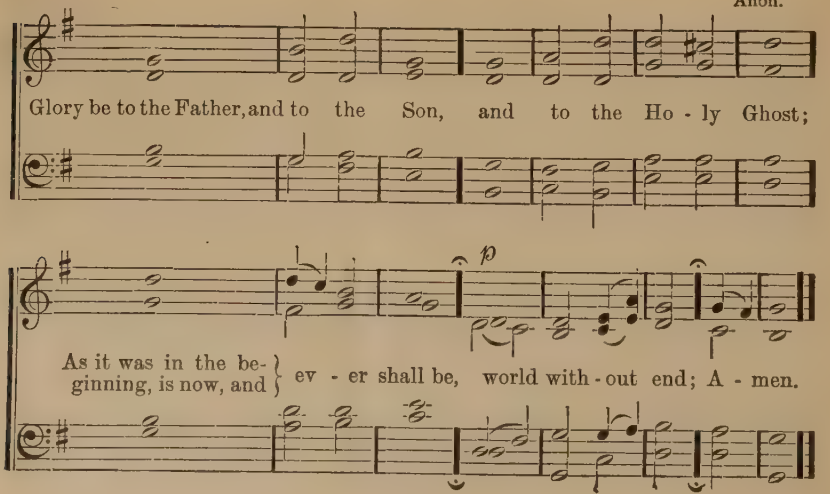
Gloria Patri.

C. MEINEKE.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end; A - men, A - men.

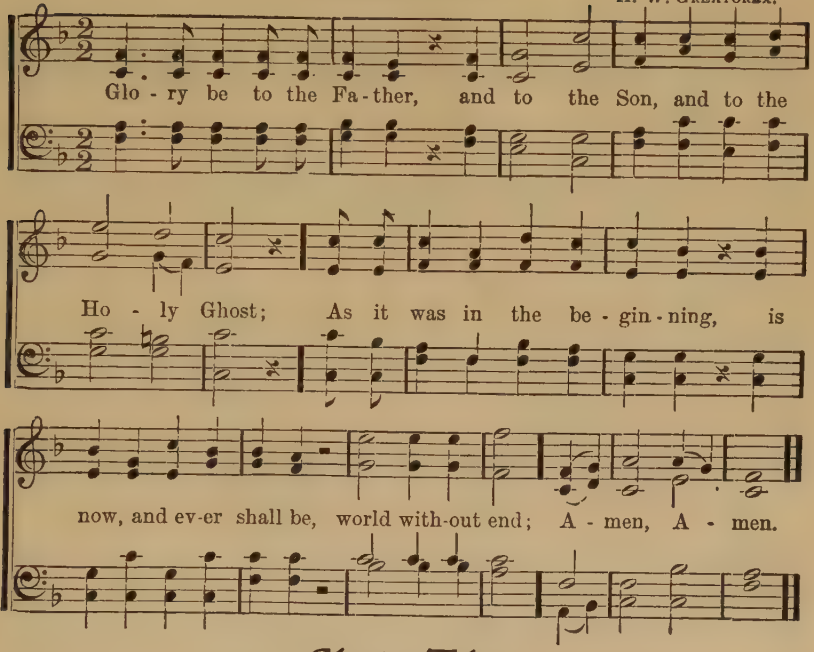
579

Anon.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
p
As it was in the be-
ginning, is now, and
ev - er shall be, world with - out end; A - men.

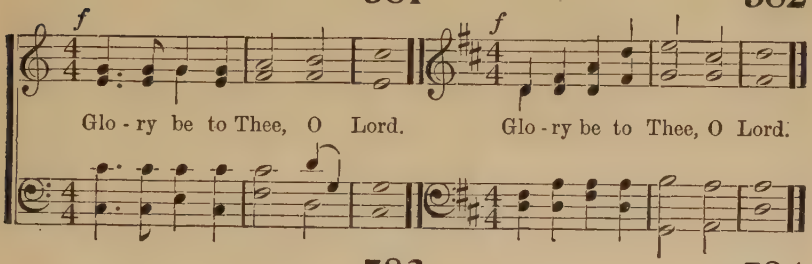
Gloria Patri.

H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end; A - men, A - men.

Gloria Tibi.

581



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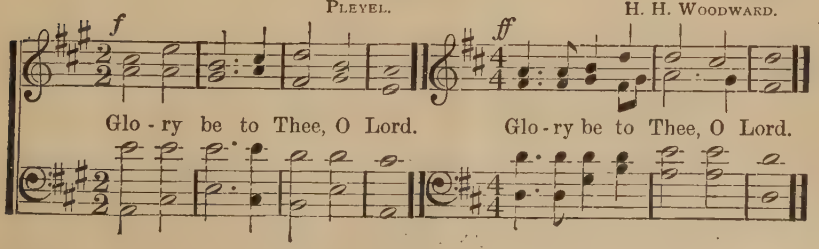
583

PLEYEL.



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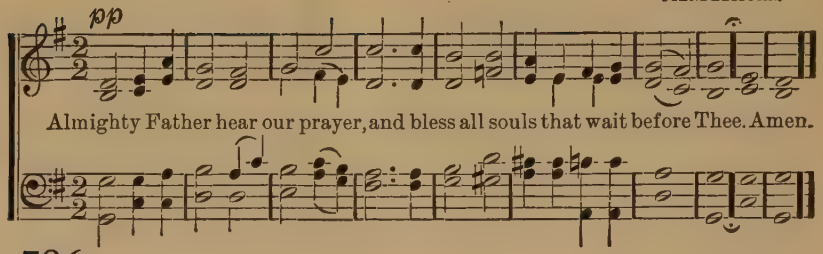
H. H. WOODWARD.

Responses.

MENDELSSOHN.



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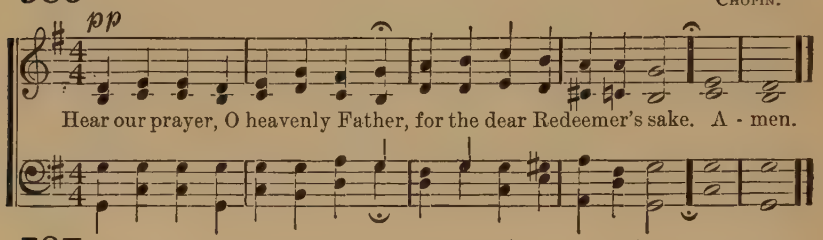
CHOPIN.



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HANDEL.

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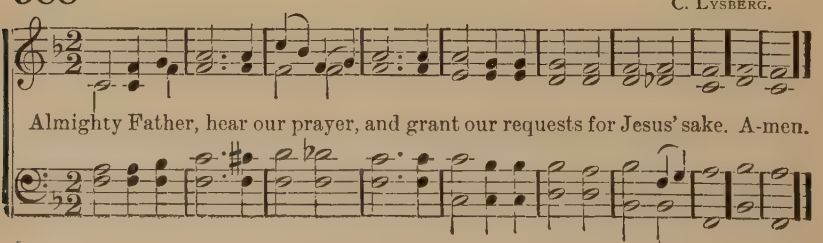
C. LYSBERG.



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